FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES, PHRASES, AND PROVERBS TRACED TO THEIR SOURCES IN ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE

BY

JOHN BARTLETT

TENTH EDITION

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

BLUE RIBBON BOOKS, INC.
New York City

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By John Bartlett

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PRINTED AND BOUND BY THE CORNWALL PRESS, INC., FOR BLUE RIBBON BOOKS, INC., 386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Printed in the United States of America

PREFACE TO THE TENTH EDITION.

"BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS" has long since been accepted as indispensable to every scholar and to every writer; it is a book for every library and every household. Embodying years of labor and research on the part of its author, "Familiar Quotations" passed through nine editions, each enlarged, and attained a sale of three hundred thousand copies before Mr. Bartlett's death in 1905 at the age of eighty-five. Unrevised for twenty-three years, it has still remained the best book of the kind, though a considerable body of apothegms have been knocking for admittance to its classic hall of fame.

In this new edition the main body of John Bartlett's compilation, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, has been left practically unchanged; the chief purpose of the revision has been to incorporate in the work quotations from those writers whose place in literature has been achieved since the issue of the Ninth Edition in 1891. The selections from Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and other "best writers of their day" have been filled out extensively, and many new authors are represented by passages which have met with the seal of popular approval and are distinctly worthy of perpetuation. In this way the book has been greatly enriched. The attempt has been made not to admit anything which John Bartlett's impeccable judgment would have rejected. It is not always easy for Elisha to wear the

mantle of Elijah; but it is Elisha's business to carry on his predecessor's work in the same spirit.

A collection of all possible quotations which would satisfy that multitudinous race of folk who apply to the almost omniscient editors of "Notes and Queries" columns for aid in tracing the origin of some favorite quotation, half forgotten, would have to be as big as the Encyclopedia. In the Tenth Edition of "Familiar Quotations" the aim has been to maintain the high literary standard set by its predecessors, and ephemeral quotations will not be found included in its pages. The present editor hopes that a book which has given so much pleasure and proved so useful in the past may still find favor with those interested in the best things in literature.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Boston, July, 1914.

PREFACE TO THE NINTH EDITION.

"Out of the old fieldes cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,"
And out of the fresh woodes cometh al these new flowres here.

THE small thin volume, the first to bear the title of this collection, after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, — and with it, closes its tentative life.

This extract from the Preface of the fourth edition is applicable to the present one: —

"It is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another. Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection. Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness."

With the many additions to the English writers, the present edition contains selections from the French, and from the wit and wisdom of the ancients. A few passages have been admitted without a claim to familiarity, but solely on the ground of coincidence of thought.

I am under great obligations to M. H. MORGAN, Ph. D., of Harvard University, for the translation of Marcus Aurelius, and for the translation and selections from the Greek tragic writers. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. DANIEL W. WILDER, of Kansas, for the quotations from Pilpay, with contributions from Diogenes Laertius, Montaigne, Burton, and Pope's Homer; to Dr. WILLIAM J. ROLFE for quotations from Robert Browning; to Mr. JAMES W. MCINTYRE for quotations from Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, and Tennyson. And I have incurred other obligations to friends for here a little and there a little.

It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the great assistance I have received from Mr. A. W. STEVENS, the accomplished reader of the University Press, as this work was passing through the press.

In withdrawing from this very agreeable pursuit, I beg to offer my sincere thanks to all who have assisted me either in the way of suggestions or by contributions; and especially to those lovers of this subsidiary literature for their kind appreciation of former editions.

Accepted by scholars as an authoritative book of reference, it has grown with its growth in public estimation with each reissue. Of the last two editions forty thousand copies were printed, apart from the English reprints. The present enlargement of text equals three hundred and fifty pages of the previous edition, and the index is increased with upwards of ten thousand lines.

JOHN BARTLETT.

CAMBRIDGE, March, 1891.

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328–1400.

(*From the text of Tyrwhitt.*)

WHANNE that Aprill with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 1

And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line 9.*

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line 69.*

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line 72.*

He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line 95.*

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. *Line 122.*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line 287.*

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *Line 295.*

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
Canterbury Tales. Prologue. *Line 310.*

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,
And yet he semed besier than he was. *Line 323.*

His studie was but litel on the Bible. *Line 440.*

For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special. *Line 445.*

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder. *Line 493.*

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf, —
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
Line 498.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught; but first he folwed it himselve. *Line 529.*

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.[1] *Line 565.*

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe.
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe. *Line 733.*

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.
The Knightes Tale. *Line 1044.*

That field hath eyen, and the wood hath ears.[2] *Line 1524.*

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie. *Line 2275.*

[1] In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

[2] Fieldes have eies and woodes have eares. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part ii. chap. v.*

Wode has erys, felde has sigt. — *King Edward and the Shepherd, MS Circa 1300.*

Walls have ears. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs, etc. (ed. 1869) p. 446.*

Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.
Canterbury Tales. The Knightes Tale *Line 3408*

To maken vertue of necessite.[1] *Line 3044*

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.
The Milleres Tale *Line 3497*

Ther n' is no werkman whatever he be,
That may both werken wel and hastily.[2]
This wol be done at leisure parfitly.[3]
The Marchantes Tale. *Line 585*

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.[4]
The Reves Prologue. *Line 3880.*

The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men.
The Reves Tale. *Line 4051*

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette. *Line 4153*

In his owen grese I made him frie.[5] *Line 6069*

And for to see, and eek for to be seie.[6]
The Wif of Bathes Prologue. *Line 6134*

[1] Also in *Troilus and Cresseide, line 1587.*

To make a virtue of necessity. — SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 2.* MATTHEW HENRY: *Comm. on Ps. xxxvii.* DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite.*

In the additions of Hadrianus Julius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks, under the head of *Necessitatem edere*, that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, — "Necessitatem in virtutem commutare" (To make necessity a virtue).

Laudem virtutis necessitati damus (We give to necessity the praise of virtue). — QUINTILIAN: *Inst. Orat. i. 8. 14.*

[2] Haste makes waste. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs, part i. chap. ii.*

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 357.*

[3] Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty. — PLUTARCH: *Life of Pericles.*

[4] E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — GRAY: *Elegy, Stanza 23.*

[5] Frieth in her own grease. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs, part i. chap. xi.*

[6] To see and to be seen. — BEN JONSON: *Epithalamion, st. iii. line 4.* GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World, letter 71.*

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ (They come to see; they come that they themselves may be seen). — OVID: *The Art of Love, i. 99.*

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.[1]
Canterbury Tales. The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6154

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.
The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.[2] *Line 6752.*

This flour of wifly patience.
The Clerkes Tale. Part v. Line 8797.

They demen gladly to the badder end.
The Squieres Tale. Line 10538.

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone,
That shall eat with a fend.[3] *Line 10916.*

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.
The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.

Full wise is he that can himselven knowe.[4]
The Monkes Tale. Line 1449.

[1] Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never entrusts his life to one hole only. — PLAUTUS : *Truculentus, act iv. sc. 4.*

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

POPE : *Paraphrase of the Prologue, line 298.*

[2] Handsome is that handsome does. — GOLDSMITH : *Vicar of Wakefield, chap. i.*

[3] Hee must have a long spoon, shall eat with the devill. — HEYWOOD : *Proverbes, part ii. chap. v.*

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. — SHAKESPEARE : *Comedy of Errors, act iv. sc. 3.*

[4] Thales was asked what was very difficult ; he said, "To know one's self." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS : *Thales, ix.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE : *Epistle ii. line 1.*

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.[1]

Canterbury Tales. The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

But all thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.[2]

The Chanones Yemannes Tale. Line 16430.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.

The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate.[3]

Persones Tale.

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.[4]

Troilus and Creseide. Book ii. Line 470.

Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake. *Line 1201.*

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this, —
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember whan it passed is. *Book iii. Line 1625.*

[1] Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.*

[2] Tyrwhitt says this is taken from the *Parabolae* of ALANUS DE INSULIS, who died in 1294, — Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum (Do not hold everything as gold which shines like gold).

All is not golde that outward shewith bright. — LYDGATE: *On the Mutability of Human Affairs.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene, book ii. canto viii. st. 14.*

All that glisters is not gold. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 7.* GOOGE: *Eglogs, etc., 1563.* HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

All is not gold that glisteneth. — MIDDLETON: *A Fair Quarrel, verse 1.*

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold. — DRYDEN: *The Hind and the Panther.*

Que tout n'est pas or c'on voit luire (Everything is not gold that one sees shining). — *Li Diz de freire Denise Cordelier, circa 1300.*

[3] Many small make a great. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part i. chap. xi.*

[4] Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. — THOMAS À KEMPIS. *Imitation of Christ, book ii. chap. xii.* HOOKER: *Polity, book v. chap lxxx.*

Of two evils I have chose the least. — PRIOR: *Imitation of Horace.*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum (Of two evils, the least should be chosen). — ERASMUS: *Adages.* CICERO: *De Officiis, iii. 1.*

He helde about him alway, out of drede,
A world of folke.
Canterbury Tales. Troilus and Creseide. Book iii. Line 1721

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.[1]
Book iv. Line 435.

Eke wonder last but nine deies never in toun.[2] *Line 525.*

I am right sorry for your heavinesse. *Book v. Line 146.*

Go, little booke! go, my little tragedie! *Line 1798.*

Your duty is, as ferre as I can gesse.
The Court of Love. Line 178.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,[3]
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.
The Assembly of Fowles. Line 1.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere;
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere. *Line 22.*

Nature, the vicar of the Almightie Lord. *Line 379.*

O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?
The Flower and the Leaf. Line 59.

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
Prologue of the Legend of Good Women. Line 41

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all. *Line 183.*

For iii may keep a counsel if twain be away.[4]
The Ten Commandments of Love.

[1] Went in at the tone eare and out at the tother. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs, part ii. chap. ix.*

[2] This wonder lasted nine daies. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes, part ii. chap. i.*

[3] Ars longa, vita brevis (Art is long: life is brief). — HIPPOCRATES: *Aphorism i.*

[4] Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part ii. chap. v.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380–1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.[1]

Imitation of Christ. Book i. Chap. 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.[2]

Chap. 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.[3]

Book iii. Chap. 12.

JOHN FORTESCUE. *Circa* 1395–1485.

Moche Crye and no Wull.[4] *De Laudibus Leg. Angliæ. Chap. x.*

Comparisons are odious.[5] *Chap. xix.*

[1] This expression is of much greater antiquity. It appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey, p. 27* (Lower's translation), and in *The Vision of Piers Ploughman, line 13994.* ed. *1550.*

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. — *Proverbs xvi. 9.*

[2] Out of syght, out of mynd. — GOOGE: *Eglogs. 1563.*

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Lord BROOKE: *Sonnet lvi.*

Fer from eze, fer from herte,
Quoth Hendyng.

HENDYNG: *Proverbs, MSS. Circa 1320.*

I do perceive that the old proverbis be not alwaies trew, for I do finde that the absence of my Nath. doth breede in me the more continuall remembrance of him. — *Anne Lady Bacon to Jane Lady Cornwallis, 1613.*

On page 19 of *The Private Correspondence of Lady Cornwallis*, Sir Nathaniel Bacon speaks of the *owlde proverbe*, "Out of sighte, out of mynde."

[3] See Chaucer, page 5.

[4] All cry and no wool. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 852.*

[5] CERVANTES: *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), *part ii. chap. i.* LYLY: *Euphues, 1580.* MARLOWE: *Lust's Dominion. act iii. sc. 4.* BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 3.* THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman killed with Kindness* (first ed. in 1607), *act i. sc. 1.* DONNE: *Elegy, viii.* HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.* GRANGE: *Golden Aphrodite.*

Comparisons are odorous. — SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado about Nothing act iii. sc. 5.*

JOHN SKELTON. *Circa* 1460–1529.

There is nothynge that more dyspleaseth God,
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.[1]
Magnyfycence. Line 1954.

He ruleth all the roste.[2] *Why Come ye not to Courte. Line 198.*

In the spight of his teeth.[3] *Colyn Cloute. Line 939.*

He knew what is what.[4] *Line 1106.*

By hoke ne by croke.[5] *Line 1240.*

The wolfe from the dore. *Line 1531.*

Old proverbe says,
That byrd ys not honest
That fyleth hys owne nest.[6] *Poems against Garnesche.*

JOHN HEYWOOD.[7] *Circa* 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man 's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

[1] He that spareth the rod hateth his son. — *Provevbs xiii. 24.*
They spare the rod and spoyl the child. — RALPH VENNING: *Mysteries and Revelations* (second ed.), *p. 5. 1649.*
Spare the rod and spoil the child. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, pt. ii. c. i. l. 843.*

[2] Rule the rost. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes, part i. chap. v.*
Her that ruled the rost. — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women.*
Rules the roast. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho, act iii. sc. 1.* SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.*

[3] In spite of my teeth. — MIDDLETON: *A Trick to catch the Old One, act i. sc. 2.* FIELDING: *Eurydice Hissed.*

[4] He knew what 's what. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 149.*

[5] In hope her to attain by hook or crook. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene, book iii. canto i. st. 17.*

[6] It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes, part ii. chap. v.*

[7] The *Proverbes* of John Heywood is the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings. It was first printed in 1546. The title of the edition of 1562 is, *John Heywoodes Woorkes. A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall proverbes in the English tounge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of Maryages*, etc. The selection here given is from the edition of 1874 (a reprint of 1598), edited by Julian Sharman.

Let the world slide,[1] let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.

Be Merry Friends.

All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland. *The Green Willow.*

Haste maketh waste. *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. ii.*

Beware of, Had I wist.[2] *Ibid.*

Good to be merie and wise.[3] *Ibid.*

Beaten with his owne rod.[4] *Ibid.*

Look ere ye leape.[5] *Ibid.*

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay.[6] *Chap. iii.*

The fat is in the fire.[7] *Ibid.*

[1] Let the world slide. — *Towneley Mysteries, p. 101 (1420).* SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, induc. 1.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money, act v. sc. 2.*

[2] A common exclamation of regret occurring in Spenser, Harrington, and the older writers. An earlier instance of the phrase occurs in the *Towneley Mysteries.*

[3] 'T is good to be merry and wise. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho, act i. sc. 1.* BURNS: *Here 's a health to them that 's awa'.*

[4] don fust
C'on kint souvent est-on batu.
(By his own stick the prudent one is often beaten.)
Roman du Renart, circa 1300.

[5] Look ere thou leap. — In *Tottel's Miscellany, 1557;* and in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Of Wiving and Thriving. 1573.*
Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leapt. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho, act v. sc. 1*
Look before you ere you leap. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, pt. ii. c. ii. l. 502.*

[6] He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.
BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. iii. sec. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5.*
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.
The Baffled Knight. PERCY: *Reliques.*

[7] All the fatt 's in the fire. — MARSTON: *What You Will. 1607.*

When the sunne shineth, make hay.
Proverbes. Part i. Chap. iii.

When the iron is hot, strike.[1] *Ibid.*

The tide tarrieth no man.[2] *Ibid.*

Than catch and hold while I may, fast binde, fast finde.[3]
Ibid.

And while I at length debate and beate the bush,
There shall steppe in other men and catch the burdes.[4]
Ibid.

While betweene two stooles my taile goe to the ground.[5]
Ibid.

So many heads so many wits.[6] *Ibid.*

Wedding is destiny,
And hanging likewise.[7] *Ibid.*

[1] You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 262.*

Strike whilst the iron is hot. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xxxi.* WEBSTER: *Westward Hoe. Tom A'Lincolne.* FARQUHAR: *The Beaux' Stratagem, iv. 1.*

[2] Hoist up saile while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure.
ROBERT SOUTHWELL: *St. Peter's Complaint. 1595.*

Nae man can tether time or tide. — BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

[3] Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 5.*

Also in *Jests of Scogin. 1565.*

[4] It is this proverb which Henry V. is reported to have uttered at the siege of Orleans. "Shall I beat the bush and another take the bird?" said King Henry.

[5] Entre deux arcouns chet cul à terre (Between two stools one sits on the ground). — *Les Proverbes del Vilain, MS. Bodleian. Circa 1303.*

S'asseoir entre deux selles le cul à terre (One falls to the ground in trying to sit on two stools). — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. ii.*

[6] As many men, so many minds. — TERENCE: *Phormio, ii. 3.*

As the saying is, So many heades, so many wittes. — QUEEN ELIZABETH: *Godly Meditacyon of the Christian Sowle. 1548.*

So many men so many mindes. — GASCOIGNE: *Glass of Government.*

[7] Hanging and wiving go by destiny. — *The Schole-hous for Women. 1541.* SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act 2. sc. 9.*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny; matches are made in heaven. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5.*

Happy man, happy dole.[1] *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. iii.*

God never sends th' mouth but he sendeth meat. *Chap. iv.*

Like will to like. *Ibid.*

A hard beginning maketh a good ending. *Ibid.*

When the skie falth we shall have Larkes.[2] *Ibid.*

More frayd then hurt. *Ibid.*

Feare may force a man to cast beyond the moone.[3] *Ibid.*

Nothing is impossible to a willing hart. *Ibid.*

The wise man sayth, store is no sore. *Chap. v.*

Let the world wagge,[4] and take mine ease in myne Inne.[5] *Ibid.*

Rule the rost.[6] *Ibid.*

Hold their noses to grinstone.[7] *Ibid.*

Better to give then to take.[8] *Ibid.*

When all candles bee out, all cats be gray. *Ibid.*

No man ought to looke a given horse in the mouth.[9] *Ibid.*

[1] Happy man be his dole. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives, act iii. sc. 4; Winter's Tale, act i. sc. 2.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto iii. line 168.*

[2] Si les nues tomboyent esperoyt prendre les alouettes (If the skies fall, one may hope to catch larks). — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.*

[3] To cast beyond the moon, is a phrase in frequent use by the old writers. LYLY: *Euphues, p. 78.* THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman Killed with Kindness.*

[4] Let the world slide. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, ind. 1;* and, Let the world slip, *ind. 2.*

[5] Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry IV. act iii. sc. 2.*

[6] See Skelton, page 8. SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.* THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women.*

[7] Hold their noses to the grindstone. — MIDDLETON: *Blurt, Master-Constable, act iii. sc. 3.*

[8] It is more blessed to give than to receive. — *Acts. xx. 35.*

[9] This proverb occurs in Rabelais, book i. chap. xi.; in *Vulgaria Stambrigi, circa 1510;* in Butler, part i. canto i. line 490. Archbishop Trench says this proverb is certainly as old as Jerome of the fourth century, who, when some found fault with certain writings of his, replied that they were free-will offerings, and that it did not behove to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I perfectly feele even at my fingers end.[1] *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. vi.*

A sleveless errand.[2] *Chap. vii.*

We both be at our wittes end.[3] *Chap. viii.*

Reckeners without their host must recken twice. *Ibid.*

A day after the faire.[4] *Ibid.*

Cut my cote after my cloth.[5] *Ibid.*

The neer to the church, the further from God.[6] *Chap. ix.*

Now for good lucke, cast an old shooe after me. *Ibid.*

Better is to bow then breake.[7] *Ibid.*

It hurteth not the toung to give faire words.[8] *Ibid.*

Two heads are better then one. *Ibid.*

A short horse is soone currid.[9] *Chap. x.*

To tell tales out of schoole. *Ibid.*

To hold with the hare and run with the hound.[10] *Ibid.*

[1] RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. liv.* At my fingers' ends. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 3.*

[2] The origin of the word "sleveless," in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love.* — SHARMAN.

[3] At their wit's end. — *Psalm cvii. 27.*

[4] THOMAS HEYWOOD: *If you know not me, etc., 1605.* TARLTON: *Jests, 1611.*

[5] A relic of the Sumptuary Laws. One of the earliest instances occurs, 1530, in the interlude of *Godly Queene Hester.*

[6] Qui est près de l'église est souvent loin de Dieu (He who is near the Church is often far from God). — *Les Proverbes Communs. Circa 1500.*

[7] Rather to bowe than breke is profitable;
Humylite is a thing commendable.
The Morale Proverbs of Cristyne; translated from the French (1390) by Earl Rivers, and printed by Caxton in 1478.

[8] Fair words never hurt the tongue. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON. *Eastward Ho, act iv. sc 1.*

[9] FLETCHER: *Valentinian, act ii. sc. 1.*

[10] HUMPHREY ROBERT: *Complaint for Reformation, 1572.* LYLY: *Euphues, 1579* (Arber's reprint), *p. 107.*

She is nether fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.[1]
Proverbes. Part i. Chap. x.

All is well that endes well.[2] *Ibid.*

Of a good beginning cometh a good end.[3] *Ibid.*

Shee had seene far in a milstone.[4] *Ibid.*

Better late than never.[5] *Ibid.*

When the steede is stolne, shut the stable durre.[6] *Ibid.*

Pryde will have a fall;
For pryde goeth before and shame commeth after.[7] *Ibid.*

She looketh as butter would not melt in her mouth.[8] *Ibid.*

The still sowe eats up all the draffe.[9] *Ibid.*

Ill weede growth fast.[10] *Ibid.*

[1] Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. — Sir H. Sheres: *Satyr on the Sea Officers.* Tom Brown: *Æneus Sylvius's Letter.* Dryden: *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

[2] Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit (If the end be well, all will be well). — *Gestæ Romanorum. Tale lxvii.*

[3] Who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.
Gower: *Confessio Amantis.*

[4] Lyly: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), *p. 288.*

[5] Tusser: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, An Habitation Enforced.* Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress.* Mathew Henry: *Commentaries, Matthew xxi.* Murphy: *The School for Guardians.*
Potius sero quam nunquam (Rather late than never). — Livy: *iv. ii. 11.*

[6] Quant le cheval est emblé dounke ferme fols l'estable (When the horse has been stolen, the fool shuts the stable). — *Les Proverbes del Vilain.*

[7] Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. — *Proverbs xvi. 18.*
Pryde goeth before, and shame cometh behynde. — *Treatise of a Gallant. Circa 1510.*

[8] She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. — Swift: *Polite Conversation.*

[9] 'T is old, but true, still swine eat all the draff. — Shakespeare: *Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2.*

[10] Ewyl weed ys sone y-growe. — *MS. Harleian, circa 1490.*
An ill weed grows apace. — Chapman: *An Humorous Day's Mirth.*
Great weeds do grow apace. — Shakespeare: *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4.* Beaumont and Fletcher: *The Coxcomb. act iv. sc. 4.*

It is a deere collop
That is cut out of th' owne flesh.[1]
Proverbes. Part i. Chap. x.

Beggars should be no choosers.[2] *Ibid.*

Every cocke is proud on his owne dunghill.[3] *Chap. xi.*

The rolling stone never gathereth mosse.[4] *Ibid.*

To robbe Peter and pay Poule.[5] *Ibid.*

A man may well bring a horse to the water,
But he cannot make him drinke without he will. *Ibid.*

Men say, kinde will creepe where it may not goe.[6] *Ibid.*

The cat would eate fish, and would not wet her feete.[7] *Ibid.*

While the grasse groweth the horse starveth.[8] *Ibid.*

[1] God knows thou art a collop of my flesh. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act v. sc. 4.*

[2] Beggars must be no choosers. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 3.*

[3] Þet coc is kene on his owne mixenne. — *Þe Ancren Riwle. Circa 1250.*

[4] The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. — TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 524.* GOSSON: *Ephemerides of Phialo.* MARSTON: *The Fawn.*

Pierre volage ne queult mousse (A rolling stone gathers no moss). — *De l'hermite qui se désespéra pour le larron que ala en paradis avant que lui,* 13th century.

[5] To rob Peter and pay Paul is said to have derived its origin when, in the reign of Edward VI., the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's in London.

[6] You know that love
Will creep in service when it cannot go.
SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 2.*

[7] Shakespeare alludes to this proverb in *Macbeth:* —
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Cat lufat visch, ac he nele his feth wete. — *MS. Trinity College, Cambridge, circa 1250.*

[8] Whylst grass doth grow, oft sterves the seely steede. — WHETSTONE: *Promos and Cassandra. 1578.*
While the grass grows —
The proverb is something musty.
SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act iii. sc. 4.*

Better one byrde in hand than ten in the wood.[1] *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. xi.*

Rome was not built in one day. *Ibid.*

Yee have many strings to your bowe.[2] *Ibid.*

Many small make a great.[3] *Ibid.*

Children learne to creepe ere they can learne to goe. *Ibid.*

Better is halfe a lofe than no bread. *Ibid.*

Nought venter nought have.[4] *Ibid.*

Children and fooles cannot lye.[5] *Ibid.*

Set all at sixe and seven.[6] *Ibid.*

All is fish that comth to net.[7] *Ibid.*

Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?[8] *Ibid.*

One good turne asketh another. *Ibid.*

By hooke or crooke.[9] *Ibid.*

[1] An earlier instance occurs in Heywood, in his "Dialogue on Wit and Folly," *circa* 1530.

[2] Two strings to his bow. — HOOKER: *Polity, book v. chap. lxxx.* CHAPMAN: *D'Ambois, act ii. sc. 3.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part iii. canto i. line 1.* CHURCHILL: *The Ghost, book iv.* FIELDING: *Love in Several Masques. sc. 13.*

[3] See Chaucer, page 5.

[4] Naught venture naught have. — TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. October Abstract.*

[5] 'T is an old saw, Children and fooles speake true. — LYLY: *Endymion.*

[6] Set all on sex and seven. — CHAUCER: *Troilus and Cresseide, book iv. line 623;* also *Towneley Mysteries.*

At six and seven. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II. act ii. sc. 2.*

[7] All 's fish they get that cometh to net. — TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. February Abstract.*

Where all is fish that cometh to net. — GASCOIGNE: *Steele Glas. 1575*

[8] Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

[9] This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorized to take fire-bote *by hook or by crook;* that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook. One of the earliest citations of this proverb occurs in John Wycliffe's *Controversial Tracts, circa 1370.* — See Skelton, page 8. RABELAIS: *book v. chap. xiii.* DU BARTAS: *The Map of Man.* SPENSER: *Faerie Queene, book iii. canto i. st. 17.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Women Pleased, act i. sc. 3*

She frieth in her owne grease.[1] *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. xi*

Who waite for dead men shall goe long barefoote. *Ibid.*

I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.[2] *Ibid*

But in deede,
A friend is never knowne till a man have neede. *Ibid.*

This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine daies.[3]
Part ii. Chap. i.

New brome swepth cleene.[4] *Ibid.*

All thing is the woorse for the wearing. *Ibid.*

Burnt child fire dredth.[5] *Chap. ii.*

All is not Gospell that thou doest speake.[6] *Ibid.*

Love me litle, love me long.[7] *Ibid.*

A fooles bolt is soone shot.[8] *Chap. iii.*

A woman hath nine lives like a cat.[9] *Chap. iv.*

A peny for your thought.[10] *Ibid.*

[1] See Chaucer, page 3.

[2] In old receipt books we find it invariably advised that an inebriate should drink sparingly in the morning some of the same liquor which he had drunk to excess over-night.

[3] See Chaucer, page 6.

[4] Ah, well I wot that a new broome sweepeth cleane — LYLY: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), *p. 89.*

[5] Brend child fur dredth,
Quoth Hendyng.
Proverbs of Hendyng. MSS.

A burnt child dreadeth the fire. — LYLY: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), *p. 319.*

[6] You do not speak gospel. — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xiii.*

[7] MARLOWE: *Jew of Malta, act iv. sc. 6.* BACON: *Formularies.*

[8] Sottes bolt is sone shote. — *Proverbs of Hendyng. MSS.*

[9] It has been the Providence of Nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one. — PILPAY: *The Greedy and Ambitious Cat, fable iii.* B. C.

[10] LYLY: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), *p 80.*

You stand in your owne light. *Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. iv.*

Though chaunge be no robbry. *Ibid.*

Might have gone further and have fared worse. *Ibid.*

The grey mare is the better horse.[1] *Ibid.*

Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away.[2] *Chap. v.*

Small pitchers have wyde eares.[3] *Ibid.*

Many hands make light warke. *Ibid.*

The greatest Clerkes be not the wisest men.[4] *Ibid.*

Out of Gods blessing into the warme Sunne.[5] *Ibid.*

There is no fire without some smoke.[6] *Ibid.*

One swallow maketh not summer.[7] *Ibid.*

Fieldes have eies and woods have eares.[8] *Ibid.*

A cat may looke on a King. *Ibid.*

[1] *Pryde and Abuse of Women, 1550. The Marriage of True Wit and Science.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto i. line 698.* FIELDING: *The Grub Street Opera, act ii. sc. 4.* PRIOR: *Epilogue to Lucius.*

Lord Macaulay (*History of England, vol. i. chap. iii.*) thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England. Macaulay, however, is writing of the latter half of the seventeenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

[2] See Chaucer, page 6.

Two may keep counsel when the third 's away. — SHAKESPEARE: *Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 2.*

[3] Pitchers have ears. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4.*

[4] See Chaucer, page 3.

[5] Thou shalt come out of a warme sunne into Gods blessing. — LYLY: *Euphues.*

> Thou out of Heaven's benediction comest
> To the warm sun.
>
> SHAKESPEARE: *Lear, act ii. sc. 2.*

[6] Ther can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire. — LYLY: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), *p. 153.*

[7] One swallowe prouveth not that summer is neare. — NORTHBROOKE: *Treatise against Dancing. 1577.*

[8] See Chaucer, page 2.

It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest.[1]
Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. v.

Have yee him on the hip.[2] *Ibid.*

Hee must have a long spoone, shall eat with the devill.[3]
Ibid.

It had need to bee
A wylie mouse that should breed in the cats eare.[4] *Ibid*

Leape out of the frying pan into the fyre.[5] *Ibid.*

Time trieth troth in every doubt.[6] *Ibid.*

Mad as a march hare.[7] *Ibid.*

Much water goeth by the mill
That the miller knoweth not of.[8] *Ibid.*

He must needes goe whom the devill doth drive.[9]
Chap. vii.

Set the cart before the horse.[10] *Ibid.*

[1] See Skelton, page 8.

[2] I have thee on the hip. — SHAKESPEARE : *Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1 ; Othello, act ii. sc. 7.*

[3] See Chaucer, page 4.

[4] A hardy mouse that is bold to breede
In cattis eeris.
Order of Foles. MS. circa 1450.

[5] The same in *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), *part i. book iii. chap. iv.* BUNYAN : *Pilgrim's Progress.* FLETCHER : *The Wild-Goose Chase, act iv. sc. 3.*

[6] Time trieth truth. — *Tottel's Miscellany, reprint 1867, p. 221.*
Time tries the troth in everything. — TUSSER : *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Author's Epistle, chap. i.*

[7] I saye, thou madde March hare. — SKELTON : *Replycation against certayne yong scolers.*

[8] More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.
SHAKESPEARE : *Titus Andronicus, act ii. sc. 7.*

[9] An earlier instance of this proverb occurs in Heywood's *Johan the Husbande. 1533.*
He must needs go whom the devil drives. — SHAKESPEARE : *All's Well that Ends Well, act i. sc. 3.* CERVANTES : *Don Quixote, part i. book iv. chap. iv.* GOSSON : *Ephemerides of Phialo.* PEELE : *Edward I.*

[10] Others set carts before the horses. — RABELAIS : *book v. chap. xxii.*

The moe the merrier.[1] *Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. vii.*

To th' end of a shot and beginning of a fray.[2] *Ibid.*

It is better to be
An old man's derling than a yong man's werling. *Ibid.*

Be the day never so long,
Evermore at last they ring to evensong.[3] *Ibid.*

The moone is made of a greene cheese.[4] *Ibid.*

I know on which side my bread is buttred. *Ibid.*

It will not out of the flesh that is bred in the bone.[5] *Chap. viii*

Who is so deafe or so blinde as is hee
That wilfully will neither heare nor see ?[6] *Chap. ix.*

The wrong sow by th' eare.[7] *Ibid.*

Went in at the tone eare and out at the tother.[8] *Ibid.*

Love me, love my dog.[9] *Ibid.*

[1] GASCOIGNE: *Roses, 1575. Title of a Book of Epigrams, 1608.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act i. sc. 1; The Sea Voyage, act i. sc. 2.*

[2] To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast.—SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry IV. act iv. sc. 2.*

[3] Be the day short or never so long,
At length it ringeth to even song.
Quoted at the Stake by George Tankerfield (1555).
FOX: *Book of Martyrs, chap. vii. p. 346.*

[4] *Jack Jugler, p. 46.* RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.* BLACKLOCH: *Hatchet of Heresies, 1565.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto iii. line 263.*

[5] What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh. — PILPAY: *The Two Fishermen, fable xiv.*

It will never out of the flesh that 's bred in the bone. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour, act i. sc. 1.*

[6] None so deaf as those that will not hear. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries. Psalm lviii.*

[7] He has the wrong sow by the ear. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour, act ii. sc. 1.*

[8] See Chaucer, page 6.

[9] CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears, 1612.*

A proverb in the time of Saint Bernard was, Qui me amat, amet et canem meum (Who loves me will love my dog also). — *Sermo Primus.*

An ill winde that bloweth no man to good.[1]

Proverbes. Part i. Chap. ix

For when I gave you an inch, you tooke an ell.[2] *Ibid*

Would yee both eat your cake and have your cake ?[3] *Ibid.*

Every man for himselfe and God for us all.[4] *Ibid*

Though he love not to buy the pig in the poke.[5] *Ibid.*

This hitteth the naile on the hed.[6] *Chap. xi.*

Enough is as good as a feast.[7] *Ibid.*

THOMAS TUSSER. *Circa* 1515–1580.

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat.[8]

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

A Description of the Properties of Wind.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

[1] *Falstaff.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?
Pistol Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
SHAKESPEARE : *2 Henry IV. act v. sc. 3.*

[2] Give an inch, he 'll take an ell. — WEBSTER: *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

[3] Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it ? — HERBERT : *The Size.*

[4] Every man for himself, his own ends, the devil for all. — BURTON : *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. i. mem. iii.*

[5] For buying or selling of pig in a poke. — TUSSER : *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. September Abstract.*

[6] You have there hit the nail on the head. — RABELAIS: *bk. iii. ch. xxxi.*

[7] *Dives and Pauper, 1493.* GASCOIGNE : *Poesies, 1575.* POPE: *Horace, book i. Ep. vii. line 24.* FIELDING : *Covent Garden Tragedy, act v. sc. 1.* BICKERSTAFF : *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.*

[8] God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks. — JOHN TAYLOR : *Works, vol. ii. p. 85 (1630).* RAY: *Proverbs.* GARRICK : *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.[1]

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. April's Abstract.

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing. *June's Abstract.*

'T is merry in hall
Where beards wag all.[2] *August's Abstract.*

Naught venture naught have.[3] *October's Abstract.*

Dry sun, dry wind;
Safe bind, safe find.[4] *Washing*

RICHARD EDWARDS. *Circa* 1523–1566.

The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renuyng of loue.[5]

The Paradise of Dainty Devices.

[1] On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard: "Tel maître, tel valet."

[2] Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

Life of Alexander, 1312.

This has been wrongly attributed to Adam Davie. There the line runs,—

Swithe mury hit is in halle,
When burdes waiven alle.

[3] See Heywood, page 15.

[4] See Heywood, page 10. SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 5.*

[5] The anger of lovers renews the strength of love. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 24.*

Let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection. — LYLY: *Euphues.*

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 2.*

Amantium iræ amoris integratiost (The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love). — TERENCE: *Andria, act iii. sc. 5.*

EDWARD DYER. *Circa* 1540–1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17.[1]

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I have; they pine, I live. *Ibid*

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

Gammer Gurton's Needle.[2] *Act* ii.

[1] There is a very similar but anonymous copy in the British Museum. Additional MS. 15225, p. 85. And there is an imitation in J. Sylvester's Works, p. 651. — HANNAH: *Courtly Poets.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

BYRD: *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc. 1588.*

My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560–1595): *Loo Home.*

Mens regnum bona possidet (A good mind possesses a kingdom). — SENECA: *Thyestes, ii. 380.*

[2] Stated by Dyce to be from a MS. of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle.* See Skelton's Works (Dyce's ed.), vol. i. pp. vii–x, *note.*

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii.

THOMAS STERNHOLD. *Circa* 1549.

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

A Metrical Version of Psalm civ.

MATHEW ROYDON. *Circa* 1586.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospell bookes.

An Elegie; or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.[1]

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies and eares and ev'ry thought
Were with his sweete perfections caught. *Ibid.*

[1] This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phœnix' Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549–1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence. *First Institute.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.[1] *Ibid.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*[2] *Third Institute. Page 162.*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose. *Semayne's Case, 5 Rep. 91.*

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls. *Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 Rep. 32.*

Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign. *Debate in the Commons, May 17, 1628.*

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix.[3]
Translation of lines quoted by Coke.

GEORGE PEELE. 1552–1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by encreasing.
Sonnet. Polyhymnia.

[1] Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason. — Sir John Powell: *Coggs* vs. *Bernard, 2 Ld. Raym. Rep. p. 911.*

[2] *Pandects, lib. ii. tit. iv. De in Jus vocando.*

[3] Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
Sir William Jones.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.

Sonnet. Polyhymnia.

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse!

Cupid's Curse.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552–1618.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not;
I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.

Fain Would I.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.[1]

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Ibid.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best.
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

The Lie.

[1] Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labi (The deepest rivers flow with the least sound). — Q. CURTIUS, vii. 4. 13.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. — SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI. act iii. sc. 1.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.[1]

Verses to Edmund Spenser.

Cowards [may] fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle the night before he died. — Raleigh's *Remains, p. 258, ed. 1661.*

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

Written the night before his death. — Found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell? *Poem.*

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?[2] *Ibid.*

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be? *Ibid.*

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.[3]

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides it nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

Historie of the World. Preface.

O eloquent, just, and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered,

[1] Methought I saw my late espoused saint. — MILTON: *'Sonnet* xxiii.
Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne. — WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet.*

[2] If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

[3] Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye. "Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write, 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.'" — FULLER: *Worthies of England, vol. i. p. 419.*

thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Book v. Part 1.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553–1599.

Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.[1] *Faerie Queene. Introduction. St. 1.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.

Book i. Canto i. St. 1.

O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread! *St. 9.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has. *St. 35.*

A bold bad man.[2] *St. 37.*

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Canto iii. St. 4.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall![3]

Canto viii. St. 1.

As when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,[4]
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing. *St. 11.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. *St. 40.*

[1] And moralized his song. — POPE: *Epistle to Arbuthnot. Line 340.*

[2] This bold bad man. — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 2.* MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iv. sc. 2.*

[3] Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto iii. line 1.*

[4] "Milky Mothers," — POPE: *The Dunciad, book ii. line 247.* SCOTT: *The Monastery, chap. xxviii.*

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind.
Faerie Queene. Canto ix. St. 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.
Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?
Canto viii. St. 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want! *St. 2*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.
Canto xii. St. 70.

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,[1]
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.[2]
Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,[3]
And her conception of the joyous Prime. *Canto vi. St. 3.*

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.
St. 6.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.[4]
Canto xi. St. 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.

[1] Through thick and thin. — DRAYTON: *Nymphidiæ.* MIDDLETON: *The Roaring Girl, act iv. sc. 2.* KEMP: *Nine Days Wonder.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto ii. line 370.* DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel, part ii. line 414.* POPE: *Dunciad, book ii.* COWPER: *John Gilpin.*

[2] See Skelton, page 8.

[3] The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Psalm cx. 3, Book of Common Prayer.*

[4] De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace (Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness). — DANTON: Speech in the Legislative Assembly, 1792.

For all that Nature by her mother-wit[1]
Could frame in earth. *Faerie Queene. Book iv. Canto x St. 21.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.
Book v. Canto ii. St. 43.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have ?[2] *St. 42.*

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners. *Book vi. Canto iii. St. 1.*

For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fate's decree,
Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright.
Book vii. Canto vi. St. 33.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.
An Hymne in Honour of Beautie. Line 132.

For all that faire is, is by nature good;[3]
That is a signe to know the gentle blood. *Line 139.*

To kerke the narre from God more farre,[4]
Has bene an old-sayd sawe;
And he that strives to touche a starre
Oft stombles at a strawe.
The Shepheardes Calender. July. Line 97

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

. . . . . .

[1] Mother wit. — MARLOWE: *Prologue to Tamberlaine the Great, part i.* MIDDLETON: *Your Five Gallants, act i. sc. 1.* SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.*

[2] Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. — *Matthew v. 7.*

[3] The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good. — SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure, act iii. sc. 1.*

[4] See Heywood, page 12.

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;[1]
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!

Mother Hubberds Tale. Line 895

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

Muiopotmos: or, The Fate of the Butterflie. Line 209.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, but not my love to see.

Daphnaida, v. 407.

Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.[2]

Amoretti, lxx.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.[3]

Lines on his Promised Pension.[4]

[1] Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Training of Children.*

But suffered idleness
To eat his heart away.

BRYANT: *Homer's Iliad, book i. line 319.*

[2] Take Time by the forelock. — THALES (of Miletus). 636–546 B. C.

[3] Rhyme nor reason. — *Pierre Patelin*, quoted by Tyndale in 1530. *Farce du Vendeur des Lieures*, sixteenth century. PEELE: *Edward I.* SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It. act iii. sc. 2; Merry Wives of Windsor, act v. sc. 5; Comedy of Errors, act ii. sc. 2.*

Sir Thomas More advised an author, who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

[4] FULLER: *Worthies of England, vol. ii. p. 379.*

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands.

Epithalamion. Line 223

RICHARD HOOKER. 1553–1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage, — the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. *Book i.*

JOHN LYLY. *Circa* 1553–1601.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows:
Loses them too. Then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes:
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Cupid and Campaspe. Act iii. Sc. 5.

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morne not waking til she sings.[1]

Cupid and Campaspe. Act v. Sc. 1.

Be valyaunt, but not too venturous. Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.[2]

Euphues, 1579 (Arber's reprint), *page 39.*

Though the Camomill, the more it is trodden and pressed downe the more it spreadeth.[3] *Page 46.*

The finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone. *Page 47.*

I cast before the Moone.[4] *Page 78.*

It seems to me (said she) that you are in some brown study.[5] *Page 80.*

The soft droppes of rain perce the hard marble;[6] many strokes overthrow the tallest oaks.[7] *Page 81.*

He reckoneth without his Hostesse.[8] Love knoweth no lawes. *Page 84.*

Did not Jupiter transforme himselfe into the shape of Amphitrio to embrace Alcmæna; into the form of a swan to enjoy Leda; into a Bull to beguile Io; into a showre of gold to win Danae?[9] *Page 93.*

[1] Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.

SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline, act ii. sc. 3.*

[2] Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.*

[3] The camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4.*

[4] See Heywood, page 11.

[5] A brown study. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation.*

[6] Water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Training of Children.*

Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat (Continual dropping wears away a stone). LUCRETIUS: *i. 314.*

[7] Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

SHAKESPEARE: *3 Henry VI. act ii. sc. 1.*

[8] See Heywood, page 12.

[9] Jupiter himself was turned into a satyr, a shepherd, a bull, a swan, a golden shower, and what not for love. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. ii. mem. i. subs. 1.*

Lette me stande to the maine chance.[1]

Euphues, 1579 (Arber's reprint), *page 104.*

I mean not to run with the Hare and holde with the Hounde.[2]

Page 107.

It is a world to see.[3] *Page 116.*

There can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.[4] *Euphues and his Euphœbus, page 153.*

A clere conscience is a sure carde.[5] *Euphues. page 207.*

As lyke as one pease is to another. *Page 215.*

Goe to bed with the Lambe, and rise with the Larke.[6]

Euphues and his England, page 229.

A comely olde man as busie as a bee. *Page 252.*

Maydens, be they never so foolyshe, yet beeing fayre they are commonly fortunate. *Page 279.*

Where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is deepest.[7] *Page 287.*

Your eyes are so sharpe that you cannot onely looke through a Milstone, but cleane through the minde.

Page 289.

I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in his head. *Page 308.*

A Rose is sweeter in the budde than full blowne.[8]

Page 314.

1 The main chance. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.* DRYDEN: *Persius, satire vi.*

2 See Heywood, page 12.

3 'T is a world to see. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.*

4 See Heywood, page 17.

5 This is a sure card. — *Thersytes, circa 1550.*

6 To rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb. — BRETON: *Court and Country, 1618 (reprint, page 182).*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed. — HURDIS: *The Village Curate.*

7 See Raleigh, page 25.

8 The rose is fairest when 't is budding new. — SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake, canto iii. st. 1.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554–1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

Defence of Poesy.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

Ibid.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

Ibid.

High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.[1]

Arcadia. Book i.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.[2]

Ibid.

Many-headed multitude.[3]

Book ii.

My dear, my better half.

Book iii.

Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.[4]

Astrophel and Stella, i.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.[5]

Ibid. Second Song.

CYRIL TOURNEUR. *Circa* 1600.

A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.[6]

The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. Sc. 1.

[1] Great thoughts come from the heart. — VAUVENARGUES: *Maxim cxxvii.*

[2] He never is alone that is accompanied with noble thoughts. — FLETCHER: *Love's Cure, act iii. sc. 3.*

[3] Many-headed multitude. — SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus, act ii. sc. 3.* This many-headed monster, Multitude. — DANIEL: *History of the Civil War, book ii. st. 13.*

[4] Look, then, into thine heart and write. — LONGFELLOW: *Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

[5] Quoted by Shakespeare in *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

[6] Distilled damnation. — ROBERT HALL (in Gregory's "Life of Hall").

LORD BROOKE. 1554–1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!

Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.[1] *Sonnet lvi.*

GEORGE CHAPMAN. 1557–1634.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.[2]

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

An ill weed grows apace.[3] *An Humorous Day's Mirth.*

Black is a pearl in a woman's eye.[4] *Ibid.*

Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her; beauty cost her nothing,
Her virtues were so rare. *All Fools. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines. *Ibid.*

Cornelia. What flowers are these?
Gazetta. The pansy this.
Cor. Oh, that 's for lovers' thoughts.[5] *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers:
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some, deserving without honour.[6] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

[1] See Thomas à Kempis, page 7.

[2] Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? — MARLOWE: *Hero and Leander.*

I saw and loved. — GIBBON: *Memoirs, vol. i. p. 106.*

[3] See Heywood, page 13.

[4] Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes. — SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v. sc. 2.*

[5] There is pansies, that 's for thoughts. — SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5.*

[6] Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 5.*

Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.[1] *All Fools. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted even when men grant they err.
Monsieur D'Olive. Act i. Sc. 1.

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
One passion doth expel another still.[2] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words.
The Gentleman Usher. Act iv. Sc. 1.

To put a girdle round about the world.[3]
Bussy D'Ambois. Act i. Sc. 1.

His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts. *Ibid.*

So our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but doth to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.[4] *Ibid.*

Who to himself is law no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Each natural agent works but to this end, —
To render that it works on like itself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

[1] Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many peoples' mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — RAY: *Proverbs* (Bohn ed.), *p. 145.*

[2] One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.
SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act i. sc. 2.*

[3] I'll put a girdle round about the earth. — SHAKESPEARE: *Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 1.*

[4] Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life.*

'T is immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven.

Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron. Act i. Sc. 1

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron. Act iii. Sc. 1.

He is at no end of his actions blest
Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Words writ in waters.[1] *Revenge for Honour. Act v. Sc. 2.*

They 're only truly great who are truly good.[2] *Ibid.*

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.[3] Light gains make heavy purses. 'T is good to be merry and wise.[4] *Eastward Ho.*[5] *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Make ducks and drakes with shillings. *Ibid*

Only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on 't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [Virginia]; for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.[6] *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

1 Here lies one whose name was writ in water. — *Keats's own Epitaph.*

2 To be noble we 'll be good. — *Winifreda* (Percy's *Reliques*).
'T is only noble to be good. — TENNYSON: *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, stanza 7.*

3 The same in Franklin's *Poor Richard.*

4 See Heywood, page 9.

5 By Chapman, Jonson, and Marston.

6 This is the famous passage that gave offence to James I., and caused the imprisonment of the authors. The leaves containing it were cancelled and reprinted, and it only occurs in a few of the original copies. — RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

Enough 's as good as a feast.[1] *Eastward Ho. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Fair words never hurt the tongue.[2] *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.[3] *Ibid.*

I will neither yield to the song of the siren nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling of the wolf. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

As night the life-inclining stars best shows,
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.
Epilogue to Translations.

Promise is most given when the least is said.
Musæus of Hero and Leander.

WILLIAM WARNER. 1558–1609.

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.
Albion's England. Book viii. chap. xli. stanza 53.

We thinke no greater blisse then such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none but such as be
The same as be they should.
Book x. chap. lix. stanza 68.

SIR RICHARD HOLLAND.

O Douglas, O Douglas!
Tendir and trewe.
The Buke of the Howlat.[4] *Stanza xxxi.*

[1] *Dives and Pauper (1493).* GASCOIGNE: *Memories (1575).* FIELDING: *Covent Garden Tragedy, act ii. sc. 6.* BICKERSTAFF: *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.* See Heywood, page 20.

[2] See Heywood, page 12.

[3] See Heywood, page 13.

[4] The allegorical poem of *The Howlat* was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Of the personal history of the author no kind of information has been discovered. Printed by the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561–1612.

'Treason doth never prosper: what 's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.[1]

Epigrams. Book iv. Ep. 5.

SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562–1619.

As that the walls worn thin, permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.[2]

History of the Civil War. Book iv. Stanza 84.

Sacred religion! mother of form and fear.

Musophilus. Stanza 57.

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world. *Stanza 97.*

This is the thing that I was born to do. *Stanza 100.*

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?[3]

Stanza 163.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.

To Delia. Sonnet 51.

[1] Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur
(Successful and fortunate crime is called virtue).
SENECA: *Herc. Furens, ii. 250.*

[2] The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.
WALLER: *Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

[3] Westward the course of empire takes its way. — BERKELEY: *On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563–1631.

Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had.
(Said of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain. *Ibid.*

The coast was clear.[1] *Nymphidia.*

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.
Ideas. An Allusion to the Eaglets. lxi.

—◆—

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565–1593.

Comparisons are odious.[2] *Lust's Dominion. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I'm armed with more than complete steel, —
The justice of my quarrel.[3] *Ibid.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?[4]
Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

[1] SOMERVILLE: *The Night-Walker.*

[2] See Fortescue, page 7.

[3] Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2.*

[4] The same in Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* Compare Chapman, page 35.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls [1]
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act i.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Ibid.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; [2] that is, more knave than fool. *Act ii*

Love me little, love me long.[3] *Act iv.*

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul: [4] see, where it flies!

Ibid

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,[5]
That sometime grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*

[1] To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii. sc. i.* (Sung by Evans).

[2] Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. — *Matthew x. 16.*

[3] See Heywood, page 16.

[4] Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips.
TENNYSON: *Fatima, stanza 3.*

[5] O, withered is the garland of the war!
The soldier's pole is fallen.
SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra, act iv. sc. 15.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564–1616.

(From the text of Clark and Wright.)

I would fain die a dry death. *The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground. *Ibid.*

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Sc. 2.*

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind. *Ibid.*

Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Ibid.*

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Ibid.*

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom. *Ibid.*

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ibid.*

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently. *Ibid.*

Fill all thy bones with aches. *Ibid.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist. *Ibid.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. *Ibid.*

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

The Tempest. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Ibid.*

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Sc. 2.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Ibid.*

Fer. Here 's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He that dies pays all debts. *Sc. 2.*

A kind
Of excellent dumb discourse. *Sc. 3.*

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Ibid.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

With foreheads villanous low. *Ibid.*

Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie. *Ibid.*

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. *Ibid.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so. *Sc. 2.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day! *Sc. 3.*

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face,[1] or a weathercock on a steeple.
Ibid.

She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Sc. 4.*

He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Sc. 7.*

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale. *Ibid.*

A man I am, cross'd with adversity. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Is she not passing fair? *Sc. 4.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man![2] *Act v. Sc. 4.*

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. *Ibid.*

Come not within the measure of my wrath. *Ibid.*

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

All his successors gone before him have done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may. *Ibid.*

[1] As clear and as manifest as the nose in a man's face. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sect. 3, memb. 4, subsect. 1.*

[2] Custom is almost second nature. — PLUTARCH: *Preservation of Health.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Ibid.

Mine host of the Garter. *Ibid.*

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here. *Ibid.*

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.[1]

Ibid.

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Sc. 3.

"Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase! *Ibid.*

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. *Ibid.*

Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! *Ibid.*

Thou art the Mars of malcontents. *Ibid.*

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English. *Sc. 4.*

We burn daylight. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

There 's the humour of it. *Ibid.*

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. *Ibid.*

Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Sc. 2.*

This is the short and the long of it. *Ibid.*

Unless experience be a jewel. *Ibid.*

Like a fair house, built on another man's ground. *Ibid.*

We have some salt of our youth in us. *Sc. 3.*

[1] Familiarity breeds contempt. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 640.*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.[1]
The Merry Wives of Windsor. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket! *Sc. 3.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Sc. 4.*

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Sc. 5.*

As good luck would have it.[2] *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

In his old lunes again. *Sc. 2.*

So curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever.
Ibid.

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. . . . There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure.* *Act i. Sc. 1*

[1] What the dickens! — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Edward IV. act iii. sc. 1.*
[2] As ill luck would have it. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, pt. i. bk. i. ch. iii*

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.
Measure for Measure. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home.
Sc. 3.[1]

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted. *Sc. 4.*[1]

A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense. *Ibid.*[1]

He arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. *Ibid.*[1]

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. *Ibid.*[1]

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. *Ibid.*

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. *Ibid*

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? *Sc. 2.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.[2] *Ibid*

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? *Ibid*

[1] Act i. Sc. 5, in White, Singer, and Knight.
[2] Compare Portia's words in *Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1.*

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Measure for Measure. *Act ii. Sc. 2*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Ibid.*

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep. *Ibid.*

That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ibid*

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. *Sc. 4.*

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences. *Ibid.*

Palsied eld. *Ibid.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Ibid.*

The cunning livery of hell. *Ibid.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world. *Ibid.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Measure for Measure. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.[1] *Ibid.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Ibid.*

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.[2] *Ibid.*

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side! *Sc. 2*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.[3]
Act iv. Sc. 1.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Sc. 2*

We would, and we would not. *Sc. 4*

A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning. *Ibid.*

My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna. *Ibid.*

[1] See Spenser, page 29.

[2] "Mariana in the moated grange," — the motto used by Tennyson for the poem "Mariana."

[3] This song occurs in *Act v. Sc. 2* of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza: —

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad. *Measure for Measure.* *Act v. Sc. 1*

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Ibid.*

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
The Comedy of Errors. *Act i Sc. 1*

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act ii. Sc 1.*

Every why hath a wherefore.[1] *Sc. 2.*

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man. *Ibid.*

Let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Ibid.*

He hath indeed better bettered expectation.
Much Ado about Nothing. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat. *Ibid.*

What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? *Ibid.*

There 's a skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*

The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? *Ibid.*

Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*

He is of a very melancholy disposition. *Ibid.*

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

As merry as the day is long. *Ibid.*

I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight. *Ibid.*

[1] For every why he had a wherefore. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i canto i. line 132.*

Speak low if you speak love.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent. *Ibid.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. *Ibid.*

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose. *Sc. 3.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever, —
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never. *Ibid.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ibid.*

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Ibid.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,[1] he is all mirth. *Sc. 2.*

Every one can master a grief but he that has it. *Ibid.*

Are you good men and true? *Sc. 3.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature. *Ibid.*

The most senseless and fit man. *Ibid.*

1 From the crown of his head to the sole of the foot. — PLINY: *Natural History, book vii. chap. xvii.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Honest Man's Fortune, act ii. sc. 2.* MIDDLETON: *A Mad World, etc.*

You shall comprehend all vagrom men.

Much Ado about Nothing. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. *Ibid.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Ibid.*

If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. *Ibid.*

The most peaceable way for you if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company. *Ibid.*

I know that Deformed. *Ibid.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ibid.*

I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I. *Ibid.*

Comparisons are odorous. *Sc. 5.*

If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. *Ibid.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say,
When the age is in the wit is out. *Ibid.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! *Act iv. Sc. 1*

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! *Ibid.*

I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Ibid.*

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes. *Ibid.*

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. *Much Ado about Nothing.* *Act iv Sc. 1.*

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ibid.*

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. *Sc. 2.*

The eftest way. *Ibid.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ibid.*

Condemned into everlasting redemption. *Ibid.*

O, that he were here to write me down an ass! *Ibid.*

A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. *Ibid.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel. *Ibid.*

Charm ache with air, and agony with words. *Ibid.*

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Ibid.*

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently *Ibid.*

Some of us will smart for it.
Much Ado about Nothing. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Sc. 2.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Sc. 3.*

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
Love's Labour's Lost. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile. *Ibid.*

Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Ibid.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;[1]
But like of each thing that in season grows. *Ibid.*

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain. *Ibid.*

A high hope for a low heaven. *Ibid.*

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. *Ibid.*

That unlettered small-knowing soul. *Ibid.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. *Ibid.*

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! *Ibid.*

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think now 't is not to be found. *Sc. 2.*

The rational hind Costard. *Ibid.*

[1] For "mirth." White reads *shews*; Singer, *shows*.

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Love's Labour 's Lost, Act i. Sc. 2.*

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Ibid.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *Ibid.*

By my penny of observation. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The boy hath sold him a bargain, — a goose. *Ibid.*

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose. *Ibid*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh. *Ibid.*

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Ibid.*

A buck of the first head. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink. *Ibid.*

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind. *Ibid.*

You two are book-men. *Ibid.*

Dictynna, goodman Dull. *Ibid.*

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. *Ibid.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself. *Sc. 3.*

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.
Love's Labour 's Lost. Act iv. Sc. 3.

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;[1]
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. *Ibid.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world. *Ibid.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Priscian! a little scratched, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Ibid.*

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *Ibid.*

They have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass. *Sc. 2.*

Let me take you a button-hole lower. *Ibid.*

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion. *Ibid.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Ibid.*

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men. *Ibid.*

[1] Musical as is Apollo's lute. — MILTON: *Comus, line 78.*

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. *Love's Labour 's Lost. Act v. Sc. 2.*

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn[1]
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.

For aught that I could ever read,[2]
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

O, hell! to choose love by another's eyes. *Ibid.*

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. *Ibid*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ibid.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Sc. 2.*

This is Ercles' vein. *Ibid.*

I 'll speak in a monstrous little voice. *Ibid.*

I am slow of study. *Ibid.*

That would hang us, every mother's son. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Ibid.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*[3]

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.*

[1] Maidens withering on the stalk. — WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk, stanza 1.*

[2] "Ever I could read," — Dyce, Knight, Singer, and White.

[3] Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*[1]

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[2] *Ibid.*

My heart
Is true as steel.[3] *Ibid.*[4]

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine. *Ibid.*

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.
Ibid.

Lord, what fools these mortals be! *Sc. 2.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition. *Ibid.*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Ibid.*

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. *Ibid.*

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,[5] man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.
Ibid.

[1] Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.
[2] See Chapman, page 36.
[3] Trew as steele. — CHAUCER: *Troilus and Cresseide, book v. line 831.*
[4] Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.
[5] Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. — *1 Corinthians, ii. 9.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. Sc. 1.

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. *Ibid.*

The true beginning of our end.[1] *Ibid.*

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ibid.*

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. *Ibid.*

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. *Ibid.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Ibid.*

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place. *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time. *Ibid.*

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ibid.*

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care. *Ibid.*

[1] I see the beginning of my end. — MASSINGER: *The Virgin Martyr. Act iii. sc. 3.*

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano, —
A stage, where every man must play a part;
And mine a sad one. *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Ibid.*

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond. *Ibid.*

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark! *Ibid.*

I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing. *Ibid.*

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. *Ibid.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search. *Ibid.*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. *Ibid.*

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. *Sc. 2.*

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer. *Ibid.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.[1] *Ibid.*

[1] For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. — *Romans vii. 19.*

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 2.

He doth nothing but talk of his horse. *Ibid.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Ibid.*

When he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. *Ibid.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ibid*

My meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. *Sc. 3.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves. *Ibid.*

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? *Ibid.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ibid.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Ibid.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ibid.*

Many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me. *Ibid.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ibid.*

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine. *Ibid.*

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness. *Ibid.*

For when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? *Ibid.*

O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! *The Merchant of Venice.* *Act i. Sc. 3*

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven. *Sc. 2.*

The very staff of my age, my very prop. *Ibid.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Ibid.*

An honest exceeding poor man. *Ibid.*

Truth will come to sight; murder cannot be hid long. *Ibid.*

In the twinkling of an eye. *Ibid.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife. *Sc. 5*

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind! *Sc. 6.*

Must I hold a candle to my shames? *Ibid.*

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit. *Ibid.*

All that glisters is not gold.[1] *Sc. 7.*

Young in limbs, in judgment old. *Ibid.*

Even in the force and road of casualty. *Sc. 9.*

[1] See Chaucer, page 5

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.[1]

The Merchant of Venice. Act ii. Sc. 9.

If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.

Ibid.

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

Ibid.

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

Makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.[2] *Sc. 2.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply. *Ibid.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But being season'd with a gracious voice
Obscures the show of evil? *Ibid.*

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue in his outward parts. *Ibid.*

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea. *Ibid.*

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 10.

[2] I will play the swan and die in music. — *Othello, act v. sc. 2.*

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

King John, act v. sc. 7.

There, swan-like, let me sing and die. — BYRON: *Don Juan, canto iii. st. 86.*

You think that upon the score of fore-knowledge and divining I am infinitely inferior to the swans. When they perceive approaching death they sing more merrily than before, because of the joy they have in going to the God they serve. — SOCRATES: *In Phaedo, 77.*

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.[1] *The Merchant of Venice. Act iii. Sc. 2*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! *Ibid.*

The kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies. *Ibid.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.[2] *Sc. 5.*

Let it serve for table-talk. *Ibid.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? *Ibid.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground. *Ibid.*

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

[1] It is better to learn late than never. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 864.*

[2] Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim (One falls into Scylla in seeking to avoid Charybdis). — PHILLIPPE GUALTIER: *Alexandreis, book v. line 301. Circa 1300.*

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond?[1] *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid*

An upright judge, a learned judge! *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. *Ibid*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid*

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act v. Sc. 1*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ibid*

[1] "It is not nominated in the bond." — White.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice. Act v Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ibid.*

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection! *Ibid.*

This night methinks is but the daylight sick. *Ibid.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people. *Ibid.*

W- will answer all things faithfully. *Ibid.*

Fortune reigns in gifts of the world.

As You Like It. Act i. Sc. 2

The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. *Ibid.*

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. *Ibid.*

Your heart's desires be with you! *Ibid*

One out of suits with fortune. *Ibid*

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. *Ibid.*

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

Cel. Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Sc. 3.*

O, how full of briers is this working-day world! *Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have. *Ibid.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Ibid.*

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." *Ibid.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. *Ibid.*

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! *Sc. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ibid.*

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Ibid.*

O, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion. *Ibid.*

Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content. *Sc. 4.*

I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. *Ibid.*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me. *Sc. 5.*

I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. *Sc. 7.*

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.*

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."
Ibid.

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.[1] *Ibid.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. *Ibid*

Motley 's the only wear. *Ibid.*

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ibid*

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Ibid.*

The "why" is plain as way to parish church. *Ibid*

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast. *Ibid.*

True is it that we have seen better days. *Ibid.*

[1] The same in *The Taming of the Shrew, act iv. sc. 1;* in *Othello, act iii. sc. 1;* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor, act i. sc. 4;* and in *As You Like It, act ii. sc. 7.* RABELAIS: *book v. chap. iv.*

And wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger. *Ibid.*

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.[1]
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Ibid.*

[1] The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.
THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Apology for Actors. 1612.*

A noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre. — MONTAIGNE: *Of the most Excellent Men.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ibid.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. *Ibid.*

This is the very false gallop of verses. *Ibid.*

Let us make an honourable retreat. *Ibid.*

With bag and baggage. *Ibid*

O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping. *Ibid.*

Answer me in one word. *Ibid.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ibid.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. *Ibid.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Ibid.*

Neither rhyme nor reason.[1] *Ibid.*

I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Ibid.*

Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. *Sc. 5.*

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

I have gained my experience. *Ibid*

[1] See Spenser, page 30.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad. *As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. *Ibid.*

I 'll warrant him heart-whole. *Ibid.*

Good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Ibid.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, — but not for love. *Ibid.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing? [1] *Ibid.*

For ever and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. *Ibid.*

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *Sc. 2.*

Chewing the food [2] of sweet and bitter fancy. *Sc. 3.*

It is meat and drink to me. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

"So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. *Ibid.*

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. *Ibid.*

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. *Ibid.*

No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy. *Sc. 2.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Ibid*

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools. *Sc. 4.*

[1] Too much of a good thing. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book i. chap. vi.*

[2] "Cud" in Dyce and Staunton.

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.
As You Like It. Act v. Sc. 4.

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster. *Ibid.*

The Retort Courteous; . . . the Quip Modest; . . . the Reply Churlish; . . . the Reproof Valiant; . . . the Countercheck Quarrelsome; . . . the Lie with Circumstance; . . . the Lie Direct. *Ibid.*

Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If. *Ibid.*

Good wine needs no bush.[1] *Epilogue.*

What a case am I in. *Ibid.*

Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. *The Taming of the Shrew. Induc. Sc. 1.*

Let the world slide.[2] *Ibid.*

I'll not budge an inch. *Ibid.*

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw. *Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Ibid*

Nothing comes amiss; so money comes withal. *Sc. 2.*

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Ibid.*

And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Ibid.*

Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.[3]
Act iii. Sc. 2.

[1] You need not hang up the ivy branch over the wine that will sell. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 968.*

[2] See Heywood, page 9. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money.*

[3] Married in haste, we may repent at leisure. — CONGREVE: *The Old Bachelor, act v. sc. 1.*

And thereby hangs a tale.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

My cake is dough. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, —
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. *Sc. 2.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. *Ibid.*

'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it. *All's Well that Ends Well.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Ibid.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *Ibid.*

Service is no heritage. *Sc. 3.*

He must needs go that the devil drives.[1] *Ibid.*

My friends were poor but honest. *Ibid.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. *Sc. 2.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed. *Sc. 3.*

They say miracles are past. *Ibid.*

All the learned and authentic fellows. *Ibid.*

A young man married is a man that's marr'd. *Ibid.*

Make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim. *Sc. 4*

No legacy is so rich as honesty. *Act iii. Sc. 5*

[1] See Heywood, page 18.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *All's Well that Ends Well. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Ibid.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.[1] *Ibid.*

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. *Ibid.*

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *Ibid.*

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound[2]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! *Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I am sure care 's an enemy to life. *Sc. 3.*

At my fingers' ends.[3] *Ibid.*

Wherefore are these things hid? *Ibid.*

Is it a world to hide virtues in? *Ibid.*

One draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him. *Sc. 5*

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture. *Ibid.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. *Ibid.*

[1] How noiseless falls the foot of time! — W. R. Spencer: *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

[2] "Like the sweet south" in Dyce and Singer. This change was made at the suggestion of Pope.

[3] See Heywood, page 12

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out. *Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 5.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty. *Ibid.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. *Ibid.*

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? *Ibid.*

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. *Ibid.*

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. *Ibid.*

These most brisk and giddy-paced times. *Sc. 4.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. *Ibid.*

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent. *Ibid.*

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. *Ibid.*

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought.
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night.* *Act ii. Sc. 4*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. *Ibid.*

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. *Sc. 5*

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. *Ibid.*

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Ibid.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Ibid*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Sc. 2*

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. *Sc. 4*

Put thyself into the trick of singularity. *Ibid*

'T is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. *Ibid.*

This is very midsummer madness. *Ibid.*

What, man! defy the Devil: consider, he is an enemy to mankind. *Ibid.*

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. *Ibid.*

More matter for a May morning. *Ibid.*

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Ibid.*

An I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. *Ibid.*[1]

[1] Act iii. Sc. 5 in Dyce.

Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something. *Twelfth Night. Act iii. Sc. 4.*[1]

Out of the jaws of death.[2] *Ibid.*[1]

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is, is. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird. *Ibid.*

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Act v. Sc. 1.

For the rain it raineth every day. *Ibid.*

They say we are
Almost as like as eggs. *The Winter's Tale. Act i. Sc. 2.*

What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*[3]

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Ibid.*

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady

[1] Act iii. sc. 5 in Dyce.

[2] Into the jaws of death. — TENNYSON: *The Charge of the Light Brigade, stanza 3.*

In the jaws of death. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes, second week, first day, part iv.*

[3] Act iv. sc. 2 in Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White.

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. *The Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4.*[1]

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,[2] that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Ibid.*

I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true. *Ibid.*

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ibid.*

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.
King John. Act i. Sc. 1

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ibid.*

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation. *Ibid.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ibid.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. *Ibid.*

Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door. *Ibid.*

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. *Ibid.*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! *Ibid.*

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad. *Sc. 2.*[3]

[1] Act iv. Sc. 3 in Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White

[2] Like a wave of the sea. — *James i. 6.*

[3] Act ii. Sc. 2 in Singer, Staunton, and Knight.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
King John. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*[1]

Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. *Ibid.*[1]

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety. *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Ibid*

That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions. *Ibid*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. *Sc. 4.*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ibid.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.[2] *Ibid.*

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Ibid.*

How now, foolish rheum! *Act iv. Sc. 1*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Sc. 2.*

1 Act ii. Sc. 2 in White.

2 When fortune flatters, she does it to betray. — Publius Syrus *Maxim 278*

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.[1]
King John. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ibid.*

Make haste; the better foot before. *Ibid.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Ibid.*

Another lean unwashed artificer. *Ibid.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! *Ibid.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

'T is strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,[2]
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest. *Sc. 7.*

Now my soul hath elbow-room. *Ibid.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Ibid.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.
King Richard II. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. *Ibid.*

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet. *Sc. 3.*

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Ibid.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Ibid.*

[1] Qui s'excuse, s'accuse (He who excuses himself accuses himself). — Gabriel Meurier: *Trésor des Sentences. 1530–1601.*

[2] See page 63, note 2.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
King Richard II. *Act i. Sc. 3.*

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past. *Ibid*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands, —
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
Ibid

The ripest fruit first falls. *Ibid.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Sc. 3.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines. *Sc. 2.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king. *Ibid.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return ! *Ibid.*

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. *Ibid.*

And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall — and farewell king!

Ibid.

He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war. *Sc. 3.*

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Ibid.*

Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A mockery king of snow. *Ibid.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

As for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.[1] *Sc. 5.*

So shaken as we are, so wan with care.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross. *Ibid.*

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. *Sc. 2.*

Old father antic the law. *Ibid.*

[1] It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. — MATT. *xix. 24.*

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

Thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. *Ibid.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Ibid.*

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Ibid.*

He will give the devil his due.[1] *Ibid.*

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. *Ibid.*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Ibid.*

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again. *Sc. 3.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

God save the mark. *Ibid.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. *Ibid.*

[1] Thomas Nash; *Have with you to Saffron Walden.* Dryden: *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. *Ibid.*

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged. *Sc. 2.*

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. *Ibid.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Ibid.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *Sc. 3.*

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Ibid.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *Sc. 4.*

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Ibid.*

There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. *Ibid.*

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! *Ibid.*

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Ibid.*

I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me— *Ibid.*

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. *Ibid.*

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Ibid.*

I was now a coward on instinct. *Ibid.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! *Ibid.*

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? *Ibid.*

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder. *Ibid.*

In King Cambyses' vein. *Ibid.*

That reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years. *Ibid.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Ibid.*

Play out the play. *Ibid.*

O, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ibid.*

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

I am not in the roll of common men. *Ibid.*

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them? *Ibid.*

While you live, tell truth and shame the devil![1] *Ibid.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Ibid.*

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ibid.*

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. *Ibid.*

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher: *Wit without Money, act iv. sc. 1.* Swift: *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter.*

Exceedingly well read. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act iii. Sc. 1*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ibid*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. *Sc. 2.*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Ibid.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn. *Sc. 3*

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. *Ibid.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? *Ibid.*

Rob me the exchequer. *Ibid.*

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass. *Ibid.*

All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer. *Ibid.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. *Ibid.*

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. *Sc. 2.*

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: nay, and the

villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better. *Ibid.*

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast[1]
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Ibid.*

I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on, — how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour; what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'T is insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. *Ibid.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Sc. 4.*

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion.[2] *Ibid.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword. *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 19.

[2] It show'd discretion the best part of valour. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *A King and no King, act ii. sc. 3.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he. But we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.*

I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Ibid.*

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.
Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend. *Ibid.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. *Sc. 2.*

A rascally yea-forsooth knave. *Ibid.*

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time. *Ibid.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth. *Ibid.*

For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. *Ibid.*

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. *Ibid.*

I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion. *Ibid.*

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. *Ibid.*

Who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply. *Ibid.*

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.[1] *Sc. 3.*

[1] Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? — *Luke xiv. 28.*

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 3.

Past and to come seems best; things present worst.

Ibid.

A poor lone woman. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I 'll tickle your catastrophe. *Ibid.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home. *Ibid.*

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week. *Ibid.*

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. *Sc. 2.*

Let the end try the man. *Ibid.*

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. *Ibid.*

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. *Sc. 3.*

Aggravate your choler. *Sc. 4.*

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

With all appliances and means to boot. *Ibid.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Ibid.*

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *Sc. 2.*

Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated, — which is an excellent thing. *Ibid.*

Most forcible Feeble. *Ibid.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

A man can die but once. *Ibid.*

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Ibid.*

We are ready to try our fortunes
To the last man. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame." *Sc. 3.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. *Sc. 4.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Sc. 5.*[1]

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ibid.*[1]

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

His cares are now all ended. *Sc. 2.*

Falstaff. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.[2] *Sc. 3.*

A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys. *Ibid.*

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die! *Ibid.*

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
King Henry V. Prologue.

Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

[1] Act iv. Sc. 4 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

[2] See Heywood, page 20.
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. — *Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 5.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

King Henry V. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Even at the turning o' the tide. *Sc. 3.*

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. *Ibid.*

As cold as any stone. *Ibid.*

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *Sc. 4.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument. *Ibid.*

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. *Ibid.*

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety. *Sc. 2.*

Men of few words are the best men. *Ibid.*

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. *Sc. 6.*

You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. *Sc. 7.*[1]

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.

[1] Act iii. Sc. 6 in Dyce.

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,[1]
Give dreadful note of preparation.

King Henry V. Act iv. Prologue.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. *Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. *Ibid.*

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun. *Ibid.*

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ibid.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. *Ibid.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive. *Sc. 3*

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth [2] as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ibid.*

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. *Ibid.*

There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; . . . and there is salmons in both. *Sc. 7.*

[1] With clink of hammers closing rivets up. — CIBBER: *Richard III. Altered, act* v. *sc. 3.*

[2] "In their mouths" in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! *King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 8.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear. *Ibid.*

All hell shall stir for this. *Ibid.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Sc. 2.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

Halcyon days. *Sc. 2.*

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye, —
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Delays have dangerous ends.[1] *Act iii. Sc. 2*

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Main chance.[2] *Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face. *Sc. 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.[3]
Act iii. Sc. 1

1 All delays are dangerous in war. — DRYDEN: *Tyrannic Love, act i. sc. 1.*
2 Have a care o' th' main chance. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.*
Be careful still of the main chance. — DRYDEN: *Persius, satire vi.*
3 See Raleigh, page 25; Lyly, page 33.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.[1]

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Sc. 3.*

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. *Ibid.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. *Sc. 2.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ibid.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Ibid.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. *Sc. 7.*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy!

Part III. Act i. Sc. 2.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

[1] See Marlowe, page 40.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? *Ibid.*

Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings! *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. *Act iv. Sc. 8.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Act v. Sc. 6*

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them, —

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace.
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.
King Richard III *Act i. Sc. 1*

To leave this keen encounter of our wits *Sc. 2.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won? *Ibid.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Sc. 2.*

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.[1]
Sc. 3

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of[2] holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil. *Ibid.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days. *Sc. 4*

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. *Ibid.*

A parlous boy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

[1] For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. — Pope: *Essay on Criticism, part iii. line 66.*

[2] "Stolen forth" in White and Knight.

So wise so young, they say, do never live long.[1]
King Richard III. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Off with his head![2] *Sc. 4.*

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down. *Ibid.*

Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Sc. 7.*

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Sc. 3.*

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Ibid.*

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Sc. 4.*

Tetchy and wayward. *Ibid.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Ibid.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Ibid.*

The king's name is a tower of strength. *Sc. 3.*

Give me another horse: bind up my wounds. *Ibid.*

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! *Ibid.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. *Ibid.*

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn. *Ibid.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. *Ibid.*

[1] A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long. — MIDDLETON: *The Phœnix, act i. sc. 1.*

[2] Off with his head! so much for Buckingham! — CIBBER: *Richard III (altered), act iv. sc. 3.*

The selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
King Richard III. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

A thing devised by the enemy.[1] *Ibid.*

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Sc. 4.*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! *Ibid.*

Order gave each thing view. *King Henry VIII.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. *Ibid.*

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. *Ibid.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. *Ibid.*

'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. *Sc. 2.*

The mirror of all courtesy. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This bold bad man.[2] *Sc. 2.*

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Sc. 3.*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

'T is well said again,
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. *Sc. 2.*

[1] A weak invention of the enemy. — CIBBER: *Richard III.* (*altered*), *act v. sc. 3.*

[2] See Spenser, page 27.

And then to breakfast with
What appetite you have. *King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Press not a falling man too far! *Ibid.*

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Ibid.*

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Ibid.*

A load would sink a navy. *Ibid.*

And sleep in dull cold marble. *Ibid.*

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels. *Ibid.*

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! *Ibid.*

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Ibid.*

A royal train, believe me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity! *Sc. 2.*

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. *Ibid.*

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! *Ibid.*

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. *Ibid.*

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1] *Ibid.*

[1] For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste. — Sir Thomas More: *Richard III. and his miserable End.*

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.
Beaumont and Fletcher: *Philaster, act v. sc. 3.*

L'injure se grave en métal; et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.
(An injury graves itself in metal, but a benefit writes itself in water.)
Jean Bertaut. *Circa 1611.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
King Henry VIII. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. *Ibid.*

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Ibid.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
Act v. Sc. 2.

'T is a cruelty
To load a falling man. *Sc. 3.*[1]

You were ever good at sudden commendations. *Ibid.*[1]

I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence. *Ibid.*[2]

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. *Ibid.*[1]

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour. *Sc. 5.*[2]

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. *Ibid.*

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her. *Ibid.*

I have had my labour for my travail.[3]
Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 1.

[1] Act v. Sc. 2 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.
[2] Act v. Sc 4 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.
[3] Labour for his pains. — EDWARD MOORE: *The Boy and his Rainbow.*
Labour for their pains. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote. The Author's Preface.*

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy.[1] *Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come. *Ibid.*

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The common curse of mankind, — folly and ignorance.
Sc. 3.

All lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. *Sc. 3.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. *Ibid.*

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. *Ibid.*

And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. *Ibid.*

His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.
Act iv. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it. *Ibid.*

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. *Coriolanus. Act i. Sc. 3.*

[1] Unless degree is preserved, the first place is safe for no one. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 1042.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Coriolanus. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't.[1] *Ibid.*

Many-headed multitude.[2] *Sc. 3.*

I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices. *Ibid.*

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute "shall"? *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Enough, with over-measure. *Ibid.*

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. *Ibid.*

That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war. *Sc. 2.*

Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy. *Act iv. Sc. 5.*

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. *Ibid.*

Chaste as the icicle
That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. Boy! *Sc. 6.*[3]

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

[1] When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.
RICHARD LOVELACE: *To Althea from Prison*, ii.

[2] See Sidney, page 34.

[3] Act v. sc. 5 in Singer and Knight.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of;[1] and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Titus Andronicus.* *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

The weakest goes to the wall. *Romeo and Juliet.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Ibid.*

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east. *Ibid.*

As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Ibid.*

Saint-seducing gold. *Ibid.*

He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Ibid.*

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.[2] *Sc. 2.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Sc. 3.*

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase. *Sc. 4.*

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you!
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep. *Ibid.*

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 18.
[2] See Chapman, page 36.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. *Romeo and Juliet.* *Act i. Sc. 4.*

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Ibid.*

For you and I are past our dancing days.[1] *Sc. 5.*

It seems she hangs[2] upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear. *Ibid.*

Shall have the chinks. *Ibid.*

Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *Ibid.*

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid! *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. *Sc. 2.*[3]

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Ibid.*[4]

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? *Ibid.*[4]

What 's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Ibid.*[4]

For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Ibid.*[4]

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords. *Ibid.*[4]

[1] My dancing days are done. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 3.*

[2] Dyce, Knight, and White read, "Her beauty hangs."

[3] Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

[4] Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.[1] *Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*[2]

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Ibid.*[2]

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.*[2]

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." *Ibid.*[2]

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Ibid.[2]

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ibid.*[2]

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.*[2]

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified. *Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Sc. 4.*

The courageous captain of complements. *Ibid.*

[1] Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter (Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers). — TIBULLUS, iii. 6, 49.
[2] Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

One, two, and the third in your bosom.
Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 4.

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Ibid.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Ibid.*

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. *Ibid.*

My man's as true as steel.[1] *Ibid.*

These violent delights have violent ends. *Sc. 6.*

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *Ibid.*

Here comes the lady! O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Ibid.*

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

A word and a blow.[2] *Ibid.*

A plague o' both your houses! *Ibid.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve. *Ibid.*

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Sc. 2.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Ibid.*

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

1 True as steel. — CHAUCER: *Troilus and Creseide, book v.* Compare *Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 2.*

2 Word and a blow. — DRYDEN: *Amphitryon, act i. sc. 1.* BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress, part i.*

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe.
Romeo and Juliet. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. *Ibid.*

The damned use that word in hell. *Ibid.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Ibid.*

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. *Ibid.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. *Sc. 5.*

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. *Ibid.*

All these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come. *Ibid.*

Villain and he be many miles asunder. *Ibid.*

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds. *Ibid.*

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells. *Ibid.*

Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. *Ibid.*

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ibid.*

Famine is in thy cheeks. *Ibid.*

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law. *Ibid.*

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. *Ibid.*

The strength
Of twenty men. *Ibid.*

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book. *Sc. 3.*

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Romeo and Juliet. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Ibid.*

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! *Ibid.*

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on.
Leaving no tract behind. *Timon of Athens.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, — honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. *Sc. 2.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond. *Ibid.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. *Ibid.*

Every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy.
Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T is lack of kindly warmth. *Ibid.*

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. *Sc. 5.*

We have seen better days. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Are not within the leaf of pity writ. *Sc. 3.*

I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief. *Ibid*

Life's uncertain voyage. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.
Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 1

The live-long day. *Ibid.*

Beware the ides of March. *Sc. 2.*

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. *Ibid.*

"Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow. *Ibid.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink! *Ibid.*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. *Ibid.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. *Ibid.*

Conjure with 'em, —
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! *Ibid*

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king. *Ibid.*

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Julius Cæsar. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. *Ibid.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything. *Ibid.*

But, for my own part, it was Greek to me. *Ibid.*

'T is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost [1] round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Ibid.*

A dish fit for the gods. *Ibid.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered. *Ibid.*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. *Ibid.*

[1] "Utmost" in Singer.

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. *Julius Cæsar.* *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops [1]
That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded? *Ibid.*

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Sc. 2*

These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them. *Ibid.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Ibid.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Ibid.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Ibid.*

Et tu, Brute! *Ibid.*

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown! *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Ibid.*

[1] Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart. — GRAY: *The Bard. t. 3, line 12.*

Though last, not least in love.[1] *Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 1*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ibid.*

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war. *Ibid.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. *Sc. 2.*

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. *Ibid.*

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? *Ibid.*

If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. *Ibid.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Ibid.*

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men. *Ibid.*

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ibid.*

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. *Ibid.*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Ibid.*

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

[1] Though last not least. — SPENSER: *Colin Clout, line 444.*

Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Julius Cæsar. *Act iii.* *Sc. 2*

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. *Ibid.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man. *Ibid.*

I only speak right on. *Ibid.*

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Ibid.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith. *Act iv.* *Sc. 2*

You yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm. *Sc. 3*

The foremost man of all this world. *Ibid.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Ibid.*

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"? *Ibid.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Ibid.*

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts:
Dash him to pieces! *Ibid.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. *Ibid.*

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote.
Julius Cæsar. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. *Ibid.*

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Ibid.*

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity. *Ibid.*

Brutus. Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. *Ibid.*

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made. *Ibid.*

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come! *Ibid.*

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! *Sc. 3.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all. *Sc. 5.*

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" *Ibid.*

1 W. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 W. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Macbeth. *Act i. Sc. 1*

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Ibid.*

Banners flout the sky. *Sc. 2.*

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Dwindle, peak, and pine. *Ibid.*

What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ibid.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not.
Ibid.

Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Ibid.*

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. *Ibid.*

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Ibid.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Ibid.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ibid.*

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Ibid.*

Nothing is
But what is not. *Ibid.*

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.
Ibid.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ibid.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 4.*

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face. *Ibid.*

More is thy due than more than all can pay. *Ibid.*

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness. *Sc. 5.*

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Ibid.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Ibid.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. *Ibid.*

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *Ibid.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. *Sc. 6.*

The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate. *Ibid.*

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. *Ibid.*

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Ibid.*

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage.[1] *Ibid.*

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none. *Ibid.*

Nor time nor place
Did then adhere. *Ibid.*

Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 14.

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up
In measureless content. *Ibid.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ibid.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Ibid.*

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead. *Ibid.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout. *Ibid.*

The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ibid.*

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *Sc. 2.*[1]

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Ibid.*[1]

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.*[1]

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,

[1] Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 2.*[1]

Infirm of purpose! *Ibid.*[1]

'T is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. *Ibid.*[1]

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. *Ibid.*[1]

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Sc. 3.*[2]

Dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time. *Ibid.*[2]

Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee! *Ibid.*[2]

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building! *Ibid.*[2]

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.*[2]

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? *Ibid.*[2]

There 's daggers in men's smiles. *Ibid.*[2]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. *Sc. 4.*[3]

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! *Ibid.*

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

[1] Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.
[2] Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce and White; Act ii. sc. 2 in Staunton.
[3] Act ii. sc. 2 in Dyce and White; Act ii. sc. 3 in Staunton.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 1*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Ibid*

Mur. We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Ibid.*

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. *Ibid.*

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't. *Ibid*

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what 's done is done. *Sc. 2*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. *Ibid*

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further. *Ibid.*

In them Nature's copy 's not eterne. *Ibid.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ibid*

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. *Ibid*

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. *Ibid*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn. *Sc. 3*

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Ibid.*

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me. *Ibid.*

The air-drawn dagger. *Ibid.*

The time has been;
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table. *Ibid.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! *Ibid.*

A thing of custom, — 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. *Ibid.*

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, —
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Ibid.*

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ibid.*

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder. *Ibid.*

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Ibid.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Ibid.*

Macb. What is the night?
L. Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er. *Ibid.*

My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Sc. 5.*

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog. *Ibid.*

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks! *Ibid.*

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags! *Ibid.*

A deed without a name. *Ibid.*

I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. *Ibid.*

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart:
Come like shadows, so depart! *Ibid.*

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? *Ibid.*

I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round.[1] *Ibid.*

The weird sisters. *Ibid.*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. *Ibid.*

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Sc. 2.*

[1] Let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.
MIDDLETON: *The Witch, act v. sc. 2.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Macbeth. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Ibid.*

Stands Scotland where it did? *Ibid.*

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break. *Ibid.*

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop? *Ibid.*

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Ibid*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue. *Ibid*

The night is long that never finds the day. *Ibid*

Out, damned spot! out, I say! *Act v. Sc. 1*

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? *Ibid.*

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? *Ibid.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. *Ibid.*

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. *Sc. 3.*

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Ibid.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.
Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Ibid.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Sc. 5*

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors. *Ibid.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Ibid*

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." *Ibid.*

I gin to be aweary of the sun. *Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 5.*

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. *Ibid.*

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. *Sc. 6.*

I bear a charmed life. *Sc. 8.*[1]

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. *Ibid.*[1]

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Ibid.*[1]

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!" *Ibid.*[1]

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart. *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state. *Ibid.*

Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Ibid.*

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Ibid.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Ibid.*

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Ibid.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Ibid.*

[1] Act v. Sc. 7 in Singer and White.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir[1] abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1.

So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.[2] *Ibid.*

The memory be green. *Sc. 2.*

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,[3]
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole. *Ibid.*

The head is not more native to the heart. *Ibid.*

A little more than kin, and less than kind. *Ibid.*

All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity. *Ibid.*

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black. *Ibid.*

But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Ibid.*

'T is a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd. *Ibid.*

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

[1] "Can walk" in White.
[2] "Eastern hill" in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.
[3] "One auspicious and one dropping eye" in Dyce, Singer, and Staunton.

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Hamlet. Act i Sc. 2

That it should come to this! *Ibid.*

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Ibid.*

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. *Ibid.*

Frailty, thy name is woman! *Ibid.*

A little month. *Ibid.*

Like Niobe, all tears. *Ibid.*

A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Ibid.*

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. *Ibid.*

It is not nor it cannot come to good. *Ibid.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day. *Ibid.*

In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Ibid.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ibid.*

Season your admiration for a while *Ibid.*

In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Ibid.*

Arm'd at point exactly, cap-a-pe.[1] *Ibid.*

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ibid.*

[1] "Armed at all points" in Singer and White.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.

Ham. His beard was grizzled, — no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd. *Ibid.*

Let it be tenable in your silence still. *Ibid.*

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Ibid.*

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve. *Ibid.*

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Ibid.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute. *Sc. 3.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Ibid.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.[1] *Ibid.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Ibid.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops[2] of steel. *Ibid.*

[1] And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser.
BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

[2] "Hooks" in Singer.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Ibid.*

Springes to catch woodcocks. *Ibid.*

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. *Ibid.*

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence. *Ibid.*

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. *Sc. 4.*

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance. *Ibid.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous,[1] and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Ibid.*

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Ibid.*

Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! *Ibid.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Ibid.*

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[2]
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:[3]
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! *Sc. 5.*

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself[4] in ease on Lethe wharf. *Ibid.*

1 And makes night hideous. — POPE: *The Dunciad, book iii. line 166.*
2 "To lasting fires" in Singer.
3 "Porcupine" in Singer and Staunton.
4 "Rots itself" in Staunton.

O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5*

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! *Ibid.*

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon. *Ibid*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Ibid*

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. *Ibid.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Ibid*

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records. *Ibid.*

Within the book and volume of my brain. *Ibid*

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark. *Ibid.*

Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. *Ibid*

Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is. *Ibid*

Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage. *Ibid.*

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Ibid.*

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ibid.*

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ibid.*

Brevity is the soul of wit.[1] *Sc. 2.*

More matter, with less art. *Ibid.*

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. *Ibid.*

Find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Ibid*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love. *Ibid.*

To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. *Ibid.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Ibid.*

Pol. What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words. *Ibid.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Ibid*

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. *Ibid*

On fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ibid.*

[1] A short saying oft contains much wisdom.—Sophocles: *Aletes, frag. 99*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

A dream itself is but a shadow. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! *Ibid.*

Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither. *Ibid*

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a handsaw. *Ibid.*

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou! *Ibid.*

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. *Ibid*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? *Ibid*

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Ibid.*

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.[1] *Ibid.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ibid.*

With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there 's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

[1] See Chaucer, page 5.

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels[1] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 1*

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. *Ibid.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Ibid.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ibid.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. *Ibid.*

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. *Ibid*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword. *Ibid.*

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! *Ibid.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Ibid*

O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Ibid*

[1] "Who would these fardels" in White.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Ibid.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Ibid.*

The very age and body of the time his form and pressure. *Ibid.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. *Ibid.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Ibid.*

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Ibid.*

First Play. We have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. *Ibid.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Ibid*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ibid.*

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Ibid.*

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this.
Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. *Ibid.*

Here 's metal more attractive. *Ibid.*

Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. *Ibid.*

There 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. *Ibid.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. *Ibid.*

This is miching mallecho ; it means mischief. *Ibid.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?
Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love. *Ibid.*

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown. *Ibid.*

The lady doth protest[1] too much, methinks. *Ibid.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Ibid.*

The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. *Ibid.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleep :
So runs the world away. *Ibid.*

'T is as easy as lying. *Ibid.*

It will discourse most eloquent music. *Ibid.*

[1] " Protests " in Dyce, Singer, and Staunton.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? *Ibid.*

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?
Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale. *Ibid.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Ibid.*

By and by is easily said. *Ibid.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Ibid*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Ibid*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. *Sc. 3*

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. *Ibid.*

'T is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature. *Ibid.*

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! *Ibid.*

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. *Ibid.*

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Sc. 4.*

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Ibid.*

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty. *Ibid.*

False as dicers' oaths. *Ibid.*

A rhapsody of words. *Ibid*

What act
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? *Ibid.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, —
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Ibid.*

At your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble. *Ibid.*

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will. *Ibid*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Ibid*

A king of shreds and patches. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Ibid.*

How is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy? *Ibid.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in. *Ibid.*

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Ibid.*

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come. *Ibid.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this. *Ibid.*

Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ibid.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Ibid.*

For 't is the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar. *Ibid.*

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.[1] *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Ibid.*

[1] Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases. — HIPPOCRATES: *Aphorism i.*

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. *Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. *Ibid.*

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Sc. 5.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
Ibid.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime. *Ibid.*

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes. *Ibid.*

Come, my coach! Good night, sweet ladies; good night.
Ibid.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ibid.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Ibid.*

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. *Ibid.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. *Ibid.*

You must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered. *Ibid.*

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll. *Ibid.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Sc. 7.*

That we would do,
We should do when we would. *Ibid.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.[1] *Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 7.*

Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. *Ibid.*

1 Clo. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.
Act v. Sc. 1.

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners. *Ibid.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Ibid.*

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Ibid.*

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
Ibid.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.
Ibid

A politician, . . . one that would circumvent God.
Ibid

Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? *Ibid.*

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead. *Ibid.*

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ibid.*

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.
Ibid.

[1] Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave. — HERRICK: *Sorrows Succeed.*

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night iii. line 63*

And woe succeeds to woe. — POPE: *The Iliad, book xvi. line 139.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ibid.*

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. *Ibid.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring![1] *Ibid.*

A ministering angel shall my sister be.[2] *Ibid.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Ibid.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave. *Ibid.*

Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous. *Ibid.*

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. *Ibid.*

[1] And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam, xviii.*

[2] A ministering angel thou. — SCOTT: *Marmion, canto vi. st. 30.*

Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. *Ibid.*

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.[1] *Sc. 2.*

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair. *Ibid.*

It did me yeoman's service. *Ibid.*

The bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion. *Ibid.*

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ibid.*

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides. *Ibid.*

'T is the breathing time of day with me. *Ibid.*

There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? *Ibid.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*

Now the king drinks to Hamlet. *Ibid.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Ibid.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Ibid.*

[1] But they that are above
Have ends in everything.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy act v. sc. 4.*

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 2.

Absent thee from felicity awhile. *Ibid.*

The rest is silence. *Ibid.*

Although the last, not least. *King Lear. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing will come of nothing. *Ibid.*

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes. *Ibid.*

I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not. *Ibid.*

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not. *Ibid.*

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides. *Ibid.*

As if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion. *Sc. 2.*

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence. *Sc. 4.*

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend! *Ibid.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Ibid.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Ibid.*

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Ibid.*

Necessity's sharp pinch! *Ibid.*

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! *Ibid.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Act iii. Sc. 2.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Ibid.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 2.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass. *Ibid.*

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Ibid.*

Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that. *Sc. 4.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Ibid.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Ibid.*

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Ibid.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.[1] *Ibid.*

Poor Tom's a-cold. *Ibid.*

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Ibid.*

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
Sc. 6.

[1] The prince of darkness is a gentleman. — SUCKLING: *The Goblins.*

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail. *King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 6.*

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Sc. 7.

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst." *Ibid.*

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. *Sc. 3.*

Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice. *Sc. 6.*

Nature 's above art in that respect. *Ibid.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Ibid.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. *Ibid.*

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? *Ibid.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Ibid*

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *Sc. 7.*

Pray you now, forget and forgive. *Ibid.*

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. *Act v. Sc 3.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *King Lear. Act v. Sc. 3.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman. *Ibid.*

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Ibid.*

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The bookish theoric. *Ibid.*

'T is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. *Ibid.*

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. *Ibid.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ibid.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Ibid.*

You are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. *Ibid.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Sc. 2.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,[1]
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

[1] Though I be rude in speech. — *2 Cor. xi. 6.*

Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear[1]
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Ibid.*

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful;
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,

[1] "These things to hear" in Singer.

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief. *Ibid.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Ibid.*

Framed to make women false. *Ibid.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Ibid.*

I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ibid.*

She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud. *Ibid.*

She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. *Ibid*

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! *Ibid.*

Egregiously an ass. *Othello. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. *Sc. 3.*

Potations pottle-deep. *Ibid.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear, —
With that he called the tailor lown.[1] *Ibid.*

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. *Ibid.*

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter. *Ibid.*

Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. *Ibid.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Ibid.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Ibid.*

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! *Ibid.*

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Ibid.*

How poor are they that have not patience! *Ibid.*

[1] Though these lines are from an old ballad given in Percy's *Reliques*, they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[1] *Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words. *Ibid.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed. *Ibid.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Ibid.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly[2] loves!
Ibid.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough. *Ibid.*

To be once in doubt
Is once to be resolv'd. *Ibid.*

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. *Ibid.*

I am declined
Into the vale of years. *Ibid.*

[1] For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
Venus and Adonis.

[2] "Fondly" in Singer and White; "soundly" in Staunton.

O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. *Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday. *Ibid.*

I swear 't is better to be much abused
Than but to know 't a little. *Ibid.*

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all. *Ibid.*

O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone! *Ibid.*

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof. *Ibid.*

No hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on. *Ibid.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Ibid.*

Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe. *Ibid.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Ibid.*

Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. *Ibid.*

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. *Sc. 4.*

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

They laugh that win.[1] *Ibid*

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago! *Ibid.*

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words. *Sc. 2.*

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips. *Ibid.*

But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger[2] at! *Ibid.*

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin. *Ibid.*

O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born. *Ibid*

O Heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world! *Ibid*

[1] CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. i.*

[2] "His slow and moving finger" in Knight and Staunton.

'T is neither here nor there. *Othello. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

It makes us or it mars us. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Every way makes my gain. *Ibid.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Ibid.*

This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Ibid.*

And smooth as monumental alabaster. *Sc. 2.*

Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. *Ibid.*

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. *Ibid.*

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all. *Ibid.*

One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Ibid.*

Curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation. *Ibid.*

Every puny whipster. *Ibid.*

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. *Ibid.*

I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then, must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. *Othello. Act v. Sc. 2.*

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. *Ibid*

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Antony and Cleopatra. Act i. Sc. 1.

On the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Sc. 2.*

This grief is crowned with consolation. *Ibid.*

Give me to drink mandragora. *Sc. 5.*

Where 's my serpent of old Nile? *Ibid.*

A morsel for a monarch. *Ibid.*

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment. *Ibid.*

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Small to greater matters must give way. *Sc. 2.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. *Ibid.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. *Ibid.*

I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. *Sc. 2.*

'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up. *Antony and Cleopatra. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! *Sc. 7.*

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him. *Sc. 13*

Men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. *Ibid.*

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Ibid.*

The shirt of Nessus is upon me. *Sc. 12.*

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't. *Sc. 14.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water. *Ibid.*

Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. *Ibid.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying. *Sc. 15.*

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.[1]

Antony and Cleopatra. *Act iv. Sc. 15.*

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Ibid*

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

If there be, or ever were, one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming. *Ibid.*

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Ibid.*

I have
Immortal longings in me. *Ibid.*

Lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.

Cymbeline. *Act i. Sc. 4.*

Hath his bellyful of fighting. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily. *Sc. 2.*

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace. *Sc. 3.*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,[2]
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is.
My lady sweet, arise. *Ibid.*

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. *Sc. 5.*

Some griefs are medicinable. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Sc 3.*

[1] See Marlowe, page 41.
[2] See Lyly, page 32.

So slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling. *Cymbeline. Act iii. Sc. 3*

The game is up. *Ibid*

No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. *Sc. 4.*

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion. *Ibid*

It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness. *Ibid.*

I have not slept one wink. *Ibid.*

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. *Ibid.*

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Sc. 6.*

An angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! *Ibid*

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

And put
My clouted brogues from off my feet. *Ibid.*

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Ibid*

O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister. *Act v. Sc. 5*

Like an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at. *Pericles. Act i. Sc. 1.*

3 Fish. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis. Line 145.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. *Line 1019.*

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light. *Line 1027.*

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
Lucrece. Line 1006.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet iii.*

And stretched metre of an antique song. *Sonnet xvii.*

But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Sonnet xviii.*

The painful warrior famoused for fight,[1]
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd. *Sonnet xxv.*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Sonnet xxx.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen. *Sonnet xxxiii.*

My grief lies onward and my joy behind. *Sonnet l.*

1 "Worth" in White.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii.*

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live. *Sonnet liv.*

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme. *Sonnet lv.*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower? *Sonnet lxv.*

And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet lxvi.*

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet lxx.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, —
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
Sonnet lxxiii.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.
Sonnet lxxxi.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.
Sonnet lxxxvii.

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. *Sonnet xc*

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet xcviii.*

Still constant is a wondrous excellence. *Sonnet cv.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet cvi.*

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet cxi*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvi.*

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing. *Sonnet cxxi.*

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own. *Ibid.*

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet cxxxii.*

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep.
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passion in his craft of will.
A Lover's Complaint. Line 120.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear. *Ibid. Line 288.*

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.
The Passionate Pilgrim. vii.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. *Ibid. xii.*

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? *Ibid. xix.*

Cursed be he that moves my bones. *Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

FRANCIS BACON. 1561–1626.

(Works: Spedding and Ellis).

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.
Maxims of the Law. Preface.

Come home to men's business and bosoms.
Dedication to the Essays, Edition 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth. *Of Truth.*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. *Of Death.*

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. *Of Revenge.*

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." *Of Adversity.*

It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god." *Ibid.*

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New. *Ibid.*

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. *Ibid.*

Virtue is like precious odours, — most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.[1] *Of Adversity.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.[2] *Ibid.*

Men in great place are thrice servants, — servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business. *Of Great Place.*

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill." *Of Boldness.*

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.[3] *Of Goodness.*

The remedy is worse than the disease.[4] *Of Seditions.*

[1] As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity, act i.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.
ROGERS: *Jacqueline, stanza 3.*

[2] BURTON (quoted): *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sect. 2, memb. 5, subsect. 5.*

[3] Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.
POPE: *Essay on Man, ep. i. line 125.*

[4] There are some remedies worse than the disease. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 301.*

I had rather believe all the fables in the legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. *Of Atheism.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.[1] *Ibid.*

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. *Of Travel.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest.[2] *Of Empire.*

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, "The world says," or "There is a speech abroad." *Of Cunning.*

There is a cunning which we in England call "the turning of the cat in the pan;" which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him. *Ibid.*

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less. *Ibid*

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are; but howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man. *Of Seeming Wise.*

[1] Who are a little wise the best fools be. — DONNE: *Triple Fool.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. — FULLER: *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing. — POPE: *Essay on Criticism. part ii. line 15.*

[2] Kings are like stars: they rise and set; they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

SHELLEY: *Hella*

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. *Of Regimen of Health.*

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. *Of Discourse.*

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination,[1] their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions. *Of Custom and Education.*

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.[2] *Of Fortune.*

If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune; for though she is blind, she is not invisible.[3] *Ibid.*

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business. *Of Youth and Age*

Virtue is like a rich stone, — best plain set. *Of Beauty.*

God Almighty first planted a garden.[4] *Of Gardens.*

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. *Ibid.*

[1] Of similar meaning, "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought." See Shakespeare, page 90.

[2] Every man is the architect of his own fortune. — Pseudo-Sallust: *Epist. de Rep. Ordin. ii. 1.*

His own character is the arbiter of every one's fortune. — Publius Syrus: *Maxim 283.*

[3] Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind. — Shakespeare: *Henry V. act iii. sc. 6.*

[4] God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
Cowley: *The Garden, Essay v.*

God made the country, and man made the town.
Cowper: *The Task, book i. line 749.*

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes (Divine Nature gave the fields, human art built the cities). — Varro: *De Re Rustica, iii. 1.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ibid.*

The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men is the vicissitude of sects and religions.[1] *Of Vicissitude of Things.*

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books. *Proposition touching Amendment of Laws.*

Knowledge is power. — Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.[2] *Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.*

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved forever in amber, a more than royal tomb.[3] *Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum, Cent. i. Exper. 100.*

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded. *Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

[1] The vicissitude of things. — STERNE: *Sermon xvi.* GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

[2] A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. — *Proverbs xxiv. 5.*

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force. — JOHNSON: *Rasselas, chap. xiii.*

[3] The bee enclosed and through the amber shown,
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.
MARTIAL: *book iv. 32, vi. 15* (Hay's translation)

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.
HERRICK: *On a Fly buried in Amber*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.
POPE: *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, line 169.*

"Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.[1]

Advancement of Learning. Book i. (*1605.*)

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. *Ibid.*

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.[2] *Book ii.*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. *Ibid.*

[1] As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end, — the times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — GEORGE HAKEWILL: *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World. London, 1627.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — PASCAL: *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's "Cena di Cenere," published in 1584: I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — WHEWELL: *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 198. London, 1847.*

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

TENNYSON: *The Day Dream.* (*L'Envoi.*)

[2] The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before. — *Advancement of Learning* (ed. Dewey).

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Lib. vi. sect. 63.*

Spiritalis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur (The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light: although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted). — SAINT AUGUSTINE: *Works, vol. iii., In Johannis Evang. cap. i. tr. v. sect. 15.*

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted. — LYLY: *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* (Arber's reprint), *p. 43.*

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — TAYLOR: *Holy Living, chap. i. p. 3.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. — MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Sacred and inspired divinity, the sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations.

Advancement of Learning. Book ii.

Cleanness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.[1] *Ibid.*

States as great engines move slowly. *Ibid.*

The world 's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.[2] *The World.*

Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust. *Ibid.*

What then remains but that we still should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die ?[3] *Ibid.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

From his Will.

My Lord St. Albans said that Nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.[4] *Apothegms. No. 17.*

[1] Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness. — JOHN WESLEY (quoted): *Sermon xcii. On Dress.*

According to Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, rabbi, this is found in the Hebrew fathers. He cites Phinehas ben Yair, as follows: "The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness," — literally, next to godliness.

[2] Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span. — BROWNE: *Pastoral ii.*
Our life is but a span. — *New England Primer.*

[3] This line frequently occurs in almost exactly the same shape among the minor poems of the time: "Not to be born, or, being born, to die." — DRUMMOND: *Poems, p. 44.* BISHOP KING: *Poems, etc. (1657), p. 145.*

[4] Tall men are like houses of four stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished. — HOWELL (quoted): *Letter i. book i. sect. ii. (1621.)*

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high. — FULLER: *Andronicus, sect. vi. par. 18, 1.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.

BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 161*

Like the strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones.[1] *Apothegms. No. 54.*

Sir Henry Wotton used to say that critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes. *No. 64.*

Sir Amice Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner." *No. 76.*

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things, — old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.[2] *No. 97.*

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans under Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them, "Yes; but if we have such another victory, we are undone."[3] *No. 193.*

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, was wont to say of perfidious friends, that "We read that we ought to forgive our enemies; but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends." *No. 206.*

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new. *No. 247.*

[1] The custom is not altogether obsolete in the U. S. A.

[2] Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest. — WEBSTER: *Westward Hoe, act ii. sc. 2.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet. — SELDEN: *Table Talk. Friends.*

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read! — Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. — MELCHIOR: *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencias, etc., ii. 1, 20.*

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the prehemínence of it in everything, — in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. — SHAKERLEY MARMION (1602–1639): *The Antiquary.*

I love everything that 's old, — old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. — GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Conquer, act i.*

[3] There are some defeats more triumphant than victories. — MONTAIGNE: *Of Cannibals, chap. xxx.*

THOMAS MIDDLETON. ——–1626.

As the case stands.[1] *The Old Law. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

On his last legs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Hold their noses to the grindstone.[2]
Blurt, Master-Constable. Act iii. Sc. 3.

I smell a rat.[3] *Ibid.*

A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long.[4]
The Phœnix. Act i. Sc. 1.

The better day, the better deed.[5] *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The worst comes to the worst.[6] *Ibid.*

'T is slight, not strength, that gives the greatest lift.[7]
Michaelmas Term. Act iv. Sc. 1.

From thousands of our undone widows
One may derive some wit.[8]
A Trick to catch the Old One. Act i. Sc. 2.

Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.[9] *The Family of Love. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Spick and span new.[10] *Ibid.*

A flat case as plain as a pack-staff.[11] *Act v. Sc. 3.*

[1] As the case stands. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Psalm cxix.*

[2] See Heywood, page 11.

[3] I smell a rat. — BEN JONSON: *Tale of a Tub, act iv. Sc. 3.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 281.*

I begin to smell a rat. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, book iv. chap. x.*

[4] See Shakespeare, page 97.

[5] The better day, the worse deed. — HENRY: *Commentaries, Genesis iii.*

[6] Worst comes to the worst. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book iii. chap. v.* MARSTON: *The Dutch Courtezan, act iii. sc. 1.*

[7] It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize. — POPE: *The Iliad, book xxiii. line 383.*

[8] Some undone widow sits upon mine arm. — MASSINGER: *A New Way to pay Old Debts, act v. sc. 1.*

[9] For drames always go by contraries. — LOVER: *The Angel's Whisper.*

[10] Spick and span new. — FORD: *The Lover's Melancholy, act i. sc. 1.* FARQUHAR: *Preface to his Works.*

[11] Plain as a pike-staff. — *Terence in English (1641).* BUCKINGHAM: *Speech in the House of Lords, 1675. Gil Blas* (Smollett's translation), *book xii. chap. viii.* BYROM: *Epistle to a Friend.*

Have you summoned your wits from wool-gathering ?
The Family of Love. Act v. Sc. 3.

As true as I live. *Ibid.*

From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot.[1]
A Mad World, my Masters. Act i. Sc. 3.

That disease
Of which all old men sicken, — avarice.[2]
The Roaring Girl. Act i. Sc. 1.

Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes. *Ibid.*

There is no hate lost between us.[3] *The Witch. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Let the air strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.[4]
Act v. Sc. 2

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.[5] *Ibid.*

All is not gold that glisteneth.[6] *A Fair Quarrel. Act v. Sc. 1.*

As old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet. *More Dissemblers besides Women. Act i. Sc. 4.*

'T is a stinger.[7] *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

The world 's a stage on which all parts are played.[8]
A Game at Chess. Act v. Sc. 1.

[1] See Shakespeare, page 51.

[2] So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
BYRON : *Don Juan, canto i. stanza 216.*

[3] There is no love lost between us. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote, book iv. chap. xxiii.* GOLDSMITH : *She Stoops to Conquer, act iv.*' GARRICK : *Correspondence, 1759.* FIELDING : *The Grub Street Opera, act i. sc. 4.*

[4] See Shakespeare, page 123.

[5] These lines are introduced into *Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1.* According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one." Collier says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare." Dyce says, "There seems to be little doubt that 'Macbeth' is of an earlier date than 'The Witch.' "

[6] See Chaucer, page 5.

[7] He 'as had a stinger. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Wit without Money, act iv. sc. 1.*

[8] See Shakespeare, page 69.

Turn over a new leaf.[1] *Anything for a Quiet Life. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

My nearest
And dearest enemy.[2] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This was a good week's labour. *Sc. 3.*

How many honest words have suffered corruption since Chaucer's days![3] *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

By many a happy accident.[3] *Sc. 2.*

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568–1639.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
The Character of a Happy Life.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. *Ibid.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.[4] *Ibid.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies, —
What are you when the moon[5] shall rise?
On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.[6]

[1] *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen (1598).* Turn over a new leaf. — DEKKER: *The Honest Whore, part ii. act i. sc. 2.* BURKE: *Letter to Mrs. Haviland.*

[2] See Shakespeare, page 128.

[3] A happy accident. — MADAME DE STAËL: *L'Allemagne, chap. xvii.* CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, book iv. part ii. chap. lvii.*

[4] As having nothing, and yet possessing all things. — *2 Corinth. vi. 10.*

[5] "Sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (eds. 1651, 1654, 1672, 1685).

[6] This was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's "Sixth Set of Books," etc., and is found in many MSS. — HANNAH: *The Courtly Poets.*

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

Preface to the Elements of Architecture.

Hanging was the worst use a man could be put to.

The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.[1]

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.[2]

A Panegyric to King Charles.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. ——–1570.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.

Address to the Nightingale.[3]

SIR JOHN DAVIES. 1570–1626.

Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;

[1] In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's, Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

[2] He directed the stone over his grave to be inscribed: —

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære

(Here lies the author of this phrase: "The itch for disputing is the sore of churches." Seek his name elsewhere).

WALTON: *Life of Wotton.*

[3] This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of "Poems in Divers Humours," published in 1598. — ELLIS: *Specimens, vol. ii. p. 316.*

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.[1]

The Immortality of the Soul.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout, —
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.[2]

Contention betwixt a Wife, etc.

MARTYN PARKER. ——–1630.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

Song.

When the stormy winds do blow.[3]

Ibid.

[1] Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own webs from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

DRYDEN: *Mariage à la Mode, act iii. sc. 1.*

The spider's touch — how exquisitely fine! —
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

POPE: *Epistle i. line 217.*

[2] 'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden: the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out. — WEBSTER: *The White Devil, act i. sc. 2.*

Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir (Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress: those who are outside want to get in, and those inside want to get out). — QUITARD: *Études sur les Proverbes Français, p. 102.*

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — MONTAIGNE: *Upon some Verses of Virgil, chap. v.*

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — EMERSON: *Representative Men: Montaigne.*

[3] When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL: *Ye Mariners of England.*

DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573–1631.

He was the Word, that spake it:
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.[1]

Divine Poems. On the Sacrament

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.

She and comparisons are odious.[2] *Elegy 8. The Comparison.*

Who are a little wise the best fools be.[3] *The Triple Fool.*

BEN JONSON.[4] 1573–1637.

It was a mighty while ago.

Every Man in his Humour. Act i. Sc. 3.

Hang sorrow! care 'll kill a cat.[5] *Ibid.*

As he brews, so shall he drink. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Get money; still get money, boy,
No matter by what means.[6] *Sc. 3*

[1] Attributed by many writers to the Princess Elizabeth. It is not in the original edition of Donne, but first appears in the edition of 1654, p. 352.

[2] See Fortescue, page 7.

[3] See Bacon, page 166.

[4] O rare Ben Jonson! — SIR JOHN YOUNG: *Epitaph.*

[5] Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat. — WITHER: *Poem on Christmas.*

[6] Get place and wealth, — if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
POPE: *Horace, book i. epistle i. line 103.*

Have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years. *Every Man in his Humour. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

It must be done like lightning. *Act iv. Sc. v.*

There shall be no love lost.[1]
Every Man out of his Humour. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast.[2]
Epicœne; Or, the Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free, —
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. *Ibid.*

That old bald cheater, Time. *The Poetaster. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The world knows only two, — that 's Rome and I.
Sejanus. Act v. Sc. 1.

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing itself beyond expression. *The Masque of Hymen.*

Courses even with the sun
Doth her mighty brother run. *The Gipsies Metamorphosed.*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, — almighty gold.[3]
Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.

[1] There is no love lost between us. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. xxxiii.*

[2] A translation from Bonnefonius.

[3] The flattering, mighty, nay, almighty gold. — WOLCOT: *To Kien Long, Ode iv.*

Almighty dollar. — IRVING: *The Creole Village.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.[1]

The Forest. To Celia.

Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.[2]

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Marlowe's mighty line. *Ibid.*

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

For a good poet 's made as well as born. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse, —
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.[3]

[1] *Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου*
(Drink to me with your eyes alone. . . . And if you will, take the cup to your lips and fill it with kisses, and give it so to me).

PHILOSTRATUS : *Letter xxiv.*

[2] Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

BASSE : *On Shakespeare.*

[3] This epitaph is generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears in the editions of his Works ; but in a manuscript collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MS. No. 777, in the British Museum, it is ascribed to Browne, and awarded to him by Sir Egerton Brydges in his edition of Browne's poems.

Let those that merely talk and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink.[1]

Underwoods. An Epistle, answering to One that asked to be sealed of the Tribe of Ben.

Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never!

Ibid. Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ibid. To the immortal Memory of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison. III.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?[2]

Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.

JOHN WEBSTER. ——–1638.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exit.[3] *Duchess of Malfi. Act iv. Sc. 2*

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, — the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out.[4] *The White Devil. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic, distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

[1] They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
PRIOR: *Upon a passage in the Scaligerana.*

[2] What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
POPE: *To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

[3] Death hath so many doors to let out life. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Customs of the Country, act ii. sc. 2.*

[4] See Davies, page 176.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near have neither heat nor light.[1]

The White Devil. Act iv. Sc. 4.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.[2] *Westward Hoe. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I saw him now going the way of all flesh. *Ibid.*

THOMAS DEKKER. ——–1641.

A wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that 's never read, —
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.

Old Fortunatus.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Ibid.*

[1] The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but when beheld close they are rough. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pyrrho.*

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

ROBERT HEGGE: *On Love.*

We 're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.

YALDEN: *Against Enjoyment.*

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

GARTH: *The Dispensatory, canto iii. line 27.*

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope, part i. line 7.*

[2] See Bacon, page 171.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.[1]

The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12

I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a gentleman.[2]

Act iv. Sc. 2.

This principle is old, but true as fate, —
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.[3] *Sc. 4.*

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.

Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

Turn over a new leaf.[4] *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

To add to golden numbers golden numbers.

Patient Grissell. Act i. Sc. 1.

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*

BISHOP HALL. 1574–1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Introduction.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.[5] *Epistles. Dec. iii. Ep. 2.*

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.[6]

Contemplations. Book iv. The veil of Moses.

[1] Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne. — JULIANA BERNERS: *Heraldic Blazonry.*

[2] See Shakespeare, page 78.

[3] Cæsar said he loved the treason, but hated the traitor. — PLUTARCH: *Life of Romulus.*

[4] See Middleton, page 174.

[5] And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night v. line 718.*

[6] Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 14.*

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576–1625.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,[1]
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
Made for our general uses are at war, —
Even we among ourselves. *Ibid.*

Man is his own star; and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.[2] *Ibid.*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone;
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.[3]

The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.

O woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!

Monsieur Thomas. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us do or die.[4] *The Island Princess. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Hit the nail on the head. *Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

[1] Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2, memb. 1, subsect. 2.* Burton also quotes Anthony Rusca in this connection, v. xviii.

[2] An honest man 's the noblest work of God. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 248.* BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

[3] Weep no more, Lady! weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

PERCY: *Reliques. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

[4] Let us do or die. — BURNS: *Bannockburn.* CAMPBELL: *Gertrude of Wyoming, part iii. stanza 37.*

Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review of Gertrude, Scott's Miscellanies, vol. i. p. 153.*

I find the medicine worse than the malady.[1]
Love's Cure. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

He went away with a flea in 's ear. *Sc. 3.*

There 's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest Melancholy![2]
The Nice Valour. *Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves. *Ibid.*

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do 't to-morrow.
The Bloody Brother. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.[3] *Ibid.*

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,[4]
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree. *Act iii. Sc. 2*

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.[5] *Act v. Sc. 2.*

[1] See Bacon, page 165.

[2] Naught so sweet as melancholy. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy. Author's Abstract.*

[3] The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song: —

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

[4] Three merry men be we.— PEELE: *Old Wives' Tale, 1595.* WEBSTER (quoted): *Westward Hoe, 1607.*

[5] See Shakespeare, page 49

Something given that way. *The Lover's Progress. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Deeds, not words.[1] *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

ROBERT BURTON. 1576–1640.

Naught so sweet as melancholy.[2]

Anatomy of Melancholy.[3] *The Author's Abstract.*

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.[4]

Democritus to the Reader.

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works.[5] *Ibid.*

We can say nothing but what hath been said.[6] Our poets steal from Homer. . . . Our story-dressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best. *Ibid.*

I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself.[7] *Ibid.*

[1] Deeds, not words. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 867.*

[2] See Fletcher, page 184.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.

HOOD: *Ode to Melancholy.*

[3] Dr. Johnson said Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. And Byron said, "If the reader has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted." — *Works, vol. i. p. 144.*

[4] A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. — GARRICK: *Prologue on quitting the stage.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco (Being not unacquainted with woe, I learn to help the unfortunate). — VIRGIL: *Æneid, lib. i. 630.*

[5] See Shakespeare, page 84.

[6] Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius (There is nothing said which has not been said before). — TERENCE: *Eunuchus, Prol. 10.*

[7] A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. — HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on. — COLERIDGE: *The Friend, sect. i. essay viii.*

Pigmæi gigantum humeris impositi plusquam ipsi gigantes vident (Pigmies placed on the shoulders of giants see more than the giants themselves). — *Didacus Stella in Lucan, 10. tom. ii.*

It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*, — our style bewrays us.[1] *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

I had not time to lick it into form, as a bear doth her young ones.[2] *Ibid.*

As that great captain, Ziska, would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight. *Ibid.*

Like the watermen that row one way and look another.[3] *Ibid.*

Smile with an intent to do mischief, or cozen him whom he salutes.[4] *Ibid.*

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself.[5] *Ibid.*

Rob Peter, and pay Paul.[6] *Ibid.*

Penny wise, pound foolish. *Ibid.*

Women wear the breeches. *Ibid.*

Like Æsop's fox, when he had lost his tail, would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs.[7] *Ibid.*

Our wrangling lawyers . . . are so litigious and busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter, — some of them in hell. *Ibid.*

Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; he had two distinct persons in him.[8] *Ibid.*

[1] Le style est l'homme même (The style is the man himself). — BUFFON: *Discours de Réception* (*Recueil de l'Académie*, 1750).

[2] Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form. — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Sebond, book ii. chap. xii.*

[3] Like watermen who look astern while they row the boat ahead. — PLUTARCH: *Whether 't was rightfully said, Live concealed.*

Like rowers, who advance backward. — MONTAIGNE: *Of Profit and Honour, book iii. chap. i.*

[4] See Shakespeare, page 132.

[5] See Heywood, page 15.

[6] See Heywood, page 14. RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.*

[7] ÆSOP: *Fables, book v. fable v.*

[8] He left a corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.
BYRON: *The Corsair, canto iii. stanza 24.*

Carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer.
Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 1, Memb. 2, Subsect. 5.

Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular, all his life long.[1] *Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.*

[Witches] steal young children out of their cradles, *ministerio dæmonum*, and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings. *Subsect. 3.*

Can build castles in the air.[2] *Ibid.*

Joh. Mayor, in the first book of his "History of Scotland," contends much for the wholesomeness of oaten bread; it was objected to him, then living at Paris, that his countrymen fed on oats and base grain. . . . And yet Wecker out of Galen calls it horse-meat, and fitter juments than men to feed on.[3] *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are gentlemen. *Subsect. 2.*

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.[4] *Ibid.*

No rule is so general, which admits not some exception.[5] *Subsect. 3.*

Idleness is an appendix to nobility. *Subsect. 6.*

Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn? *Memb. 3, Subsect. 2.*

1 See Fletcher, page 183.

2 "Castles in the air," —Montaigne, Sir Philip Sidney, Massinger, Sir Thomas Browne, Giles Fletcher, George Herbert, Dean Swift, Broome, Fielding, Cibber, Churchill, Shenstone, and Lloyd.

3 Oats, — a grain which is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. — SAMUEL JOHNSON: *Dictionary of the English Language.*

4 Carpet knights are men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home. . . . They are called carpet knights because they receive their honours in the court and upon carpets. — MARKHAM: *Booke of Honour (1625).*

"Carpet knights," — Du Bartas (ed. 1621), p. 311.

5 The exception proves the rule.

A nightingale dies for shame if another bird sings better. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 6.*

They do not live but linger. *Subsect. 10.*

[Diseases] crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them so many anatomies.[1] *Ibid.*

[Desire] is a perpetual rack, or horsemill, according to Austin, still going round as in a ring. *Subsect. 11.*

[The rich] are indeed rather possessed by their money than possessors. *Subsect. 12.*

Like a hog, or dog in the manger, he doth only keep it because it shall do nobody else good, hurting himself and others. *Ibid.*

Were it not that they are loath to lay out money on a rope, they would be hanged forthwith, and sometimes die to save charges. *Ibid.*

A mere madness, to live like a wretch and die rich. *Ibid.*

I may not here omit those two main plagues and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people; they go commonly together.[2] *Subsect. 13.*

All our geese are swans. *Subsect. 14.*

Though they [philosophers] write *contemptu gloriæ*, yet as Hieron observes, they will put their names to their books. *Ibid.*

They are proud in humility; proud in that they are not proud.[3] *Subsect. 14.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 50.

[2] Qui vino indulget, quemque alea decoquit, ille
In venerem putret
(He who is given to drink, and whom the dice are despoiling, is the one who rots away in sexual vice). — Persius: *Satires, satire v.*

[3] His favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
Southey: *The Devil's Walk.*

We can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars; kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed.[1]

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 15.

Hinc quam sic calamus sævior ense, patet. The pen worse than the sword.[2] *Memb. 4, Subsect. 4.*

Homer himself must beg if he want means, and as by report sometimes he did "go from door to door and sing ballads, with a company of boys about him."[3] *Subsect. 6.*

See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all.[4] *Subsect. 7.*

Felix Plater notes of some young physicians, that study to cure diseases, catch them themselves, will be sick, and appropriate all symptoms they find related of others to their own persons. *Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.*

Aristotle said melancholy men of all others are most witty. *Subsect. 3.*

Like him in Æsop, he whipped his horses withal, and put his shoulder to the wheel. *Part ii. Sect. 1, Memb. 2.*

Fabricius finds certain spots and clouds in the sun. *Sect. 2, Memb. 3.*

[1] When Abraham Lincoln heard of the death of a private, he said he was sorry it was not a general: "I could make more of them."

[2] Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'avantage sur l'épée (So far had the pen under the king the superiority over the sword). — SAINT SIMON: *Mémoires, vol. iii. p. 517 (1702), ed. 1856.*

The pen is mightier than the sword. — BULWER LYTTON: *Richelieu, act ii. sc. 2.*

[3] Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.
ANONYMOUS.

Great Homer's birthplace seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.
THOMAS SEWARD: *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.
THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

[4] A blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another. — JOHNSON: *Piazzi, 52.*

Seneca thinks the gods are well pleased when they see great men contending with adversity.

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part ii. Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.

Machiavel says virtue and riches seldom settle on one man. *Memb. 2.*

Almost in every kingdom the most ancient families have been at first princes' bastards; their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals, have been base [born]. *Ibid.*

As he said in Machiavel, *omnes eodem patre nati*, Adam's sons, conceived all and born in sin, etc. "We are by nature all as one, all alike, if you see us naked; let us wear theirs and they our clothes, and what is the difference?" *Ibid.*

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a gallop.[1] *Ibid.*

Christ himself was poor. . . . And as he was himself, so he informed his apostles and disciples, they were all poor, prophets poor, apostles poor.[2] *Memb. 3.*

Who cannot give good counsel? 'T is cheap, it costs them nothing. *Ibid.*

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.[3] *Ibid.*

What can't be cured must be endured. *Ibid.*

Everything, saith Epictetus, hath two handles, — the one to be held by, the other not. *Ibid.*

All places are distant from heaven alike. *Memb. 4.*

[1] Set a beggar on horseback, and he 'll outride the Devil. — Bohn: *Foreign Proverbs (German).*

[2] See Wotton, page 174.

[3] There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. — Hazlitt: *English Proverbs.*

Though men determine, the gods doo dispose; and oft times many things fall out betweene the cup and the lip. — Greene: *Perimedes the Blacksmith (1588).*

The commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have this inscription: "Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war."

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part ii. Sect. 2, Memb. 6.

"Let me not live," saith Aretine's Antonia, "if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play."

Part iii. Sect. 1, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.

Every schoolboy hath that famous testament of Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus at his fingers' end. *Ibid.*

Birds of a feather will gather together. *Subsect. 2.*

And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator. *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

And hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard.[1]

Memb. 3.

Every man for himself, his own ends, the Devil for all.[2]

Ibid.

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread.[3]

Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

To enlarge or illustrate this power and effect of love is to set a candle in the sun. *Ibid.*

He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.

Memb. 2, Subsect. 3.

[1] See Heywood, page 11. [2] See Heywood, page 20.

[3] Those curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

CAREW: *Think not 'cause men flattering say.*

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen. — HOWELL: *Letters, book ii. iv. (1621).*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN: *Persius, satire v. line 246.*

Beauty draws us with a single hair. — POPE: *The Rape of the Lock, canto ii. line 27.*

And from that luckless hour my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

BLAND: *Anthology, p. 20* (edition 1813).

[Quoting Seneca] Cornelia kept her in talk till her children came from school, "and these," said she, "are my jewels."

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part iii. Sect. 2, Memb. 2, Subsect. 3.

To these crocodile tears they will add sobs, fiery sighs, and sorrowful countenance. *Subsect. 4.*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny; matches are made in heaven.[1] *Subsect. 5.*

Diogenes struck the father when the son swore. *Ibid.*

Though it rain daggers with their points downward. *Memb. 3.*

Going as if he trod upon eggs. *Ibid.*

I light my candle from their torches. *Memb. 5, Subsect. 1.*

England is a paradise for women and hell for horses; Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the diverb goes. *Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.*

The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill.[2] *Memb. 4, Subsect. 1.*

As clear and as manifest as the nose in a man's face.[3] *Ibid.*

Make a virtue of necessity.[4] *Ibid.*

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.[5] *Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.*

If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled. *Subsect. 2.*

[1] See Heywood, page 10.
[2] See Heywood, page 18.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 44.
[4] See Chaucer, page 3.
[5] For where God built a church, there the Devil would also build a chapel. — MARTIN LUTHER: *Table Talk, lxvii.*

God never had a church but there, men say,
The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.
DRUMMOND: *Posthumous Poems.*

No sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel hard by. — HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there.
DEFOE: *The True-born Englishman, part i. line 1*

For "ignorance is the mother of devotion," as all the world knows.[1]

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part iii. Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

The fear of some divine and supreme powers keeps men in obedience.[2] *Ibid.*

Out of too much learning become mad. *Ibid.*

The Devil himself, which is the author of confusion and lies. *Subsect. 3.*

Isocrates adviseth Demonicus, when he came to a strange city, to worship by all means the gods of the place. *Subsect. 5.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.[3] *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

One religion is as true as another. *Ibid.*

They have cheveril consciences that will stretch. *Subsect. 3.*

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581–1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.[4]

A Wife. St. 36.

[1] Ignorance is the mother of devotion. — JEREMY TAYLOR: *To a Person newly Converted (1657).*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me. — DRYDEN: *The Maiden Queen, act i. sc. 2.*

[2] The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order.

BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

[3] Saint Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted Saint Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato" (When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday). — *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus.*

[4] In part she is to blame that has been tried:
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

MARY W. MONTAGU: *The Lady's Resolve.*

PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584–1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it;[1] and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. *A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.[2]
A Very Woman. Act v. Sc. 4.

This many-headed monster.[3] *The Roman Actor. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Grim death.[4] *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD. ——–1649.

The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.[5]
Apology for Actors (1612).

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.
Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.[6] *Ibid.*

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.[7]
History of Women (ed. 1624). Page 286.

JOHN SELDEN. 1584–1654.

Equity is a roguish thing. For Law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the

[1] See Middleton, page 172.

[2] Death hath so many doors to let out life. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Custom of the Country, act ii. sc. 2.*

The thousand doors that lead to death. — BROWNE: *Religio Medici, part i. sect xliv.*

[3] See Sir Philip Sidney, page 34.

[4] Grim death, my son and foe. — MILTON: *Paradise Lost, book ii. line 804.*

[5] See Shakespeare, page 69.

[6] See Burton, page 189.

[7] See Heywood, page 11.

conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a "foot" a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'T is the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience. *Table Talk. Equity.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.[1] *Friends.*

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise; and yet everybody is content to hear. *Humility.*

'T is not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. *Ibid.*

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 't is an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him. *Law.*

No man is the wiser for his learning. *Learning.*

Wit and wisdom are born with a man. *Ibid.*

Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak. *Ibid.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, — you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Philosophy is nothing but discretion. *Philosophy.*

Marriage is a desperate thing. *Marriage.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.[2] *Pope.*

[1] See Bacon, page 171.

[2] Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. — OXENSTIERN (1583–1654).

They that govern the most make the least noise.
Table Talk. Power.

Syllables govern the world. *Ibid.*

Never king dropped out of the clouds. *Ibid.*

Never tell your resolution beforehand. *Wisdom.*

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. *Ibid.*

WILLIAM DRUMMOND. 1585–1649.

God never had a church but there, men say,
The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.[1]
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.
Posthumous Poems.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586–1616.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
On the Tombs of Westminster Abbey.

It is always good
When a man has two irons in the fire.
The Faithful Friends. Act i. Sc. 2.

[1] See Burton, page 192.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.)

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.[1]

Philaster. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Upon my burned body lie lightly, gentle earth.

The Maid's Tragedy. *Act i. Sc. 2.*

A soul as white as heaven. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

But they that are above
Have ends in everything.[2] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.[3]

A King and No King. *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

There is a method in man's wickedness, —
It grows up by degrees.[4] *Act v. Sc. 4.*

As cold as cucumbers. *Cupid's Revenge.* *Act i. Sc. 1*

Calamity is man's true touchstone.[5]

Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour. *Sc. 1.*

Kiss till the cow comes home. *Scornful Lady.* *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

It would talk, —
Lord! how it talked![6] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Beggars must be no choosers.[7] *Sc. 3.*

No better than you should be.[8] *The Coxcomb.* *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 100.

[2] See Shakespeare, page 145.

[3] See Shakespeare, page 87.

[4] Nemo repente fuit turpissimus (No man ever became extremely wicked all at once). — Juvenal: *ii. 83.*

Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés (As virtue has its degrees, so has vice). — Racine: *Phèdre, act iv. sc. 2.*

[5] Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros (Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men). — Seneca: *De Providentia, v. 9.*

[6] Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk! — Lee: *Alexander the Great, act i. sc. 3.*

[7] See Heywood, page 14.

[8] She is no better than she should be. — Fielding: *The Temple Beau, act iv. sc. 3.*

From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.[1]
The Honest Man's Fortune. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

One foot in the grave.[2] *The Little French Lawyer.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Go to grass. *Act iv. Sc. 7*

There is no jesting with edge tools.[3] *Ibid.*

Though I say it that should not say it.
Wit at Several Weapons. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

I name no parties.[4] *Sc. 3.*

Whistle, and she 'll come to you.[5]
Wit Without Money. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

Let the world slide.[6] *Act v. Sc. 2.*

The fit 's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady;
The fit 's upon me now. *Sc. 4.*

He comes not in my books.[7] *The Widow.* *Act i. Sc. 1*

Death hath so many doors to let out life.[8]
The Customs of the Country. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Of all the paths [that] lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.[9] *The Knight of Malta.* *Act i. Sc. 1.*

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness, —
To which I leave him. *The False One.* *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 51.

[2] An old doting fool, with one foot already in the grave. — PLUTARCH: *On the Training of Children.*

[3] It is no jesting with edge tools. — *The True Tragedy of Richard III. (1594.)*

[4] The use of "party" in the sense of "person" occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, More's "Utopia," Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fuller, and other old English writers.

[5] Whistle, and I 'll come to ye. — BURNS: *Whistle, etc.*

[6] See Shakespeare, page 72.

[7] See Shakespeare, page 50.

[8] See Webster, page 180.

[9] Pity 's akin to love. — SOUTHERNE: *Oroonoka, act ii. sc. 1.*
Pity swells the tide of love. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night iii line 107.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.[1]

Love's Cure. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

What 's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.[2]

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger.

The Two Noble Kinsmen. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the pleurisy of people!

Act v. Sc. 1.

GEORGE WITHER. 1588–1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?[3]

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance.

Poem on Christmas.

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,[4]
And therefore let 's be merry.

Ibid.

[1] But strive still to be a man before your mother. — COWPER: *Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.*

[2] Quod ali cibus est aliis fuat acre venenum (What is food to one may be fierce poison to others). — LUCRETIUS: *iv. 637.*

[3] See Raleigh, page 26.

[4] See Jonson, page 177.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

And I oft have heard defended, —
Little said is soonest mended. *Ibid.*

And he that gives us in these days
New Lords may give us new laws.

Contented Man's Morrice.

THOMAS HOBBES. 1588–1679.

For words are wise men's counters, — they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

The Leviathan. Part i. Chap. iv.

No arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

Chap. xviii.

THOMAS CAREW. 1589–1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires, —
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.

Conquest by Flight.

An untimely grave.[1] *On the Duke of Buckingham.*

The magic of a face. *Epitaph on the Lady S——.*

[1] An untimely grave. — TATE AND BRADY: *Psalm vii.*

WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590–1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.[1]

Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. Song 2.

Did therewith bury in oblivion. *Book ii. Song 2.*

Well-languaged Daniel. *Ibid.*

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591–1674.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, — come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile, —
There 's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of pearl. *Ibid.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

Delight in Disorder.

A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility, —
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part. *Ibid.*

[1] See Bacon, page 170.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.[1]

Love me Little, Love me Long.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.[2]

To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

To Music, to becalm his Fever.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

To Daffadills

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.[3]

Sorrows Succeed.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,[4]
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

To Mistress Susanna Southwell.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

The Night Piece to Julia.

[1] See Marlowe, page 41.

[2] Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 8.*

Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time. — SPENSER: *The Faerie Queene, book ii. canto xii. stanza 75.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 143.

[4] Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out.

SUCKLING: *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.[1] *The Amber Bead.*

Thus times do shift, — each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.
Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.

Out-did the meat, out-did the frolick wine.
Ode for Ben Jonson.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.[2]
Seek and Find.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.[3] *The Rose.*

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592–1644.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.[4] *Divine Poems (ed. 1669).*

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Emblems. Book i. Emblem 14.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Book ii. Emblem 2*

[1] See Bacon, page 168.

[2] Nil tam difficilest quin quærendo investigari possiet (Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking). — TERENCE: *Heauton-timoroumenos, iv. 2, 8.*

[3] Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose. — MILTON: *Paradise Lost, book iv. line 256.*

[4] Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts night v. line 1011.*

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears.
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.

Emblems. Book ii. Emblem 10, Ep. 10.

The slender debt to Nature 's quickly paid,[1]
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.

Book ii. Emblem 13.

The next way home 's the farthest way about.[2]

Book iv. Emblem 2, Ep. 2.

It is the lot of man but once to die. *Book v. Emblem 7.*

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593–1632.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise. *Praise.*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine. *The Elixir.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

[1] To die is a debt we must all of us discharge. — EURIPIDES: *Alcestis, line 418.*

[2] The longest way round is the shortest way home. — BOHN: *Foreign Proverbs (Italian).*

Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.[1]
The Church Porch.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world. *Ibid.*

Sundays observe; think when the bells do chime,
'T is angels' music. *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
The Church Militant.

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
If when the soul unto the lines accords. *A True Hymn.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?[2] *The Size.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.[3]
Country Parson. Chap. xxix.

His bark is worse than his bite. *Jacula Prudentum.*

After death the doctor.[4] *Ibid.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.[5] *Ibid.*

[1] And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
WATTS: *Song xv.*

[2] See Heywood, page 20. BICKERSTAFF: *Thomas and Sally.*

[3] Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua (Though the sky fall, let Thy will be done). — SIR T. BROWNE: *Religio Medici, part ii. sect. xi.*

[4] After the war, aid. — *Greek proverb.*
After me the deluge. — MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

[5] Hell is paved with good intentions. — DR. JOHNSON (Boswell's *Life of Johnson, Annus 1775*).

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.[1] *Jacula Prudentum.*

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.[2] *Ibid.*

The offender never pardons.[3] *Ibid.*

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle. *Ibid.*

To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.[4] *Ibid.*

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.[5] *Ibid.*

Help thyself, and God will help thee.[6] *Ibid.*

Words are women, deeds are men.[7] *Ibid.*

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.[8] *Ibid.*

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two.[9] *Ibid.*

IZAAK WALTON. 1593–1683.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.*

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt. *Ibid.*

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler. *Ibid.*

[1] See Burton, page 192.

[2] Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. — F. Von Logau (1614–1655): *Retribution* (translation).

[3] They ne'er pardon who have done the wrong. — Dryden: *The Conquest of Grenada.*

[4] God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. — Sterne: *Sentimental Journey.*

[5] The lion is not so fierce as painted. — Fuller: *Expecting Preferment.*

[6] God helps those who help themselves. — Sidney: *Discourses on Government, sect. xxiii.* Franklin: *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

[7] Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things. — Dr. Madden: *Boulter's Monument* (supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745)

[8] See Chaucer, page 4.

[9] See Burton, page 185.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing. *The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.*

As the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter. *Part i. Chap. 1.*

I am, sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Ibid.*

It [angling] deserves commendations; . . . it is an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man. *Ibid.*

Angling is somewhat like poetry, — men are to be born so. *Ibid.*

Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.[1] *Ibid.*

Sir Henry Wotton was a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the Art of Angling; of which he would say, "'T was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." *Ibid.*

You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it. *Ibid.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business." *Chap. ii.*

1 Virtue is her own reward. — DRYDEN: *Tyrannic Love, act iii. sc. 1.*
Virtue is to herself the best reward. — HENRY MORE: *Cupid's Conflict.*
Virtue is its own reward. — PRIOR: *Imitations of Horace, book iii. ode 2.* GAY: *Epistle to Methuen.* HOME: *Douglas, act iii. sc. 1.*
Virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Plato, xiii.*
Ipsa quidem virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces (Virtue herself is her own fairest reward). — SILIUS ITALICUS (25?-99): *Punica, lib. xiii. line 663*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. *The Complete Angler. Part i. Chap. ii.*

An excellent angler, and now with God. *Chap. iv.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Ibid.*

No man can lose what he never had. *Chap. v.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler[1] said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Ibid.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook — I mean the arming wire — through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Chap. 8.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. *Ibid.*

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, — a blessing that money cannot buy. *Chap. 21.*

And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his Providence, and be quiet and go a-angling. *Ibid.*

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own.[2] *Life of Donne.*

The great secretary of Nature, — Sir Francis Bacon.[3] *Life of Herbert.*

[1] William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his "Worthies" (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of our age." He died in 1621. This first appeared in the second edition of "The Angler," 1655. Roger Williams, in his "Key into the Language of America," 1643, p. 98, says: "One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry."

[2] Melancholy marked him for her own. — GRAY: *The Epitaph.*

[3] Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates are secretaries of Nature. — HOWELL: *Letters, book ii. letter xi.*

Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many.

The Angler. (John Chalkhill.)[1]

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596–1666.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. 3.

Only the actions of the just [2]
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.[3] *Ibid.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Cupid and Death.

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600–1680.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 11.

We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it. *Line 45.*

[1] In 1683, the year in which he died, Walton prefixed a preface to a work edited by him: "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; written long since by John Chalkhill Esq., an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser."

Chalkhill, — a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incognito. — ZOUCH: *Life of Walton.*

[2] The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

TATE AND BRADY: *Psalm cxxxii 6.*

[3] "Their dust" in *Works* edited by Dyce.

Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;[1]
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 51.

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side. *Line 67.*

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Line 81.*

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools *Line 89.*

A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect. *Line 93.*

For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale. *Line 121.*

And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike, by algebra. *Line 125.*

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.[2] *Line 131.*

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly. *Line 145.*

He knew what 's what,[3] and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Line 149.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.[4] *Line 161.*

'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Line 191.*

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Line 199.*

[1] He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas.
CRANFIELD: *Panegyric on Tom Coriate*

[2] See Shakespeare, page 50.
[3] See Skelton, page 8.
[4] See Bacon, page 170.

As if religion was intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 205.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to. *Line 215.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Line 359*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Line 463

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth.[1] *Line 490*

And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write. *Line 647.*

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat![2]
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." *Line 821.*

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.[3] *Line 852.*

And bid the devil take the hin'most.[4] *Canto ii. Line 633.*

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Line 831*

Like feather bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball. *Line 872*

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron![5] *Canto iii. Line 1.*

Who thought he 'd won
The field as certain as a gun.[6] *Line 11.*

1 See Heywood page 11. 2 See Middleton, page 172.
3 See Fortescue, page 7.
4 Bid the Devil take the slowest. — PRIOR: *On the Taking of Namur.* Deil tak the hindmost. — BURNS: *To a Haggis.*
5 See Spenser, page 27.
6 Sure as a gun. — DRYDEN: *The Spanish Friar, act iii. sc 2.* CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book iii. chap. vii.*

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto iii. Line 263.

I 'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur. *Line 277.*

He had got a hurt
O' the inside, of a deadlier sort. *Line 309.*

These reasons made his mouth to water. *Line 379.*

While the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new.[1] *Line 398.*

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end. *Line 589.*

For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' the enemy. *Line 609.*

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.[2] *Line 877.*

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers. *Line 1011.*

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Line 1047.*

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts. *Line 1145.*

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable[3] at last. *Line 1367*

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.

[1] See Middleton, page 172.

[2] He that is down needs fear no fall. — Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress, part ii.*

[3] Outrun the constable. — Ray: *Proverbs. 1670.*

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Line 221.*

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows. *Line 273.*

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
Say fools for arguments use wagers. *Line 297.*

Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.[1] *Line 309.*

For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 't will bring? *Line 465.*

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.[2] *Line 843.*

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Canto ii. Line 29.*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. *Line 79.*

For truth is precious and divine, —
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Line 257.*

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation? *Line 317.*

[1] Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
COWPER: *Conversation, line 357.*

[2] See Skelton, page 8.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto ii. Line 377

As the ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,[1]
And look before you ere you leap;[2]
For as you sow, ye are like to reap.[3] *Line 501.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.[4] *Canto iii. Line 1.*

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no. *Line 261.*

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust thro' nail'd by the ears. *Line 391.*

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd. *Line 923.*

There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war. *Line 957.*

But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before. *Line 1065.*

As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't. *Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.*

1 See Lyly, page 33.
2 See Heywood, page 9.
3 Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. — *Galatians vi.*
4 This couplet is enlarged on by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub," where he says that the happiness of life consists in being well deceived.

Still amorous and fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

Hudibras. Part iii. Canto i. Line 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more. *Line 1277.*

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse. *Line 1293*

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick. *Line 1313.*

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes, —
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation. *Line 1495.*

True as the dial to the sun,[1]
Although it be not shin'd upon. *Canto ii. Line 175.*

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease. *Line 443.*

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.[2] *Canto iii. Line 243.*

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still. *Line 547.*

With books and money plac'd for show
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay. *Line 624*

[1] True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
BARTON BOOTH: *Song.*

[2] Let who will boast their courage in the field,
I find but little safety from my shield.
Nature's, not honour's, law we must obey:
This made me cast my useless shield away.

And poets by their sufferings grow,[1] —
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent. *Fragments*

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
A life, which valour could not, from the grave.
A better buckler I can soon regain ;
But who can get another life again ?

ARCHILOCHUS : *Fragm. 6.* (Quoted by Plutarch, *Customs of the Lacedæmonians.*)

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent, "Qui fugiebat, rursus prœliabitur:" ut et rursus forsitan fugiat (But overlooking the divine exhortations, they act rather upon that Greek verse of worldly significance, "He who flees will fight again," and that perhaps to betake himself again to flight). — TERTULLIAN : *De Fuga in Persecutione, c. 10.*

The corresponding Greek, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται, is ascribed to Menander. See *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bib. Græca*,), p. 91.

That same man that runnith awaie
Maie again fight an other daie.

ERASMUS: *Apothegms, 1542* (translated by Udall).

Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef
(He who flies at the right time can fight again).

Satyre Menippée (1594).

Qui fuit peut revenir aussi ;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi
(He who flies can also return ; but it is not so with him who dies).

SCARRON (1610–1660).

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day ;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

RAY : *History of the Rebellion* (1752), *p. 48.*

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day ;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.

GOLDSMITH : *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761), vol. ii. p. 147.*

[1] Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

SHELLEY : *Julian and Maddalo.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605–1668.

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

Gondibert. Book ii. Canto v. Stanza 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.[1]

The Just Italian. Act v. Sc. 1.

For angling-rod he took a sturdy oake;[2]
For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke;
His hooke was such as heads the end of pole
To pluck down house ere fire consumes it whole;
The hook was baited with a dragon's tale, —
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

Britannia Triumphans. Page 16. 1637.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605–1682.

Too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth.

Religio Medici. Part i. Sect. vi.

Rich with the spoils of Nature.[3]

Sect. xiii.

[1] From ignorance our comfort flows. — PRIOR: *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

GRAY: *Eton College, Stanza 10.*

[2] For angling rod he took a sturdy oak;
For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke;
. . . . . .
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail, —
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days, vol. i. p. 173.* DANIEL: *Rural Sports, Supplement, p. 57.*

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line, a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail, —
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

WILLIAM KING (1663–1712): *Upon a Giant's Angling.* (In Chalmers's "British Poets" ascribed to King.)

[3] Rich with the spoils of time. — GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 13.*

Nature is the art of God.[1] *Religio Medici. Part i. Sect. xvi.*

The thousand doors that lead to death.[2] *Sect. xliv.*

The heart of man is the place the Devil 's in: I feel sometimes a hell within myself.[3] *Sect. li.*

There is no road or ready way to virtue. *Sect. lv.*

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many million of faces there should be none alike.[4] *Part ii. Sect. ii.*

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.[5] *Sect. ix.*

> Sleep is a death; oh, make me try
> By sleeping what it is to die,
> And as gently lay my head
> On my grave as now my bed! *Sect. xii.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.[6] *Ibid.*

[1] The course of Nature is the art of God. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night ix. line 1267.*

[2] See Massinger, page 194.

[3] The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
MILTON: *Paradise Lost, book i. line 253.*

[4] The human features and countenance, although composed of but some ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one another. — PLINY: *Natural History, book vii. chap. i.*

Of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished. — JOHNSON (*1777*).

There never were in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity. — MONTAIGNE: *Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers, book i. chap. xxxvii.*

[5] Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her face.
LOVELACE: *Orpheus to Beasts.*

[6] See Herbert, page 204.

Times before you, when even living men were antiquities, — when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number.[1] *Dedication to Urn-Burial.*

I look upon you as gem of the old rock.[2] *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave. *Chap. v.*

Quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests. *Ibid.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it.[3] *Ibid.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ibid.*

When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose. *Vulgar Errors.*

EDMUND WALLER. 1605–1687.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.

On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.[4]

To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

[1] 'T is long since Death had the majority. — BLAIR: *The Grave, part ii. line 449.*

[2] Adamas de rupe præstantissimus (A most excellent diamond from the rock).

A chip of the old block. — PRIOR: *Life of Burke.*

[3] The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
CIBBER: *Richard III. act iii. sc. 1.*

[4] So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round. *On a Girdle*

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.
While I listen to thy Voice.

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must come in Latin or in Greek. *Of English Verse.*

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. *Go, Lovely Rose.*

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *Ibid.*

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse.
Panegyric on Cromwell.

Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
Are we now smitten."
ÆSCHYLUS: *Fragm. 123* (Plumptre's Translation).

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
BYRON: *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, line 826.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.
THOMAS MOORE: *Corruption.*

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.

On St. James's Park.

And keeps the palace of the soul.[1] *Of Tea.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

Upon Roscommon's Translation of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love. Canto iii.*

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.[2]
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

On the Divine Poems.

THOMAS FULLER. 1608–1661.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body. *Life of Monica.*

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.[3] *Life of the Duke of Alva.*

[1] The dome of thought, the palace of the soul. — BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto ii. stanza 6.*

[2] See Daniel, page 39.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made. — ROGERS: *Pæstum.*

[3] A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel, part i. line 156.*

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him. *Holy and Profane State. The Good Wife.*

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows. *The Good Husband.*

One that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience. *The Good Advocate.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.[1] *The True Church Antiquary.*

But our captain counts the image of God — nevertheless his image — cut in ebony as if done in ivory, and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven. *The Good Sea-Captain.*

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *The Virtuous Lady.*

The lion is not so fierce as painted.[2] *Of Preferment.*

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room. *Of Natural Fools.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. *Of Tombs.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter. *Of Marriage.*

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing. *Fame.*

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.[3] *Andronicus. Sect. vi. Par. 18, 1.*

[1] See Bacon, p. 166. [2] See Herbert, p. 205. [3] See Bacon, p. 170.

JOHN MILTON. 1608–1674.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 1.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God. *Line 10.*

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Line 16.*

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.[1] *Line 22.*

As far as angels' ken. *Line 59.*

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible. *Line 62.*

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all. *Line 65.*

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. *Line 105.*

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering. *Line 157.*

And out of good still to find means of evil. *Line 165.*

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail, horrors! *Line 249.*

[1] But vindicate the ways of God to man. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 16.*

A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.[1]
Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 253.

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. *Line 261.*

Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle. *Line 275.*

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle. *Line 292.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower. *Line 302.*

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen! *Line 330*

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both. *Line 423.*

Execute their airy purposes. *Line 430.*

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Line 509.*

Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.[2] *Line 536*

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. *Line 540.*

[1] See Book iv. line 75.

[2] Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air. — GRAY: *The Bard*, i. 2 *line 6.*

Anon they move
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 549.*

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd. *Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Line 597.*

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Line 619.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. *Line 679.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Line 690.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Line 710.*

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, —
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the Zenith like a falling star. *Line 742.*

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Line 781*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence. *Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 1.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us. *Line 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair. *Line 44.*

Rather than be less,
Car'd not to be at all. *Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. *Line 75.*

When the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Call us to penance. *Line 90.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. *Line 105.*

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason,[1] to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *Line 112.*

Th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair.[2] *Line 139.*

[1] Aristophanes turns Socrates into ridicule . . . as making the worse appear the better reason. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Socrates, v.*

[2] Our hope is loss, our hope but sad despair. — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 3.*

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night?

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 146.

His red right hand.[1] *Line 174.*

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd. *Line 185.*

The never-ending flight
Of future days. *Line 221.*

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements. *Line 274.*

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. *Line 300.*

The palpable obscure. *Line 406.*

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. *Line 432.*

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. *Line 476.*

The low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape. *Line 490.*

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Line 496.*

[1] Rubente dextera. — HORACE: *Ode i. 2, 2.*

In discourse more sweet;
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 555.

Vain wisdom all and false philosophy. *Line 565*

Arm th' obdur'd breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Line 568.*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, — extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. *Line 592.*

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
Line 620.

Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire. *Line 628.*

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either, — black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand. *Line 666.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape ?

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 681.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Line 699.*

So spake the grisly Terror. *Line 704.*

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. *Line 707.*

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. *Line 712.*

Hell
Grew darker at their frown. *Line 719.*

I fled, and cry'd out, DEATH !
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH !
Line 787.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe. *Line 803.*

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd. *Line 845.*

On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. *Line 879.*

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand ;
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry. *Line 894.*

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. *Line 910.*

To compare
Great things with small.[1] *Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 921*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Line 948.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. *Line 995.*

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he. *Line 1021.*

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon. *Line 1051.*

Hail holy light! offspring of heav'n first-born.
Book iii. Line 1.

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *Line 11*

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. *Line 37.*

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Line 40.*

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *Line 99.*

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing. *Line 337.*

[1] Compare great things with small. — VIRGIL: *Eclogues, i. 24; Georgics, iv. 176.* COWLEY: *The Motto.* DRYDEN: *Ovid, Metamorphoses, book i. line 727.* TICKELL: *Poem on Hunting.* POPE: *Windsor Forest.*

Dark with excessive bright.

Paradise Lost. *Book iii. Line 380.*

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.

Line 474.

Since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *Line 495.*

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. *Line 686.*

The hell within him. *Book iv. Line 20.*

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, — wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse. *Line 23.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.[1] *Line 34.*

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. *Line 55.*

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. *Line 73.*

Such joy ambition finds. *Line 92*

Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void. *Line 96.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good. *Line 108.*

[1] Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays. — POPE: *Moral Essays. epistle iii. line 282.*

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 121

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest. *Line 162*

And on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. *Line 194*

A heaven on earth. *Line 208.*

Flowers worthy of paradise. *Line 241*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.[1]
Line 256.

Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower. *Line 269*

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
Line 297.

Implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd, —
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. *Line 307.*

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Line 323.*

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea,[2] excus'd his devilish deeds. *Line 393.*

[1] See Herrick, page 203

[2] Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves. — WILLIAM PITT: *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. *Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 499.*

Imparadis'd in one another's arms. *Line 506.*

Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair. *Line 533.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep. *Line 614.*

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, — all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 639

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep
Line 677.

In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora.[1] *Line 713.*

Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear. *Line 739.*

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring. *Line 750.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *Line 800.*

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper. *Line 810.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng. *Line 830.*

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Line 846.*

All hell broke loose. *Line 918.*

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved. *Line 987.*

The starry cope
Of heaven. *Line 992.*

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
Line 1014.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred. *Book v. Line 1.*

[1] When unadorned, adorned the most. — THOMSON: *Autumn, line 204.*

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Paradise Lost. Book v. Line 13.*

My latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight! *Line 18.*

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Line 71.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good! *Line 153.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *Line 294.*

Another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon. *Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Line 331.*

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. *Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower. *Line 481.*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers. *Line 601.*

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. *Line 637.*

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. *Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Line 667.*

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found;
Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Line 896.*

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. *Book vi. Line 2.*

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight. *Paradise Lost. Book vi. Line 29.*

Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict. *Line 209.*

Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die. *Line 345.*

Far off his coming shone. *Line 768.*

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.
Book vii. Line 24.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few. *Line 30.*

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving. *Line 205.*

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light. *Line 364.*

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts. *Line 463.*

Indu'd
With sanctity of reason. *Line 507.*

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, — as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars. *Line 577.*

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.
Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 1.

There swift return
Diurnal, merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot. *Line 21.*

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay. *Line 43.*

And touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Line 47.

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. *Line 83.*

Her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle. *Line 163.*

Be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being. *Line 173.*

To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom. *Line 192.*

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams. *Line 263*

And feel that I am happier than I know. *Line 282.*

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight? *Line 383.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Line 488.*

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won.
Line 502.

She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn; all heaven

And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.
Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 508.

The sum of earthly bliss. *Line 522.*

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best. *Line 548.*

Accuse not Nature: she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine. *Line 561*

Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd.[1] *Line 571.*

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions. *Line 690*

With a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *Line 618.*

My unpremeditated verse. *Book ix. Line 24.*

Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late. *Line 26.*

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. *Line 44.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. *Line 171.*

The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint. *Line 208.*

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food. *Line 239.*

[1] "But most of all respect thyself." — A precept of the Pythagoreans.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
Paradise Lost. Book ix. Line 249.

At shut of evening flowers. *Line 278.*

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air. *Line 445.*

So gloz'd the tempter. *Line 549.*

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. *Line 633.*

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.[1] *Line 652.*

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost. *Line 782.*

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. *Line 853.*

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between. *Line 1106.*

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease. *Book x. Line 77*

So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *Line 279.*

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! *Line 775*

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? — thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
Book xi. Line 269

[1] Stern daughter of the voice of God. — WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.
Paradise Lost. Book xi. Line 414.

Moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness. *Line 485.*

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.
Line 491.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap. *Line 535.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well: how long or short permit to heaven.[1]
Line 553

A bevy of fair women. *Line 582.*

The brazen throat of war. *Line 713.*

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way. *Book xii. Line 645.*

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. *Paradise Regained. Book ii. Line 220.*

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
Line 228.

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.
Book iii. Line 56.

Elephants endors'd with towers. *Line 329*

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle. *Book iv. Line 70.*

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd. *Line 76.*

[1] Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes (Neither fear nor wish for your last day). — MARTIAL: *lib. x. epigram 47, line 13.*

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.[1]

Paradise Regained. Book iv. Line 220.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. *Line 240.*

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
Line 244.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. *Line 267.*

Socrates . . .
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men. *Line 274.*

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself. *Line 327*

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace ? *Line 330*

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray. *Line 426.*

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day! *Samson Agonistes. Line 80.*

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Line 86.*

[1] The child is father of the man. — WORDSWORTH: *My Heart Leaps up.*

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous. *Samson Agonistes.* *Line 129*

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all. *Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Line 560.*

But who is this, what thing of sea or land, —
Female of sex it seems, —
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger? *Line 710.*

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd. *Line 1003.*

He 's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Line 1350.*

For evil news rides post, while good news baits. *Line 1538.*

And as an ev'ning dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl. *Line 1692.*

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, — nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Line 1721.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth. *Comus. Line 5.*

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity. *Line 13.*

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger. *Line 38.*

I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. *Line 43.*

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine. *Line 46.*

These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof. *Line 83.*

The star that bids the shepherd fold. *Line 93.*

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity. *Line 103.*

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep. *Line 138.*

When the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
Line 188.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses. *Line 205.*

O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings! *Line 213.*

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *Line 221*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? *Line 244*

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! *Comus.* *Line 249.*

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Line 263.*

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. *Line 298.*

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them. *Line 303.*

With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light. *Line 340.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line 373.*

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure. *Line 398.*

'T is chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line 420.*

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Comus. Line 432.*

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape. *Line 453.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,[1]
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line 476.*

And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale. *Line 496.*

Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance. *Line 550.*

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. *Line 560.*

That power
Which erring men call Chance. *Line 587.*

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. *Line 597.*

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil;
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. *Line 631.*

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. *Line 646.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 56.

This cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds.
Comus. *Line 672.*

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur. *Line 707.*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *Line 727*

It is for homely features to keep home, —
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? *Line 748.*

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line 776.*

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.
Line 790.

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power. *Line 816*

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *Line 859.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. *Line 1012*

Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her. *Line 1022.*

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Lycidas. *Line 3.*

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. *Line 10.*

Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Lycidas. *Line 14.*

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line 26.*

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return! *Line 37.*

The gadding vine. *Line 40.*

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line 66.*

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line 68.*

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise[1]
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. *Line 70.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line 78.*

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark. *Line 100.*

The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain). *Line 109.*

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more. *Line 130.*

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

[1] Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur (Some might consider him as too fond of fame, for the desire of glory clings even to the best of men longer than any other passion) [said of Helvidius Priscus]. — TACITUS: *Historia, iv. 6.*

The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
Lycidas. *Line 139*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Line 168.*

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay. *Line 188.*

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. *Line 193.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles. *L'Allegro.* *Line 25.*

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Line 31.*

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. *Line 36.*

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes. *Line 75.*

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses. *Line 85*

To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd shade. *Line 95.*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *L'Allegro. Line 100.*

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line 121.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line 129*

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,[1]
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line 135.*

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 143.*

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.
Il Penseroso. Line 8.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Line 39.*

Forget thyself to marble. *Line 42.*

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line 45.*

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line 49.*

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! *Line 61.*

[1] Wisdom married to immortal verse. — WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion, book vii.*

I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Il Penseroso.* *Line 65.*

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line 79.*

Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 81.*

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 97.*

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105.*

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109.*

Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line 120.*

When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves. *Line 128.*

Hide me from day's garish eye. *Line 141.*

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. *Line 159.*

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain. *Line 173.*

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.
Arcades. *Line 68.*

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. *Line 88.*

O fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.

Such as may make thee search the coffers round.

At a Vacation Exercise. Line 31.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.

Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold. *Line 135.*

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. *Line 172.*

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Line 173.

From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale
The parting genius is with sighing sent. *Line 184.*

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim. *Line 197.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones, —
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Epitaph on Shakespeare

And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Ibid.*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.[1]

Sonnet to the Nightingale.

[1] See Chaucer, page 6.

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.
On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground. *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

That old man eloquent. *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises.

License they mean when they cry, Liberty!
For who loves that must first be wise and good. *Ibid.*

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones.
On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait. *On his Blindness.*

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste? *To Mr. Lawrence.*

In mirth that after no repenting draws.
Sonnet xxi. To Cyriac Skinner.

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains. *Ibid.*

Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *Sonnet xxii. Ibid.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side. *Ibid.*

But oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
On his Deceased Wife.

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea. *Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarè. *Iconoclastes, xxiii*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.[1] *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.
The Reason of Church Government. Introduction, Book ii.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.
Tractate of Education.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid.*

[1] See Bacon, page 169.

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Tractate of Education.*

Ornate rhetorick taught out of the rule of Plato. . . . To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less suttle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. *Ibid.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument. *Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Ibid.*

Seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books. *Ibid.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. *Ibid.*

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? *Ibid.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as

an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

Areopagitica.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter ?[1]

Ibid.

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law. *Tetrachordon.*

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes. *The History of England. Book i.*

Such bickerings to recount, met often in these our writers, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites or crows flocking and fighting in the air ?

Book iv.

EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON. 1608–1674.

He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.[2]

History of the Rebellion. Vol. iii. Book vii. § 84.

[1] Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. — JEFFERSON : *Inaugural Address.*

[2] In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — GIBBON : *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xlviii.*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — *From Junius. letter xxxvii. Feb. 14, 1770.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609–1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,[1]
As if they feared the light;
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Ballad upon a Wedding.

Her lips were red, and one was thin;
Compared with that was next her chin, —
Some bee had stung it newly. *Ibid.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? *Song.*

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

Against Fruition.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on. *Brennoralt. Act ii.*

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky, —
A meeting of gentle lights without a name. *Act iii.*

But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments.[2] *Aglaura. Epilogue.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.[3] *The Goblins.*

[1] See Herrick, page 202.

[2] 'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism, part i. line 9.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 147.

Nick of time. *The Goblins*

"High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.[1]
The Goblins. Epilogue

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612–1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.[2] *My Dear and only Love*

I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.[3] *Ibid.*

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615–1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
Cooper's Hill. Line 165.

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full. *Line 189.*

[1] Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism, part ii. line 53.*
There 's no such thing in Nature, and you 'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

[2] That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.
NAPIER: *Montrose and the Covenanters, vol. ii. p. 566.*

[3] I 'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
SCOTT: *Legend of Montrose, chap. xx.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year. *The Sophy. A Tragedy.*

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.[1]
On Mr. John Fletcher's Works

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa* 1616–1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.[2] *Epigram.*

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny. *Ibid.*

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow. *Ibid.*

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend! *Ibid.*

[1] Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.
ORRERY: *Prologues* (according to Johnson).
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
POPE: *Prologue to the Satires, line 197.*

[2] Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit (The modest Nymph saw the god, and blushed). — *Epigrammationa Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.*

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. ...
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can, —
"Here lies a truly honest man!" *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton*

RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618–1658.

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her face,[1]
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.[2]
To Althea from Prison, ii.

Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty. *Ibid.*

[1] See Browne, page 218.
The mind, the music breathing from her face. — BYRON: *Bride of Abydos, canto i. stanza 6.*
[2] See Shakespeare, page 103.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty. *To Althea from Prison, ii.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618–1667.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is forever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.[1]
On the Death of Crashaw.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon, ii. Drinking.

Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

[1] For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
POPE: *Essay on Man, epilogue iii. line 303.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain. *From Anacreon, vii. Gold.*

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure. *The Mistress. For Hope.*

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'T is like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.[1]
Davideis. Book i. Line 25.

When Israel was from bondage led,
Led by the Almighty's hand
From out of foreign land,
The great sea beheld and fled. *Line 41*

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.[2]
Book ii. Line 95.

The monster London laugh at me. *Of Solitude, xi.*

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost. *Ibid. vii.*

The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books. *The Garden, i.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.[3]
Ibid. ii.

[1] One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an everlasting now. — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor, chap. xxv. p. 1.*

[2] Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.
GRAY: *The Bard, i. 2*

[3] See Bacon, page 167.

Hence, ye profane! I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.

Horace. Book iii. Ode 1.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.[1]

Virgil, Georgics. Book ii. Line 72.

Words that weep and tears that speak.[2] *The Prophet.*

We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his race.[3]

Discourse xi. Of Myself. St. xi.

RALPH VENNING. 1620(?)–1673.

All the beauty of the world, 't is but skin deep.[4]

Orthodoxe Paradoxes. (Third edition, 1650.) *The Triumph of Assurance, p. 41.*

They spare the rod, and spoyle the child.[5]

Mysteries and Revelations, p. 5. (*1649.*)

ANDREW MARVELL. 1620–1678.

Orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night. *Bermudas.*

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. *Ibid.*

[1] Ravish'd with the whistling of a name. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 281.*

[2] Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. — GRAY: *Progress of Poesy, iii. 3, 4.*

[3] For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

POPE: *Imitation of Martial.*

[4] Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colours that are but skin-deep. — HENRY: *Commentaries. Genesis iii.*

[5] See Skelton, page 8.

In busy companies of men. *The Garden.* (Translated.)

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear, —
The good, the bad; and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
The Character of Holland.

JOSEPH HENSHAW.[1] ——–1678.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day, —
Some break their fast and so depart away;
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
O reader, then behold and see!
As we are now, so must you be.
Horæ Sucissive (1631).

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621–1695.

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. *The Retreat*

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days, —

[1] Bishop of Peterborough, 1663.

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark! *Ibid.*

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep. *Ibid.*

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-wing'd reapers come!
The Seed growing secretly.

ALGERNON SIDNEY. 1622–1683.

Manus haec inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.[1]
From the Life and Memoirs of Algernon Sidney

Liars ought to have good memories.[2]
Discourses on Government. Chap. ii. Sect. xv.

Men lived like fishes; the great ones devoured the small.[3]
Sect. xviii.

[1] His father writes to him, Aug. 30, 1660: "It is said that the University of Copenhagen brought their album unto you, desiring you to write something; and that you did *scribere in albo* these words." It is said that the first line is to be found in a patent granted in 1616 by Camden (Clarencieux). — *Notes and Queries, March 10, 1866.*

[2] He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying. — MONTAIGNE: *Book i. chap. ix. Of Liars.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 161.

God helps those who help themselves.[1]

Discourses on Government. Chap. ii. Sect. xxiii.

It is not necessary to light a candle to the sun.[2] *Ibid.*

WILLIAM WALKER. 1623–1684.

Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.[3]

The Art of Reading.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628–1688.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Pilgrim's Progress. Apology for his Book.

Some said, "John, print it;" others said, "Not so."
Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."

Ibid.

The name of the slough was Despond. *Part i.*

Every fat must stand upon his bottom.[4] *Ibid.*

Dark as pitch.[5] *Ibid.*

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 't is kept is lighter than vanity. *Ibid.*

[1] See Herbert, page 206.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act. — SOPHOCLES: *Fragment 288* (Plumptre's Translation).

Help thyself, Heaven will help thee. — LA FONTAINE: *Book vi. fable 18.*

[2] Like his that lights a candle to the sun. — FLETCHER: *Letter to Sir Walter Aston.*

And hold their farthing candle to the sun. — YOUNG: *Satire vii. line 56.*

[3] Take time enough; all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.

BYROM: *Advice to preach slow.*

[4] Every tub must stand upon its bottom. — MACKLIN: *The Man of the World, act i. sc. 2.*

[5] RAY: *Proverbs.* GAY: *The Shepherd's Week. Wednesday.*

The palace Beautiful. *Pilgrim's Progress. Part i.*

They came to the Delectable Mountains. *Ibid.*

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

He that is down needs fear no fall.[1] *Part ii.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 1628–1699.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed. *Ancient and Modern Learning.*

No clap of thunder in a fair frosty day could more astonish the world than our declaration of war against Holland in 1672. *Memoirs. Vol. ii. p. 255.*

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.
Miscellanea. Part ii. Of Poetry.

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630–1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.[2]

WILLIAM STOUGHTON. 1631–1701.

God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness.[3]
Election Sermon at Boston, April 29, 1669.

[1] See Butler, page 212.

[2] If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. — VOLTAIRE: *A l'Auteur du Livre des trois Imposteurs, épître cxl.*

[3] God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting. — LONGFELLOW: *Courtship of Miles Standish, iv.*

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631–1701.

Above any Greek or Roman name.[1]

Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76.

And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 27

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.[2]
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms. *Line 156.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[3] *Line 163.*

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son. *Line 169.*

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state. *Line 174.*

And heaven had wanted one immortal song. *Line 197.*

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.[4] *Line 198.*

[1] Above all Greek, above all Roman fame. — POPE: *epistle i. book ii. line 26.*

[2] See Fuller, page 221.

[3] No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness. — ARISTOTLE: *Problem, sect. 30.*

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ (There is no great genius without a tincture of madness). — SENECA: *De Tranquillitate Animi, 15.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide! — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 226.*

[4] Greatnesse on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.
KNOLLES: *History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream ![1]

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 238.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.[2] *Line 268.*

Than a successive title long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Line 301.*

Not only hating David, but the king. *Line 512.*

Who think too little, and who talk too much.[3] *Line 534.*

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.[4] *Line 545.*

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. *Line 557.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.[5] *Line 645*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Line 868.*

[1] Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — *Joel ii. 28.*

[2] Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night v. line 661.*

[3] They always talk who never think. — PRIOR: *Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.*

[4] Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit
(Grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, gymnastic teacher, physician; fortune-teller, rope-dancer, conjurer, — he knew everything). — JUVENAL: *Satire iii. line 76.*

[5] A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman. — JULIUS HARE: *Guesses at Truth.*

A Christian is the highest style of man. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night iv. line 788*

Beware the fury of a patient man.[1]

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 1005

Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,[2]
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.

Part ii. Line 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Line 463*

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.

Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.[3]

The Hind and the Panther. Part i. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day. *Line 271.*

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.[4]

Part iii. Line 2387.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.[5]

Britannia Rediviva. Line 1.

[1] Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia (An over-taxed patience gives way to fierce anger. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 289.*

[2] See Spenser, page 28.

[3] Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle ii. line 217.*

[4] Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat (Whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason). The author of this saying is unknown. Barnes erroneously ascribes it to Euripides.

[5] And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village, line 180.*

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Britannia Rediviva. *Line 208.*

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
Epistle to Congreve. *Line 19.*

Be kind to my remains; and oh defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend! *Line 73.*

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton. *Line 92.*

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. *Line 15.*

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
Eleonora. *Line 315.*

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. *Line 15.*

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy! *Line 56.*

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.[1]
Line 70.

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.[2]
On the Death of a very young Gentleman

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.

[1] Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
POPE: *Epitaph on Gay.*

[2] Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkl'd, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night v line 600*

The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.[1]

Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. *Line 11.*

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Alexander's Feast. *Line 15.*

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. *Line 37.*

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young. *Line 54.*

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,—
Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Line 58.*

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain. *Line 66.*

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. *Line 77.*

[1] Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem
(Greece boasts her Homer, Rome can Virgil claim;
England can either match in Milton's fame).
SELVAGGI: *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

For pity melts the mind to love.[1]

Alexander's Feast. *Line 96.*

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee. *Line 97.*

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. *Line 120.*

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. *Line 154.*

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

Line 160.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Line 169*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

The Secular Masque. *Line 40*

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.[2]

Palamon and Arcite. *Book ii.* *Line 758.*

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

The Cock and the Fox. *Line 452.*

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Theodore and Honoria. *Line 227*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

Cymon and Iphigenia. *Line 7*

[1] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

[2] This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon, act i. sc. 2.* See Shakespeare, page 196.

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind!
Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 41.

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*

Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. *Line 133.*

She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence:
Sex to the last.[1] *Line 367.*

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms,
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever but in times of need at hand. *Line 400.*

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, — the business of the day.
Line 407.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.[2]
The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.[3]
Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 65

[1] And love the offender, yet detest the offence. — POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard, line 192.*

[2] Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère,
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
BOILEAU: *L'Art Poétique, chant 1er.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 379*

[3] Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.
SYDNEY SMITH: *Recipe for Salad.*

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 71.

I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away. *Line 81.*

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. *Line 87.*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Virgil, Æneid. Line 1.

And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire and roasted rare.[1]
Ovid, Metamorphoses, Book viii. Baucis and Philemon, Line 97.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, —
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Book xv. The Worship of Æsculapius, Line 155.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.[2]
Persius. Satire v. Line 246.

Look round the habitable world: how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
Juvenal. Satire x.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.[3]
Mariage à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

[1] Our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays, and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays. — CHARLES LAMB: *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty Years Ago.*

[2] See Burton, page 191.

[3] See Davies, page 176.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.[1]

The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc 2.

Burn daylight. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty.[2]

Act iii. Sc. 1.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.[3]

Part ii. Act i Sc. 2.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since by being dead. *Epilogue.*

[1] See Burton, page 193.

[2] Fat, fair, and forty. — SCOTT: *St. Ronan's Well, chap. vii.*

Mrs. Trench, in a letter, Feb. 18, 1816, writes: "Lord ——— is going to marry Lady ———, a fat, fair, and fifty card-playing resident of the Crescent."

[3] Quos læserunt et oderunt (Whom they have injured they also hate). — SENECA: *De Ira, lib. ii. cap. 33.*

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris (It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured). — TACITUS: *Agricola, 42. 4.*

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai (He never pardons those he injures). — *Italian Proverb.*

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1.

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;[1]
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give. *Ibid.*

'T is not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that 's new. *Ibid.*

All delays are dangerous in war. *Tyrannic Love. Act i. Sc. 1*

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. *Act iv. Sc. 1*

Whatever is, is in its causes just.[2] *Œdipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled,
As in a green old age.[3] *Ibid.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long, —
Even wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold even in the summer of her age. *Ibid.*

[1] There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius — MACAULAY: *History of England, chap. xviii.*

[2] Whatever is, is right. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 289.*

[3] A green old age unconscious of decay. — POPE: *The Iliad, book xxiii. line 929.*

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.[1]
The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Lord of humankind.[2] *Ibid.*

Bless the hand that gave the blow.[3] *Ibid.*

Second thoughts, they say, are best.[4] *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

He 's a sure card. *Ibid.*

As sure as a gun.[5] *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.[6]
Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.

I have a soul that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.[7] *Ibid.*

A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon. Act i. Sc. 1.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.[8] *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The true Amphitryon.[9] *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

[1] There is a pleasure in poetic pains.
Which only poets know.
COWPER: *The Timepiece, line 285.*

[2] Lords of humankind. — GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller, line 327.*

[3] Adore the hand that gives the blow. — POMFRET: *Verses to his Friend*

[4] Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest. — EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus, 438.*

[5] See Butler, page 211.

[6] The precious porcelain of human clay. — BYRON: *Don Juan, canto iv. stanza 11.*

[7] Give ample room and verge enough. — GRAY: *The Bard, ii. 1.*

[8] Whistling aloud to bear his courage up. — BLAIR: *The Grave, line 58.*

[9] Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne
(The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon where we dine).
MOLIÈRE: *Amphitryon, act iii. sc. 5.*

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633–1684.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essay on Translated Verse. *Line 87*

And choose an author as you choose a friend. *Line 96.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. *Line 113.*

The multitude is always in the wrong. *Line 184.*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

THOMAS KEN. 1637–1711.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Morning and Evening Hymn

SIR JOHN POWELL. ——–1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.[1]
Coggs vs. Bernard, 2 Lord Raymond, 911.

ISAAC NEWTON. 1642-1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.[2] *Brewster's Memoirs of Newton. Vol. ii. Chap. xxvii.*

[1] See Coke, page 24.

[2] See Milton, page 241.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647–1680.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder. *Song.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.
Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.[1]
An allusion to Horace, Satire x. Book i.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.[2]

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. 1649–1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
Essay on Poetry.

There 's no such thing in Nature; and you 'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.[3] *Ibid.*

[1] Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse! — GOLDSMITH: *Retaliation. Postscript.*

[2] These last four lines are attributed to Rochester.

[3] See Suckling, page 257.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Essay on Poetry

THOMAS OTWAY. 1651–1685.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven, —
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.[1]

Act v. Sc. 1.

And die with decency. *Sc. 3.*

What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? — A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? — A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? — Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman![2]

The Orphan. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an eternal misery togetner.[3] *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 112.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

GRAY: *The Bard, part i. stanza 3.*

[2] O woman, woman! when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

POPE: *Homer's Odyssey, book xi. line 531*

[3] Let us swear an eternal friendship. — FRERE: *The Rovers, act i. sc 1.*

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653–1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.

NATHANIEL LEE. 1655–1692.

Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk![1]

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him. *Ibid.*

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.[2] *Ibid.*

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man!

Theodosius. Act iii. Sc. 2.

JOHN NORRIS. 1657–1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong, —
Like angels' visits, short and bright;[3]
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting.

[1] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

[2] "Leads the way" in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them —

See the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums! —

which was first used by Handel in "Joshua," and afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabæus." The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

[3] Like those of angels, short and far between. — BLAIR: *The Grave, line 588.*

Like angel visits, few and far between. — CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope, part ii. line 378.*

JOHN DENNIS. 1657–1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket. *The Gentleman's Magazine. Vol. li. Page 324.*

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.[1]

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660–1746.

Pity 's akin to love.[2] *Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a count ne'er made a man.[3]

Sir Anthony Love. Act ii. Sc. 1.

MATHEW HENRY.[4] 1662–1714.

The better day, the worse deed.[5] *Commentaries. Genesis iii.*

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colours that are but skin-deep.[6] *Ibid.*

[1] Our author, for the advantage of this play ("Appius and Virginia"), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy however was coldly received, notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis, being in the pit at the representation of "Macbeth," heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!" — *Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 103.*

[2] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

[3] I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLEY: *The Plaindealer, act i. sc. 1.*

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might:
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

BURNS: *For a' that and a' that.*

[4] Mathew Henry says of his father, Rev. Philip Henry (1631–1691): "He would say sometimes, when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life, 'All this, and heaven too!'" — *Life of Rev. Philip Henry, p. 70* (London, 1830.)

[5] See Middleton, page 172.

[6] See Venning, page 262.

So great was the extremity of his pain and anguish that he did not only sigh but roar.[1] *Commentaries. Job iii.*

To their own second thoughts.[2] *vi.*

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel. *Psalm xxxvi.*

Our creature comforts. *xxxvii.*

None so deaf as those that will not hear.[3] *lviii.*

They that die by famine die by inches. *lix.*

To fish in troubled waters. *lx.*

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.[4] *civ.*

Hearkners, we say, seldom hear good of themselves. *Ecclesiastes vii.*

It was a common saying among the Puritans, "Brown bread and the Gospel is good fare." *Isaiah xxx.*

Blushing is the colour of virtue.[5] *Jeremiah iii.*

It is common for those that are farthest from God, to boast themselves most of their being near to the Church.[6] *vii.*

None so blind as those that will not see.[7] *xx.*

Not lost, but gone before.[8] *Matthew ii.*

[1] Nature says best; and she says, Roar! — EDGEWORTH; *Ormond, chap. v.* (King Corny in a paroxysm of gout.)

[2] I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober second thought of the people shall be law. — FISHER AMES: *On Biennial Elections, 1788.*

[3] See Heywood, page 19.

[4] Bread is the staff of life. — SWIFT: *Tale of a Tub.*
Corne, which is the staffe of life. — WINSLOW: *Good Newes from New England, p. 47.* (London, 1624.)
The stay and the staff, the whole staff of bread. — *Isaiah iii. 1.*

[5] Diogenes once saw a youth blushing, and said: "Courage, my boy! that is the complexion of virtue." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Diogenes, vi.*

[6] See Heywood, page 12.

[7] There is none so blind as they that won't see. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation, dialogue iii.*

[8] Literally from Seneca, *Epistola lxiii. 16.*
Not dead, but gone before. — ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Those that are above business. *Commentaries. Matthew xx.*

Better late than never.[1] *xxi*

Saying and doing are two things. *Ibid.*

Judas had given them the slip. *xxii.*

After a storm comes a calm. *Acts ix.*

Men of polite learning and a liberal education. *x.*

It is good news, worthy of all acceptation; and yet not too good to be true. *Timothy i.*

It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any, till they are first proved and found fit for the business they are to be entrusted with.[2] *iii.*

RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662–1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

Monk's Life of Bentley. Page 90.

"Whatever is, is not," is the maxim of the anarchist, as often as anything comes across him in the shape of a law which he happens not to like.[3] *Declaration of Rights.*

The fortuitous or casual concourse of atoms.[4]

Sermons, vii. Works, Vol. iii. p. 147 (1692).

[1] See Heywood page 13. [2] See Appendix, page 859.

[3] See Dryden, page 276.

[4] That fortuitous concourse of atoms. — *Review of Sir Robert Peel's Address. Quarterly Review, vol. liii. p. 270 (1835).*

In this article a party was described as a fortuitous concourse of atoms, — a phrase supposed to have been used for the first time many years afterwards by Lord John Russell. — *Croker Papers, vol. ii. p. 54.*

HENRY CAREY. 1663–1743.

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king! *God save the King.*

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?
Chrononhotonthologos. Act i. Sc. 1.

His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation. *Ibid.*

Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out-vociferize
Even sound itself. *Ibid.*

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Sc. 3.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call
But "Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh for a coach, ye gods!"
Act ii. Sc. 4.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free. *The Contrivances. Act i. Sc. 2.*

What a monstrous tail our cat has got!
The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like pretty Sally.[1] *Sally in our Alley.*

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. *Ibid*

[1] Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There 's none so fine as Nelly.
SWIFT: *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

DANIEL DEFOE. 1663–1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;[1]
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ibid.

TOM BROWN. 1663–1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.[2]

To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.[3] *Laconics.*

In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to

[1] See Burton, page 192.

[2] A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death: —

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te

(I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this only I can say, I do not love thee). — MARTIAL: *Epigram i. 33.*

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

BUSSY: *Comte de Rabutin.* (1618–1693.)

[3] Like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt. — SORBIENNE (1610–1670).

GOLDSMITH: *The Haunch of Venison.*

your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here." [1]

Laconics.

MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664–1721.

All jargon of the schools.[2] *I am that I am. An Ode.*

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.[3]

To the Hon. Charles Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.[4] *Ibid.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

A Better Answer.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind. *An English Padlock.*

That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they. *Hans Carvel.*

The end must justify the means. *Ibid.*

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive. *Paulo Purganti.*

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.[5]

Upon a passage in the Scaligerana.

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.[6] *Henry and Emma.*

[1] Who never mentions hell to ears polite. — POPE: *Moral Essays, epistle iv. line 149.*

[2] Noisy jargon of the schools. — POMFRET: *Reason.*
The sounding jargon of the schools. — COWPER: *Truth, line 367.*

[3] But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.
Variations in a copy dated 1692.

[4] See Davenant, page 217.

[5] See Jonson, page 180. Also Dryden, page 268.

[6] Fine by defect, and delicately weak. — POPE: *Moral Essays, epistle ii line 43.*

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.[1]

The Thief and the Cordelier

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?[2]

Epitaph. Extempore

Soft peace she brings; wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven. *Charity*

His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach. *Alma. Canto ii. Line 7.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em. *Canto iii. Line 23.*

Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And though I called another, Abra came.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.[3]

Book iii. Line 102.

[1] As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. [John Clerk to Wolsey.] — ELLIS: *Letters, third series, vol. i. p. 262.*

"A loth to depart" was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. TARLTON: *News out of Purgatory* (about 1689). CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears.* MIDDLETON: *The Old Law, act iv. sc. 1.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit at Several Weapons, act ii. sc. 2.*

[2] The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior: —

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve.
Gif ony con gang hieher,
ase willing give him leve.

[3] This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius (*Aristotle, v. xi.*), who, when asked what hope is, answered, "The dream of a waking man." Menage, in his "Observations upon Laertius," says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, while Ælian (*Var. Hist. xvii. 29*) refers it to Plato.

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quædam, vigilantium (Vain hopes are like certain dreams of those who wake). — QUINTILIAN: *vi. 2, 27.*

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book iii. Line 240.

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale.[1] *The Wandering Pilgrim.*

JOHN POMFRET. 1667–1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.[2]

Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. *Ibid.*

JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667–1745.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Imitation of Horace. Book ii. Sat. 6.

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.[3] *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

[1] A cup of cold Adam from the next purling stream. — Tom Brown: *Works, vol. iv. p. 11.*

[2] See Dryden, page 277.

[3] As geographers, Sosius, crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs. — Plutarch: *Theseus.*

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
Poetry, a Rhapsody.

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature. *Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.[1] *Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassinus and Peter.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

Hail fellow, well met.[2] *My Lady's Lamentation.*

Big-endians and small-endians.[3]
Gulliver's Travels. Part i. Chap. iv. Voyage to Lilliput.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together. *Part ii. Chap. vii. Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

[1] Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.
De Morgan: *A Budget of Paradoxes, p. 377.*

[2] Rowland: *Knave of Hearts (1612).* Ray: *Proverbs.* Tom Brown: *Amusement, viii.*

[3] As the political parties of Whig and Tory are pointed out by the high and low heels of the Lilliputians (Frameecksan and Hamecksan), those of Papist and Protestant are designated under the Big-endians and Small-endians.

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

Gulliver's Travels. Part iii. Chap. v. Voyage to Laputa.

It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.

Tale of a Tub. Dedication.

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.[1]

Preface.

Bread is the staff of life.[2] *Ibid.*

Books, the children of the brain. *Sect. i.*

As boys do sparrows, with flinging salt upon their tails.[3]

Sect. vii.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat. *Sect. xi.*

How we apples swim![4] *Brother Protestants.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

Battle of the Books.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Ibid.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

[1] In Sebastian Munster's "Cosmography" there is a cut of a ship to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the "Ship of Fools." — Sir James Mackintosh: *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More.*

[2] See Mathew Henry, page 283.

[3] Till they be bobbed on the tails after the manner of sparrows. — Rabelais: *book ii. chap. xiv.*

[4] Ray: *Proverbs.* Mallet: *Tyburn.*

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.
Letter to Miss Vanbromrigh, Aug. 12, 1720.

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.
Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.

A penny for your thoughts.[1]
Introduction to Polite Conversation.

Do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl? *Polite Conversation. Dialogue i.*

The sight of you is good for sore eyes. *Ibid.*

'T is as cheap sitting as standing. *Ibid.*

I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world. *Ibid.*

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter. *Ibid.*

She 's no chicken; she 's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day. *Ibid.*

She looks as if butter wou'dn't melt in her mouth.[2] *Ibid.*

If it had been a bear it would have bit you. *Ibid.*

She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork. *Ibid.*

I mean you lie — under a mistake.[3] *Ibid.*

Lord M. What religion is he of?
Lord Sp. Why, he is an Anythingarian. *Ibid.*

He was a bold man that first eat an oyster. *Dialogue ii.*

That is as well said as if I had said it myself. *Ibid.*

You must take the will for the deed.[4] *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 16.
[2] See Heywood, page 13.
[3] You lie — under a mistake. — SHELLEY: *Magico Prodigioso, scene 1* (a translation of Calderon).
[4] The will for deed I doe accept. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weeks and Works, third day, week ii. part 2.*
The will for the deed. — CIBBER: *The Rival Fools, act iii.*

Fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives. *Polite Conversation. Dialogue ii.*

She has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body. *Ibid.*

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing. *Ibid.*

They say a carpenter 's known by his chips. *Ibid.*

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.[1] *Ibid.*

I 'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me "spade." *Ibid.*

May you live all the days of your life. *Ibid.*

I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise. *Ibid.*

I always like to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the Church to preserve all that travel by land or by water. *Ibid.*

I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs. *Ibid.*

I thought you and he were hand-in-glove. *Ibid.*

'T is happy for him that his father was before him. *Dialogue iii.*

There is none so blind as they that won't see.[2] *Ibid.*

She watches him as a cat would watch a mouse. *Ibid.*

She pays him in his own coin. *Ibid.*

There was all the world and his wife. *Ibid.*

[1] Use three physicians
Still: first, Dr. Quiet;
Next. Dr. Merryman,
And Dr. Dyet.
Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum (edition 1607)

[2] See Mathew Henry, page 283.

Sharp 's the word with her.

Polite Conversation. Dialogue iii.

There 's two words to that bargain. *Ibid.*

I shall be like that tree, — I shall die at the top.

Scott's Life of Swift.[1]

WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670–1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. *Ibid.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.[2] *Act iii. Sc. 8.*

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds. *Act v. Sc. 12.*

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. *Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar.[3] *Sc. 7.*

[1] When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered that "she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." — JOHNSON: *Life of Swift.*

[2] We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. — CIBBER: *Love's Last Shift, act iv.*

[3] Born in a cellar, and living in a garret. — FOOTE: *The Author, act 2.* Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON: *A Sketch.*

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.
The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.[1] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[2] *Letter to Cobham.*

SAMUEL GARTH.[3] 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary. Canto iii. Line 225.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.[4]
Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 20 (translated by Tate and Stonestreet, edited by Garth).

For all their luxury was doing good.[5] *Claremont. Line 149.*

COLLEY CIBBER. 1671–1757.

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier arm'd with resolution
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. (altered). Act ii. Sc. 1.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 72.

[2] Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night i. line 390.*

[3] Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON: *Lines addressed to Garth on his Dispensary.*

[4] I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue. — PETRARCH: *Sonnet ccxxv. canzone xxi. To Laura in Life.*
See Shakespeare, page 60.

[5] And learn the luxury of doing good. — GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller, line 22.* CRABBE: *Tales of the Hall, book iii.* GRAVES: *The Epicure.*

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it.[1]

Richard III. (altered). Act iii. Sc. 1

I 've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now though thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes:
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham! *Ibid.*

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

With clink of hammers closing rivets up.[2] *Ibid.*

Perish that thought! No, never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!
Conscience, avaunt! Richard 's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away!
My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ibid.*

A weak invention of the enemy.[3] *Ibid.*

As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.

Love's Last Shift. Act ii.

We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman, — scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang.[4] *Act iv.*

Old houses mended,
Cost little less than new before they 're ended.

Prologue to the Double Gallant.

Possession is eleven points in the law. *Woman's Wit. Act i.*

Words are but empty thanks. *Act v*

This business will never hold water.

She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not. Act iv

[1] See Sir Thomas Browne, page 219.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 92.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 98.
[4] See Congreve, page 294.

Losers must have leave to speak. *The Rival Fools. Act i.*

Stolen sweets are best. *Ibid*

The will for the deed.[1] *Act iii.*

Within one of her. *Act v.*

I don't see it. *The Careless Husband. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in King's Bench walks.[2]

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671–1729.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.[3]

Tatler. No. 49.

Will. Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous. *Spectator. No. 266.*

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672–1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Ibid.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius, — we 'll deserve it.
Sc. 2.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Sc. 4.*

[1] See Swift, page 292.

[2] A parody on Pope's lines: —

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured at the House of Lords.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

'T 's pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Ibid.*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Ibid.*

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unaveng'd amongst us! *Ibid.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Ibid.*

The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Curse all his virtues! they 've undone his country. *Sc. 4.*

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country! *Ibid.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.[1] *Ibid.*

It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

[1] Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation!
Title and profit I resign:
The post of honour shall be mine.
GAY: *Fables, Part ii. The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.*

And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Cato. Act v. Sc. 1

I 'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,[1]
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Ibid*

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man. *Act v. Sc. 4*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Ibid*

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.[2]

A Letter from Italy.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

The Campaign. Line 219.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.[3] *Line 291.*

[1] Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance, and flourishing in an immortal youth. — Isaac Barrow (1630–1677): *Duty of Thanksgiving, Works, vol. i. p. 66.*

[2] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

[3] This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the "Dunciad," book iii. line 264.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.[1]

The Campaign. Last line.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Ode.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Ibid.

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Ibid.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Horace. Ode iii. Book iii.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.[2]

Spectator. No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.[3]

No. 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

No. 444.

Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes.

Prologue to The Drummer.

[1] He best can paint them who shall feel them most. — POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard, last line.*

[2] A translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, Amores iii. 11, 39.

[3] Much may be said on both sides. — FIELDING: *The Covent Garden Tragedy, act i. sc. 8.*

NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673–1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.[1]

The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

At length the morn and cold indifference came.[2]

Act i. Sc. 1.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Act iii. Sc. 1*

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Act v. Sc. 1*

ISAAC WATTS. 1674–1748.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me? *Divine Songs. Song iv*

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song xi.*

And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it, makes it two.[3] *Song xv.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too. *Song xvi.*

1 None think the great unhappy, but the great. — YOUNG: *The Love of Fame, satire 1, line 238.*

2 But with the morning cool reflection came. — SCOTT: *Chronicles of the Canongate, chap. iv.*

Scott also quotes it in his notes to "The Monastery," chap. iii. note 11; and with "calm" substituted for "cool" in "The Antiquary," chap. v; and with "repentance" for "reflection" in "Rob Roy," chap. xii.

3 See Herbert, page 205.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. *Divine Songs. Song xvi.*

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Song xvii.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower! *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

In books, or work, or healthful play. *Ibid.*

I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like a little heaven below. *Song xxviii.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head. *A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high. *Psalm v.*

From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue. *Psalm cxvii.*

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 79.

And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 88

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

Book ii. Hymn 19.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.

Hymn 63.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

Ibid.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Hymn 65.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Hymn 66.

So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

Hymn 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind 's the standard of the man.[1]

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Doxology.

[1] I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — SENECA: *On a Happy Life* (L'Estrange's Abstract), *chap. i.*

'T is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immorta soul. — OVID: *Metamorphoses, xiii.*

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676–1745.

The balance of power. *Speech, 1741.*

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All those men have their price." [1]

COXE: *Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.*

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Walpoliana. No. 141.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.[2]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678–1751.

I have read somewhere or other, — in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, — that history is philosophy teaching by examples.[3]

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

The dignity of history.[4] *Letter v.*

It is the modest, not the presumptuous, inquirer who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God; that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.[5]

Letter to Mr. Pope.

[1] "All men have their price" is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

[2] Hazlitt, in his "Wit and Humour," says, "This is Walpole's phrase." The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 298.*

[3] Dionysius of Halicarnassus (quoting Thucydides), Ars Rhet. xi. 2, says: "The contact with manners then is education; and this Thucydides appears to assert when he says history is philosophy learned from examples."

[4] HENRY FIELDING: *Tom Jones, book xi. chap. ii.* HORACE WALPOLE: *Advertisement to Letter to Sir Horace Mann.* MACAULAY: *History of England, vol. i. chap. i.*

[5] Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.
POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 332.*

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678–1707.

Cor. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?
Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly. *The Beaux' Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.[1] *Sc. 2.*

Necessity, the mother of invention.[2]

The Twin Rivals. Act i.

—◆—

THOMAS PARNELL. 1679–1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you. *When thy Beauty appears*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days;
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

[1] Leaving his country for his country's sake. — Fitz-Geffrey: *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake, stanza 213* (1596).

True patriots all; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

George Barrington: *Prologue written for the opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. New South Wales, p. 152.*

[2] Art imitates Nature, and necessity is the mother of invention. — Richard Franck: *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, printed in 1694).

Necessity is the mother of invention. — Wycherly: *Love in a Wood, act iii. sc. 3* (1672).

Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter

(Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention).

Persius: *Prolog. line 10.*

Let those love now who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.
Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.[1]

BARTON BOOTH. 1681–1733.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.[2] *Song.*

EDWARD YOUNG. 1684–1765.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 1.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. *Line 18.*

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause, —
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Line 23.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. *Line 55.*

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. *Line 67.*

To waft a feather or to drown a fly. *Line 154.*

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
Line 212.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.[3] *Line 390.*

[1] Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus:
Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet
(Let him love to-morrow who never loved before; and he as well who has loved, let him love to-morrow).

[2] See Butler, page 215.

[3] See Congreve, page 295.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 393.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Line 417.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Line 424.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

Night ii. Line 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Line 51.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. *Line 90.*

"I 've lost a day!"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.[1] *Line 99.*

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man! *Line 112.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Line 180.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Line 292.*

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile. *Line 334.*

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven. *Line 376.*

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. *Line 466.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

Line 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Line 633.*

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart. *Line 641.*

[1] Suetonius says of the Emperor Titus: "Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, 'My friends, I have lost a day!'" — SUETONIUS' *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.* (Translation by Alexander Thomson.)

Woes cluster. Rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.[1]
Night Thoughts. Night iii. Line 65.

Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay! *Line 81.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.[2] *Line 104.*

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, — a naked human heart. *Line 226.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm.
Night iv. Line 10.

Man makes a death which Nature never made. *Line 15.*

And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. *Line 17.*

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Line 71.*

Man wants but little, nor that little long.[3] *Line 118.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Line 233.*

'T is impious in a good man to be sad. *Line 676.*

A Christian is the highest style of man.[4] *Line 788.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Line 843.*

By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night v. Line 177.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd and went to heaven.[5] *Line 606.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 143.
[2] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198. Dryden, page 272.
[3] Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit, stanza 6*
[4] See Dryden, page 268.
[5] See Dryden, page 270.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Night Thoughts. Night v. Line 627.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.[1] *Line 661.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.[2] *Line 717.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Line 773.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Line 775.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.[3] *Line 1011.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though percht on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Night vi. Line 309.

And all may do what has by man been done. *Line 606.*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Night vii. Line 496.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
Night viii. Line 215.

Prayer ardent opens heaven. *Line 721.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pains. *Line 793.*

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. *Line 1045.*

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.[4] *Night ix. 167*

[1] See Dryden page 268.
[2] See Bishop Hall, page 182.
[3] See Quarles, page 203.
[4] Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.
BURNS: *To a Mountain Daisy.*

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand, —
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Night Thoughts. Night ix. Line 644.

An undevout astronomer is mad. *Line 771.*

The course of Nature is the art of God.[1] *Line 1267.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
Love of Fame. Satire i. Line 51.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote. *Line 89.*

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies. *Line 145.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge. *Line 147.*

None think the great unhappy but the great.[2] *Line 238.*

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair. *Satire ii. Line 83.*

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.
Line 165.

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.[3] *Line 207.*

[1] See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

[2] See Nicholas Rowe, page 301.

[3] Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — LLOYD: *State Worthies* (1665; edited by Whitworth), *vol. i. p. 503.*

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — ROBERT SOUTH: *Sermon, April 30, 1676.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee, No. 3.* (Oct. 20, 1759.)

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées (Men use thought only to justify their wrong doings, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts). — VOLTAIRE: *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde* (1766).

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand, in the "Nain Jaune," the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Love of Fame. Satire ii. Line 282

And waste their music on the savage race.[1]

Satire v. Line 228

For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem. *Satire vi. Line 190.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Line 208.*

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Satire vii. Line 55

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun. *Line 97*

The man that makes a character makes foes.

To Mr. Pope. Epistle i. Line 28.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt. *Line 277.*

Accept a miracle instead of wit, —
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.

Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day. Book i.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Book iii.*

In records that defy the tooth of time.

The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. *Act v. Sc. 2.*

[1] And waste their sweetness on the desert air. — GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 14.* CHURCHILL: *Gotham, book ii. line 20.*

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

The Revenge. Act v. Sc. 2.

And friend received with thumps upon the back.[1]

Universal Passion

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;[2]
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

Our youth we can have but to-day,
We may always find time to grow old.

Can Love be controlled by Advice?[3]

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.[4] *Siris. Par. 217.*

JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture placed the busts between
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly 's at full length.

On Beau Nash's Picture at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.[5]

[1] The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back.

COWPER: *On Friendship.*

[2] See Daniel, page 39.

Westward the star of empire takes its way. — JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *Oration at Plymouth*, 1802.

[3] AIKEN: *Vocal Poetry* (London, 1810).

[4] Cups
That cheer but not inebriate.

COWPER: *The Task, book iv.*

[5] DYCE: *Specimens of British Poetesses.* (This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell, "English Poets," *note*, p. 521.)

AARON HILL. 1685–1750.

First, then, a woman will or won't, depend on 't;
If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.[1] *Zara. Epilogue.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'T is the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
Verses written on a window in Scotland.

—♦—

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686–1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.
On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade. *Line 45.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.[2] *Line 81.*

[1] The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury: —

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there 's an end on 't.
The Examiner, May 31, 1829.

[2] He who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book i. chap. ix.*

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live:

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

To a Lady with a Present of Flowers

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away. *Colin and Lucy.*

SAMUEL MADDEN. 1687–1765.

Some write their wrongs in marble: he more just,
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust, —
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.

Boulter's Monument.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.[1]

Ibid.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688–1744.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.[2]

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 1.

and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — SANDYS: *Anglorum Speculum, p. 903.*

Teach him how to live,
And, oh still harder lesson! how to die.

PORTEUS: *Death, line 316.*

He taught them how to live and how to die. — SOMERVILLE: *In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore.*

[1] See Herbert, page 206.

[2] See Milton, page 223.

There is no theme more plentiful to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.

DU BARTAS: *Days and Weeks, third day.*

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 9

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[1] *Line 13*

Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know? *Line 17.*

'T is but a part we see, and not a whole. *Line 60.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state. *Line 77.*

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. *Line 83.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Line 87*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.[2]
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come. *Line 95.*

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Epistle i. Line 99.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Line 111*

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

1 See Milton, page 242.

2 Thus we never live, but we hope to live; and always disposing ourselves to be happy. — PASCAL: *Thoughts, chap. v.*

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 123.

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.[1] *Line 139.*

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, — man is not a fly. *Line 193.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Line 200*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.[2] *Line 217.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide![3] *Line 225*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. *Line 267.*

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees. *Line 271.*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;[4]
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all! *Line 277.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[5] *Line 289.*

[1] All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon; the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me. — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

[2] See Sir John Davies, page 176.

[3] See Dryden, page 267.

[4] There is no great and no small. — EMERSON: *Epigraph to History.*

[5] See Dryden, page 276.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.[1]

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 1.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled, —
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.[2] *Line 13.*

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Line 63.*

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd: 't is fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest. *Line 101.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Line 107.*

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Line 131.*

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Line 135.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use. *Line 205.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;[3]
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. *Line 217.*

[1] La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme (The true science and the true study of man is man). — CHARRON: *De la Sagesse, lib. i. chap. 1.*

Trees and fields tell me nothing: men are my teachers. — PLATO: *Phædrus.*

[2] What a chimera, then, is man! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depositary of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe. — PASCAL: *Thoughts, chap. x.*

[3] See Dryden, page 269.

Ask where 's the North? At York 't is on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 222.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be, —
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree. *Line 231.*

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Line 274.*

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.[1]
Epistle iii. Line 45.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale. *Line 177.*

The enormous faith of many made for one. *Line 242.*

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.[2]
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity. *Line 303.*

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die. *Epistle iv. Line 1*

[1] Why may not a goose say thus? . . . there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me: I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me? — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Lebond.*

[2] See Cowley, page 260.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence.
Line 79.

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy. *Line 168.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Line 193.*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Line 203*

What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Line 215.*

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.[1] *Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'T is but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own. *Line 254.*

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand. *Line 261.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,[2]
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame![3] *Line 281*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know), —
"Virtue alone is happiness below." *Line 309.*

[1] See Fletcher, page 183.

[2] See Cowley, page 262.

[3] May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
SAVAGE: *Character of Foster*

Never elated when one man 's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another 's bless'd.
Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 323

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.[1] *Line 331*

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.[2] *Line 379*

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale? *Line 385.*

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. *Line 390*

That virtue only makes our bliss below,[3]
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. *Line 397*

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.
Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 11

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. *Line 20.*

In vain sedate reflections we would make
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Line 39.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind. *Line 109.*

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise, —
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies. *Line 115.*

'T is from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Line 135.*

'T is education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined. *Line 149*

[1] See Bolingbroke, page 304.
[2] See Dryden, page 273.
[3] 'T is virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell. — COLLINS: *Oriental Eclogues, i. line 5.*

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.[1]
Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 172.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke. *Line 246.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. *Line 262.*

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Epistle ii. Line 15.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Line 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.[2] *Line 43*

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
Line 97

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir;
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders heaven-directed to the poor. *Line 147*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies forever. *Line 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake. *Line 215.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Line 243.*

Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day! *Line 257.*

Most women have no characters at all. *Line 2*

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules. *Line 261.*

[1] Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis (All things change, and we change with them). — MATTHIAS BORBONIUS: *Deliciæ Poetarum Germanorum, i. 685.*

[2] See Prior, page 287.

And mistress of herself though china fall.
Moral Essays. Epistle ii. Line 268.

Woman 's at best a contradiction still. *Line 270.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?
Epistle iii. Line 1.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Line 39.*

P. What riches give us let us then inquire :
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more ? *P.* Meat,
clothes, and fire. *Line 79.*

But thousands die without or this or that, —
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Line 95.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Line 153.*

Extremes in Nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Line 161.*

Rise, honest muse ! and sing The Man of Ross. *Line 250*

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.[1] *Line 282.*

Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Line 285.*

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.
Line 299.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Line 339.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle iv. Line 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[2] *Line 149.*

[1] See Milton, page 231.
[2] See Brown, page 287.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

Epistle to Mr. Addison. *Line 67*

'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.[1]

Essay on Criticism. *Part i. Line 9.*

One science only will one genius fit:
So vast is art, so narrow human wit. *Line 60*

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. *Line 152.*

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.[2] *Line 177.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
What the weak head with strongest bias rules, —
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *Part ii. Line 1.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;[3]
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again. *Line 15.*

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! *Line 32.*

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.[4] *Line 53.*

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Line 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Line 109.*

[1] See Suckling, page 256.

[2] Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus (Even the worthy Homer some times nods). — HORACE: *De Arte Poetica, 359.*

[3] See Bacon, page 166.

[4] See Suckling, page 257.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd and make the learned smile.
Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Line 133.*

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid to join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Line 142.*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.
Line 156.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence, —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. *Line 162.*

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Line 166.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Line 190.*

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines! *Line 220.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true. *Line 266.*

To err is human, to forgive divine.[1]

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. *Line 358.*

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part iii. Line 12.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. *Line 15.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Line 53.*

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Line 59.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.[2] *Line 66.*

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Line 89*

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.[3]

Part iii. Line 180

What dire offence from amorous causes springs!
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

The Rape of the Lock. Canto i. Line 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. *Line 134.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Canto ii. Line 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all. *Line 17.*

[1] Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

BURNS: *Address to the Unco Guid.*

[2] See Shakespeare, page 96.

[3] Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti (Let the unlearned learn, and the learned delight in remembering). This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's "Abrégé Chronologique," and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.[1]
The Rape of the Lock. Canto ii. Line 27

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
Canto iii. Line 7.

At every word a reputation dies. *Line 16.*

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine. *Line 21*

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
Line 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever! *Line 153.*

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane. *Canto iv. Line 123.*

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Canto v. Line 34.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick, I'm dead.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land. *Line 5.*

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me. *Line 12.*

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross? *Line 15.*

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song. *Line 27.*

Obliged by hunger and request of friends. *Line 44.*

Fired that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools." *Line 61.*

[1] See Burton, page 191.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Prologue to the Satires. *Line 84.*

Destroy his fib or sophistry — in vain!
The creature 's at his dirty work again. *Line 91.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. *Line 127.*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms![1]
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there. *Line 169.*

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line 186.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.[2]

Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;[3]
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line 201.*

By flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,[4]
And sit attentive to his own applause. *Line 207.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? *Line 213.*

"On wings of winds came flying all abroad."[5] *Line 218.*

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Line 283.*

1 See Bacon, page 168.

2 See Denham, page 258.

3 When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.
P. FLETCHER: *The Purple Island, canto vii.*

4 See page 336.

5 See Sternhold, page 23.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Prologue to the Satires *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Line 333.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.[1] *Line 340.*

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky. *Line 408.*

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *Line 69.*

But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song. *Line 76.*

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star. *Line 110.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Line 127.*

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[2]
Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*

[1] See Spenser, page 27.

[2] This line is repeated in the translation of the Odyssey, book xv. line 83, with "parting" instead of "going."

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
Dialogue ii. Line 73

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
Epistle i. Book i. Line 38

He 's armed without that 's innocent within. *Line 94.*

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.[1] *Line 103.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.[2] *Book ii. Line 26.*

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old. *Line 35.*

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. *Line 108.*

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines. *Line 111.*

Then marble soften'd into life grew warm,
And yielding, soft metal flow'd to human form.[3] *Line 147*

Who says in verse what others say in prose. *Line 202.*

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine. *Line 267*

E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art, — the art to blot. *Line 280.*

Who pants for glory finds but short repose:
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.[4] *Line 300.*

There still remains to mortify a wit
The many-headed monster of the pit.[5] *Line 304.*

[1] See Ben Jonson, page 177.

[2] See Dryden, page 267.

[3] The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller, line 137*

[4] A breath can make them as a breath has made. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village, line 54*

[5] See Sidney, page 34.

Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.[1]

Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle i. Book ii. Line 413

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg. *Line 85.*

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke. *Line 168.*

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd at the House of Lords.[2]

Epistle vi. Book i. To Mr. Murray.

Vain was the chief's the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died. *Odes. Book iv. Ode 9.*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Chap. xi.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.

The Dunciad. Book i. Line 19.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where in nice balance truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Line 52.*

[1] This line is from a poem entitled "To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court," given in Bell's "Fugitive Poetry," vol. iii. p. 118.

The following epigram is from "The Grove," London, 1721: —

When one good line did much my wonder raise,
In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise,
And had, but that the modest author cries,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

On a certain line of Mr. Br——, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

[2] See Cibber, page 297.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.

The Dunciad. Book i. Line 89.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes begin to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Line 127*

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. *Line 139*

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. *Book ii. Line 34.*

Another, yet the same.[1] *Book iii. Line 90.*

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. *Line 109*

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.[2]
Line 158.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous;[3] — answer him, ye owls!
Line 165.

And proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.[4] *Line 263.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.[5]
Book iv. Line 90.

[1] Another, yet the same. — TICKELL: *From a Lady in England.* JOHNSON: *Life of Dryden.* DARWIN: *Botanic Garden, part i. canto iv. line 380.* WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion, Book ix.* SCOTT: *The Abbot, chap. i.* HORACE: *carmen secundum, line 10.*

[2] May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
SAVAGE: *Character of Foster.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 131.

[4] See Addison, page 299.

[5] See Shakespeare, page 93.

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords. — JOHNSON (*Boswell's Life*): *vol. ii. ch. i.*

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge. — COWPER: *Conversation, line 298.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
The Dunciad. Book iv. Line 169.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong. *Line 188.*

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it. *Line 249.*

To happy convents bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots purple as their wines. *Line 301.*

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground. *Line 311.*

Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd. *Line 318.*

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness. *Line 342.*

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm. *Line 614.*

Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire Chaos is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all. *Line 649.*

with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. —WALTER SCOTT: *Life of Napoleon.*

He [Steele] was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. — MACAULAY: *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world among men of letters, a man of letters among men of the world. — MACAULAY: *Review of Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Greswell in his "Memoirs of Politian" says that Sannazarius himself, inscribing to this lady [Cassandra Marchesia] an edition of his Italian Poems, terms her "delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima" (most learned of the fair; fairest of the learned).

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt stulti eruditis videntur (Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish). — QUINTILIAN, *x. 7. 22.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.
Eloisa to Abelard. *Line 51*

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line 57.*

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
Line 66.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line 74.*

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.[1] *Line 192.*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line 207.*

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.[2] *Line 273*

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line 323.*

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.[3]
Last line.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest. *Line 13.*

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Line 61.*

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Line 316.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for if she comes at all.
The Temple of Fame. *Line 513.*

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Last line.*

1 See Dryden, page 273.

2 Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight. — EDMUND SMITH: *Phædra and Hippolytus, act i. sc. 1.*

3 See Addison, page 300.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

On the Collar of a Dog

There, take (says Justice), take ye each a shell:
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
'T was a fat oyster, — live in peace, — adieu.[1]

Verbatim from Boileau.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. *The Universal Prayer. Stanza 1.*

Thou great First Cause, least understood. *Stanza 2.*

And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will. *Stanza 3.*

And deal damnation round the land. *Stanza 7*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.[2] *Stanza 10*

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound. *Ode on Solitude.*

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. *Ibid.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away! *Ibid.*

[1] "Tenez voilà," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais;
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."
BOILEAU: *Epître ii. (à M. l'Abbé des Roches)*

[2] See Spenser, page 29.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? *Ibia*

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?[1]

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1

Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? *Line 9*

The glorious fault of angels and of gods. *Line 14*

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.[2] *Line 45.*

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd!

Line 51.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show. *Line 57.*

How lov'd, how honour'd once avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be! *Line 71.*

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.[3] *Epitaph on Gay*

[1] See Ben Jonson, page 180. [2] See page 346.
[3] See Dryden, page 270.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.[1]

The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. *Line 369.*

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.[2] *Epigram.*

For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.[3]

Imitation of Martial.

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.[4]

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing!

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 1.

[1] See Chaucer, page 4. Herbert, page 206.

[2] His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.

COWPER: *Conversation, line 303.*

[3] Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est
Vivere bis vita posse priore frui

(The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice). — MARTIAL, *x. 237.*

See Cowley, page 262.

[4] From Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. v. p. 376; originally printed in Motte's "Miscellanies," 1727. In the edition of 1736 Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (the *Thought on Various Subjects*), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

The distant Trojans never injur'd me.

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 200.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd. *Line 332.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod, —
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Line 684.*

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.[1] *Line 771.*

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand.

Book ii. Line 970.

Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice, —
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

Book iii. Line 199.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. *Line 208.*

Ajax the great . . .
Himself a host. *Line 293.*

Plough the watery deep. *Line 357.*

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all. *Book iv. Line 196.*

First in the fight and every graceful deed. *Line 295.*

The first in banquets, but the last in fight. *Line 401.*

Gods! How the son degenerates from the sire! *Line 451.*

With all its beauteous honours on its head. *Line 557.*

A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault. *Book v. Line 16.*

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise, —
Such men as live in these degenerate days.[2] *Line 371*

[1] The same line occurs in the translation of the Odyssey, book viii. line 366.

[2] A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.

Book xx. line 337

Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind.

The Iliad of Homer. Book v. Line 999.

He held his seat, — a friend to human race.

Book vi. Line 18.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, —
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;[1]
Another race the following spring supplies:
They fall successive, and successive rise. *Line 181.*

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind. *Line 330.*

If yet not lost to all the sense of shame. *Line 350.*

'T is man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

Line 427.

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy. *Line 467.*

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee. *Line 544.*

Andromache! my soul's far better part. *Line 624.*

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.

Book vii. Line 143.

Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend. *Line 364.*

I war not with the dead. *Line 485.*

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

Book viii. Line 1.

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain, —
So sinks the youth; his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast. *Line 371.*

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.[2]

Book ix. Line 412.

[1] As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow. — *Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18.*

[2] The same line, with "soul" for "heart," occurs in the translation of the Odyssey, book xiv. line 181.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold:
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

The Iliad of Homer. Book ix. Line 524.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown. *Line 535.*

Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind.

Line 628.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

Line 725.

To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

Book x. Line 78.

Content to follow when we lead the way. *Line 141.*

He serves me most who serves his country best.[1] *Line 201.*

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know. *Line 293.*

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.

Book xi. Line 394.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Book xii. Line 283.

The life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe. *Line 393.*

And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air.

Book xiii. Line 106.

The best of things beyond their measure cloy. *Line 795.*

To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

Book xiv. Line 170.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Line 251*

1 He serves his party best who serves the country best. — RUTHERFORD B. HAYES: *Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877.*

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
The Iliad of Homer. Book xv. Line 157.

And for our country 't is a bliss to die. *Line 583*

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair.
Line 852.

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.[1]
Book xvi. Line 267.

Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore ;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more. *Book xvii. Line 730.*

The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart. *Line 756.*

In death a hero, as in life a friend ! *Line 758.*

Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !
Book xviii. Line 103.

I live an idle burden to the ground. *Line 134.*

Ah, youth ! forever dear, forever kind. *Book xix. Line 303.*

Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow, —
For thee, that ever felt another's woe ! *Line 319.*

Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before.
Book xx. Line 127.

The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair.[2] *Line 278.*

'T is fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth. *Line 290.*

Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might. *Line 304.*

[1] A friend is one soul abiding in two bodies. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS : *On Aristotle.*

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

BELLINGHAUSEN: *Ingomar the Barbarian, act ii*

[2] Divinely fair. — TENNYSON: *A Dream of Fair Women, xxii.*

A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.[1]
The Iliad of Homer. Book xx. Line 337

The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain.
Book xxii. Line 85.

Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best. *Line 100.*

This, this is misery! the last, the worst
That man can feel. *Line 106.*

No season now for calm familiar talk. *Line 169.*

Jove lifts the golden balances that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below. *Line 271.*

Achilles absent was Achilles still. *Line 418.*

Forever honour'd, and forever mourn'd. *Line 422.*

Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies![2] *Line 484.*

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
In all the raging impotence of woe. *Line 526.*

Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave. *Line 543*

'T is true, 't is certain; man though dead retains
Part of himself: the immortal mind remains.
Book xxiii. Line 122.

Base wealth preferring to eternal praise. *Line 368.*

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,[3]
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'T is more by art than force of num'rous strokes.
Line 383.

A green old age,[4] unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days. *Line 929.*

[1] See page 337.

[2] Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. — SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown. — BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto iv. stanza 179.*

[3] See Middleton, page 172.

[4] See Dryden, page 276.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood, —
The source of evil one, and one of good.
The Iliad of Homer. Book xxiv. Line 663.

The mildest manners with the bravest mind. *Line 963.*

Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wise dreams and fables of the sky.
The Odyssey of Homer. Book ii. Line 207.

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd. *Line 312.*

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
Line 315.

For never, never, wicked man was wise. *Line 320.*

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies. *Book iii. Line 25.*

The lot of man, — to suffer and to die. *Line 117.*

A faultless body and a blameless mind. *Line 138.*

The long historian of my country's woes. *Line 142*

Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundless grace. *Line 285.*

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn. *Line 516.*

These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
Book iv. Line 118.

Mirror of constant faith, rever'd and mourn'd! *Line 229.*

There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command. *Line 241.*

The glory of a firm, capacious mind. *Line 262.*

Wise to resolve, and patient to perform. *Line 372.*

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost. *Line 391*

O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd events of fate's remote decrees.
The Odyssey of Homer. *Book iv. Line 627*

Forget the brother, and resume the man. *Line 732.*

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind. *Line 917.*

The people's parent, he protected all. *Line 921.*

The big round tear stands trembling in her eye. *Line 936.*

The windy satisfaction of the tongue. *Line 1092.*

Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery. *Book v. Line 572.*

The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground.
Line 596.

A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay. *Book vi. Line 22.*

Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers while the bad prevails. *Line 229.*

By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent. *Line 247.*

A decent boldness ever meets with friends.
Book vii. Line 67.

To heal divisions, to relieve th' opprest;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest. *Line 95.*

Oh, pity human woe!
'T is what the happy to the unhappy owe. *Line 198.*

Whose well-taught mind the present age surpast.
Line 210.

For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and man!
Line 263.

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare! *Line 379.*

And every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky. *Book viii. Line 17.*

Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse. *Line 192.*

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.[1]
The Odyssey of Homer. Book viii. Line 366.

Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!
Line 367.

A gen'rous heart repairs a sland'rous tongue. *Line 432.*

Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed, —
A theme of future song! *Line 631.*

Earth sounds my wisdom and high heaven my fame.
Book ix. Line 20.

Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores.
Line 28.

Lotus, the name; divine, nectareous juice! *Line 106.*

Respect us human, and relieve us poor. *Line 318.*

Rare gift! but oh what gift to fools avails!
Book x. Line 29.

Our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return. *Line 46.*

No more was seen the human form divine.[2] *Line 278.*

And not a man appears to tell their fate. *Line 308.*

Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate display. *Line 642.*

Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl. *Line 662.*

Thin airy shoals of visionary ghosts. *Book xi. Line 48.*

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar. *Line 153.*

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.[3] *Line 387.*

The first in glory, as the first in place. *Line 441.*

[1] See page 337.

[2] Human face divine. — MILTON: *Paradise Lost, book iii. line 44.*

[3] Then the Omnipotent Father with his thunder made Olympus tremble, and from Ossa hurled Pelion. — OVID: *Metamorphoses i.*

Soft as some song divine thy story flows.
The Odyssey of Homer. *Book xi. Line 458.*

Oh woman, woman! when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.[1] *Line 531.*

What mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose! *Line 541.*

But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame. *Line 591.*

And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves. *Line 722.*

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone. *Line 736.*

There in the bright assemblies of the skies. *Line 745.*

Gloomy as night he stands. *Line 749.*

All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread.
Book xii. Line 31.

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale.[2] *Line 538.*

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
Book xiii. Line 1.

His native home deep imag'd in his soul. *Line 38.*

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last and hardest conquest of the mind. *Line 353.*

How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise! *Line 375.*

It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.
Book xiv. Line 65.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind. *Line 246.*

Far from gay cities and the ways of men. *Line 410.*

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile. *Line 520.*

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn. *Book xv. Line 79.*

[1] See Otway, page 280. [2] See Shakespeare, page 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest, —
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.[1]
The Odyssey of Homer. Book xv. Line 83.

For too much rest itself becomes a pain. *Line 429.*

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind. *Line 433.*

And taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know. *Line 434.*

For love deceives the best of womankind. *Line 463.*

And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
Book xvi. Line 448.

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. Line 392.

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight. *Line 505.*

Unbless'd thy hand, if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.[2] *Line 576.*

Know from the bounteous heaven all riches flow;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow,
Book xviii. Line 26.

Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Line 269.*

A winy vapour melting in a tear. *Book xix. Line 143.*

But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend. *Line 383.*

The fool of fate, — thy manufacture, man.
Book xx. Line 254.

Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword. *Line 461.*

[1] See page 328.

[2] Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. — *Hebrews xiii. 2.*

Dogs, ye have had your day!

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xxii. Line 41.

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown. *Line 382.*

So ends the bloody business of the day. *Line 516.*

And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel. *Book xxiv. Line 19.*

The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay. *Line 271.*

And o'er the past Oblivion stretch her wing. *Line 557.*

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.[1] *Letter to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.*

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.[2]

JOHN GAY. 1688–1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd. *The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 8.*

[1] Pope calls this the eighth beatitude (Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. x. page 184).

[2] On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed, —

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew!"

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biographia Dramatica. vol. i. part ii. p. 469.*

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er, —
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.[1]

The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 9.

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

The Beggar's Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.

Over the hills and far away.[2] *Ibid.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother! we are both in the wrong. *Ibid.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away! *Ibid.*

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged, — a terrible show! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand. *Ibid.*

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

Fables. Part i. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?[3] *Ibid.*

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

[1] The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," — that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais* (Bohn's edition), *p. 13.*

[2] O'er the hills and far away. — D'URFEY: *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1628–1723).

[3] "Midnight oil," — a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

No author ever spar'd a brother.

Fables. The Elephant and the Bookseller.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.

In ev'ry age and clime we see
Two of a trade can never agree.[1] *The Rat-catcher and Cats.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.[2] *Ibid.*

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *The Mastiffs.*

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good.[3] *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and many Friends.

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.[4]

Part ii. The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.

[1] Potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet. — HESIOD: *Works and Days, 24.*

Le potier au potier porte envie (The potter envies the potter). — BOHN: *Handbook of Proverbs.*

MURPHY: *The Apprentice, act iii.*

[2] Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες (For the living there is hope, but for the dead there is none.) — THEOCRITUS: *Idyl iv. 42.*

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est (While the sick man has life, there is hope). — CICERO: *Epistolarum ad Atticum, ix. 10.*

[3] It was n't for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand. — PLAUTUS: *Aulularia, act iv. sc. 3.*

[4] See Addison, page 298.

From wine what sudden friendship springs!
The Squire and his Cur.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. 1690–1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —
In part she is to blame that has been tried:
He comes too near that comes to be denied.[1]
The Lady's Resolve.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.[2]
The Lover.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet.
A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me. *The Answer.*

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690–1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it. *Love à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Every tub must stand upon its bottom.[3]
The Man of the World. Act i. Sc. 2.

[1] A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). See Overbury, page 193.

[2] What say you to such a supper with such a woman? — Byron: *Note to a Second Letter on Bowles.*

[3] See Bunyan, page 265.

JOHN BYROM. 1691–1763.

God bless the King, — I mean the faith's defender!
God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender!
But who pretender is, or who is king, —
God bless us all! — that 's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough: all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.[1] *Advice to Preach Slow.*

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.[2]

As clear as a whistle. *Epistle to Lloyd.*

The point is plain as a pike-staff.[3] *Epistle to a Friend.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on Two Monopolists.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
Shook hands and went to 't; and the word it was bilbow.

Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.

[1] See Walker, page 265.

[2] Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine. — *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), *vol. i. p. 173.*

The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope (see Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope).

[3] See Middleton, page 172.

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691–1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.[1] *The Double Falsehood.*

JAMES BRAMSTON. ——–1744.

What 's not devoured by Time's devouring hand ?
Where 's Troy, and where 's the Maypole in the Strand ?
Art of Politics.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense :
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar ;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again ? "[2] *Ibid.*

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.
Man of Taste

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694–1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
Letter, March 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,[3] who used to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves." *Nov. 6, 1747.*

[1] Quæris Alcidæ parem ?
Nemo est nisi ipse
(Do you seek Alcides' equal ? None is, except himself). — SENECA: *Hercules Furens, i. 1; 84.*

And but herself admits no parallel. — MASSINGER: *Duke of Milan, act iv. sc. 3.*

[2] I hope, said Colonel Titus, we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out. — *On the Exclusion Bill, Jan. 7, 1681.*

[3] W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

Sacrifice to the Graces.[1] *Letter, March 9, 1748.*

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value. *July 1, 1748.*

Style is the dress of thoughts. *Nov. 24, 1749.*

Despatch is the soul of business. *Feb. 5, 1750.*

Chapter of accidents.[2] *Feb. 16, 1753.*

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world. *The World. No. 101.*

Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.
Character of Pulteney.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence.[3]
Character of Bolingbroke.

[1] Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Xenocrates, book iv. sect. 2.*

Let us sacrifice to the Muses. — PLUTARCH: *The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men.* (A saying of Solon.)

[2] Chapter of accidents. — BURKE: *Notes for Speeches* (edition 1852), *vol. ii. p. 426.*

John Wilkes said that "the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book." — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor, chap. cxviii.*

[3] Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.
JOHNSON: *Epitaph on Goldsmith.*

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche (He adorned whatever he touched). — FÉNELON: *Lettre sur les Occupations de l'Académie Française, sect. iv.*

MATTHEW GREEN. 1696–1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line 93*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel, with gentle gale. *Ibid.*

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way. *Ibid.*

RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698–1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
The Bastard. Line 7.

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.[1]
Character of Foster.

ROBERT BLAIR. 1699–1747.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. *The Grave. Part i. Line 9.*

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.[2] *Line 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society! *Line 88.*

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Line 109.*

[1] See Pope, page 331.
[2] See Dryden, page 277.

The cup goes round:
And who so artful as to put it by!
'T is long since Death had the majority.
The Grave. Part ii. Line 449.

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.[1] *Line 586.*

JAMES THOMSON. 1700–1748.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line 283.*

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven! *Line 1158.*

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake? *Line 67.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. *Line 81*

[1] See Norris, page 281.

Ships dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds.
The Seasons. Summer. Line 946.

And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line 979.*

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy cape. *Line 1003.*

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. *Line 1188.*

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. *Line 1346.*

Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.[1] *Line 204.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. *Line 229.*

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year.[2]
Winter. Line 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.
Line 625

[1] See Milton, page 234.

Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullæ inornatæ, quas id ipsum diceat, sic hæc subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat (For as lack of adornment is said to become some women; so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight). — CICERO: *Orator, 23, 78.*

[2] O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. — COWPER: *The Task, book iv. Winter Evening, line 34.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line 1.*

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade. *Line 25.*

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line 114.*

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise. *Line 118.*

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.
The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. *Stanza 26.*

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main. *Stanza 30.*

Scoundrel maxim. *Ibid.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
Stanza 68.

A little round, fat, oily man of God. *Stanza 69.*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
Canto ii. Stanza 3.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise, of health.

The Castle of Indolence. Canto ii. Stanza 55.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

Song.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

Coriolanus. Act iii. Sc. 3.

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O![1]

Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.

JOHN DYER. 1700–1758.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Grongar Hill. Line 88.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?

Line 102.

Disparting towers
Trembling all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

The Ruins of Rome. Line 40.

[1] The line was altered after the second edition to "O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702–1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be:
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Epigram on his Family Arms.[1]

Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.

JOHN WESLEY. 1703–1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies, commonly called the Slave Trade. *Journal. Feb. 12, 1772.*

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."[2] *Sermon xciii. On Dress.*

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.[3]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.[4] 1706–1790.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.[5]

Historical Review of Pennsylvania.

[1] Dum vivimus vivamus (Let us live while we live). — ORTON: *Life of Doddridge.*

[2] See Bacon, page 170.

[3] Letter, Dec. 10, 1777.

[4] Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis (He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants), — a line attributed to Turgot, and inscribed on Houdon's bust of Franklin. Frederick von der Trenck asserted on his trial, 1794, that he was the author of this line.

[5] This sentence was much used in the Revolutionary period. It occurs

God helps them that help themselves.[1]

Maxims prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac, 1757.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.[2] *Ibid.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Little strokes fell great oaks.[3] *Ibid.*

A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost. *Ibid.*

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.[4] *Ibid.*

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.[5] *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. *Ibid.*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. *Ibid.*

even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's "Historical Review," 1759, appearing also in the body of the work. — FROTHINGHAM: *Rise of the Republic of the United States, p. 413.*

[1] See Herbert, page 206.

[2] CLARKE: *Paræmiolgia, 1639.*

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible rule, "Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat, surgere mane" (That he may be healthy, happy, and wise, let him rise early). — *A Health to the Gentle Profession of Serving-men, 598* (reprinted in Roxburghe Library), *p. 121.*

[3] See Lyly, page 32.
See Tusser, page 21.
See Heywood, page 11.

We are a kind of posterity in respect to them.[1]

Letter to William Strahan, 1745.

Remember that time is money.

Advice to a Young Tradesman, 1748.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former, we may easily bear the latter.

Letter on the Stamp Act, July 1, 1765.

Here Skugg lies snug
As a bug in a rug.[2]

Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley, September, 1772.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.[3]

Letter to Josiah Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.

You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am yours. *Letter to William Strahan, July 5, 1775.*

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.

At the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

The Whistle. November, 1779.

Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years.

Letter to Washington, March 5, 1780.

Our Constitution is in actual operation; everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

Letter to M. Leroy, 1789.

[1] Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity. — HORACE BINNEY WALLACE: *Stanley, or the Recollections of a Man of the World, vol. ii. p. 89.*

[2] Snug as a bug in a rug. — *The Stratford Jubilee, ii. 1, 1779.*

[3] It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war. — SAMUEL BUTLER: *Speeches in the Rump Parliament. Butler's Remains.*

NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707–1788.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home. *The Fireside. Stanza 3.*

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deni'd,
And pleas'd with favours given, —
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart[1]
Whose fragrance smells to heaven. *Stanza 11.*

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread. *Stanza 31.*

Yet still we hug the dear deceit. *Content. Vision iv.*

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee. *To-morrow.*

HENRY FIELDING. 1707–1754.

All Nature wears one universal grin.
Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 1.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Sc. 2.*

When I 'm not thank'd at all, I 'm thank'd enough;
I 've done my duty, and I 've done no more. *Sc. 3.*

Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit. *Ibid.*

[1] The incense of the heart may rise. — PIERPONT: *Every Place a Temple.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.[1] *Sc. 6.*

I am as sober as a judge.[2]

Don Quixote in England. Act iii. Sc. 14.

Much may be said on both sides.[3]

The Covent Garden Tragedy. Act i. Sc. 8.

Enough is equal to a feast.[4] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

We must eat to live and live to eat.[5]

The Miser. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Penny saved is a penny got.[6] *Sc. 12.*

Oh, the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!

The Grub Street Opera. Act iii. Sc. 2.

This story will not go down. *Tumble-down Dick.*

[1] Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And big with vengeance beats the barber — black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red:
Black, red, and white in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

CHRISTOPHER SMART: *The Trip to Cambridge* (on "Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets," vol. vi. p. 185).

[2] Sober as a judge. — CHARLES LAMB: *Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Moxon.*

[3] See Addison, page 300.

[4] See Heywood, page 20.

[5] Socrates said, Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live. — PLUTARCH: *How a Young Man ought to hear Poems.*

[6] A penny saved is twopence dear;
A pin a day 's a groat a year.

FRANKLIN: *Hints to those that would be Rich (1736).*

Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things ?

Tom Jones. Book iv. Chap. iv.

Distinction without a difference. *Book vi. Chap. xiii.*

Amiable weakness.[1] *Book x. Chap. viii.*

The dignity of history.[2] *Book xi. Chap. ii.*

Republic of letters. *Book xiv. Chap. i.*

Illustrious predecessors.[3]

Covent Garden Journal. Jan. 11, 1752.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.
1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

Speech, Jan. 14, 1766.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.[4]

Chatham Correspondence. Speech, March 2, 1770.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.

Case of Wilkes. Speech, Jan. 9, 1770.

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.[5]

Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, — never ! never ! never !

Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.

[1] Amiable weaknesses of human nature. — GIBBON: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xiv.*

[2] See Bolingbroke, page 304.

[3] Illustrious predecessor. — BURKE: *The Present Discontents.*

I tread in the footsteps of illustrious men. . . . In receiving from the people the sacred trust confided to my illustrious predecessor. — MARTIN VAN BUREN: *Inaugural Address, March 4, 1837.*

[4] Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the throne itself." —*History of England, vol. v. p. 258.*

[5] "Indemnity for the past and security for the future." — RUSSELL: *Memoir of Fox, vol. iii. p. 345, Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter, — but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement! *Speech on the Excise Bill.*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. *Prior's Life of Burke (1790).*

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709–1784.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.[1]
Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line 159.*

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line 293.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. *Line 308.*

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driv'ler and a show. *Line 316.*

[1] All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.
THOMAS WARTON: *Universal Love of Pleasure.*
De Quincey (Works, vol. x. p. 72) quotes the criticism of some writer, who contends with some reason that this high-sounding couplet of Dr. Johnson amounts in effect to this: Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Vanity of Human Wishes. *Line 345.*

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill. *Line 362.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.[1] *London.* *Line 166.*

This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd, —
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.[2] *Line 176.*

Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid.*

Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life 's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies — alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*

Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.
Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levet. *Stanza 2.*

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh[3]
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die. *Stanza 5.*

And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd. *Stanza 7.*

[1] Nothing in poverty so ill is borne
As its exposing men to grinning scorn.
OLDHAM (1653–1683): *Third Satire of Juvenal.*

[2] Three years later Johnson wrote, "Mere unassisted merit advances slowly, if — what is not very common — it advances at all."

[3] *Var.* His ready help was always nigh.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,[1]
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levet. Stanza 9.

That saw the manners in the face.

Lines on the Death of Hogarth.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love!
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.[2]

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.[3]

Motto to the Rambler. No. 7.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who

1 *Var.* Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

2 Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

See Chesterfield, page 353.

3 A translation of Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," iii. 9 27

expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Chap. i.*

"I fly from pleasure," said the prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." *Chap. iii.*

A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected. *Chap. xii.*

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill. *Ibid.*

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.[1] *Chap. xiii.*

I live in the crowd of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself. *Chap. xvi.*

Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance. *Ibid.*

The first years of man must make provision for the last. *Chap. xvii.*

Example is always more efficacious than precept. *Chap. xxx.*

The endearing elegance of female friendship. *Chap. xlvi.*

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*[2] *Preface to his Dictionary.*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.[3] *Boulter's Monument.* (Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.)

[1] See Bacon, page 168.

[2] The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saving was not his own.

[3] Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven."

See Herbert, page 206. Sir THOMAS BODLEY: *Letter to his Librarian, 1604.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Life of Addison.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. *Life of Milton.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. *Ibid.*

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

Life of Edmund Smith (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.

He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty. *The Idler. No. 57.*

What is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. *No. 74.*

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.

Life of Johnson (Boswell).[1] *Vol. i. Chap. vii. 1743.*

Wretched un-idea'd girls. *Chap. x. 1752.*

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.[2]

Vol. ii. Chap. i. 1754.

[1] From the London edition, 10 volumes, 1835.

Dr. Johnson, it is said, when he first heard of Boswell's intention to write a life of him, announced, with decision enough, that if he thought Boswell really meant to *write his life* he would prevent it by *taking Boswell's!* — CARLYLE: *Miscellanies, Jean Paul Frederic Richter.*

[2] See Pope, page 331.

Sir, he [Bolingbroke] was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. ii. Chap. i. 1754.*

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?

Chap. ii. 1755.

I am glad that he thanks God for anything. *Ibid.*

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in a constant repair. *Ibid.*

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned. *Chap. iii. 1759.*

Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.[1]

Chap. v. 1763.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England. *Ibid.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons. *Ibid.*

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.

Ibid.

[1] I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference; no, nor the language the actor spoke, nor the religion which they professed, — whether Arab in the desert, or Frenchman in the Academy. I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion of well-doing and daring. — EMERSON: *The Preacher. Lectures and Biographical Sketches, p. 215.*

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. ii. Chap. vi. 1763.*

Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an access of stupidity, sir, is not in Nature.

Chap. ix.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all. *Ibid.*

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.[1] *Ibid.*

This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to. *Ibid.*

A very unclubable man. *Ibid. 1764.*

I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.

Vol. iii. Chap. iii. 1769.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.

Chap. iv.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.[2] *Chap. v. 1770.*

I am a great friend to public amusements; for they keep people from vice. *Chap. viii. 1772.*

A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden. *Ibid.*

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young. *Ibid.*

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it. *Vol. iv. Chap. ii. 1773.*

[1] Every investigation which is guided by principles of nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach. — ATHENÆUS: *Book vii. chap. ii.*

[2] Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea and that was wrong. — DISRAELI: *Sybil, book iv. chap. 5.*

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. iv. Chap. ii. 1773.*

Was ever poet so trusted before? *Vol. v. Chap. vi. 1774.*

Attack is the reaction. I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds. *1775*

A man will turn over half a library to make one book. *Chap. viii. 1775.*

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. *Chap. ix.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.[1] *Ibid.*

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.[2] *Ibid.*

I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night; and then the nap takes me.

Vol. vi. Chap. i. 1775.

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath. *Ibid.*

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, — but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other. *Ibid.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.[3] *Chap. iii. 1776.*

[1] See Herbert, page 205.

Do not be troubled by Saint Bernard's saying that hell is full of good intentions and wills. — FRANCIS DE SALES: *Spiritual Letters. Letter xii.* (Translated by the author of "A Dominican Artist.") 1605.

[2] Scire ubi aliquid invenire possis, ea demum maxima pars eruditionis est (To know where you can find anything, that in short is the largest part of learning). — ANONYMOUS.

[3] Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
SHENSTONE: *Written on a Window of an Inn.*

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.
Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. vi. Chap. iii. 1776.*

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. *Chap. iv. 1776.*

A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. *Ibid.*

All this [wealth] excludes but one evil, — poverty.
Chap. ix. 1777.

Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy.
Ibid.

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford. *Ibid.*

He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it. *Ibid*

Goldsmith, however, was a man who whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do.
Vol. vii. Chap. iii. 1778.

Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of "The Natural History of Iceland," from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly (Ch. lxxii. *Concerning snakes*) thus: "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island." [1] *Chap. iv. 1778.*

As the Spanish proverb says, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," so it is in travelling, — a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge. *Chap. v. 1778.*

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. *Chap. vi. 1778.*

I remember a passage in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which he was afterwards fool enough to expunge: "I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing." . . .

[1] Chapter xlii. is still shorter: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island."

There was another fine passage too which he struck out: "When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false."

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. vii. Chap. viii. 1779*

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. *Ibid.*

A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing when he has nothing to say.

Chap. x.

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." *Ibid.*

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence. *Ibid.*

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.[1] *Vol. viii. Chap. ii.*

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world. *Chap. iii. 1781*

My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character [as an author], he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed.[2] *Ibid.*

I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me.[3] *Chap. v. 1783.*

He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others.[4] *Ibid. 1784.*

[1] I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. — EDWARD MOORE: *The Gamester, act ii. sc. 2.* 1753.

[2] Usually quoted as "When a nobleman writes a book, he ought to be encouraged."

[3] I have not loved the world, nor the world me. — BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto iii. stanza 113.*

[4] See Shakespeare, page 88.

You see they 'd have fitted him to a T.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. viii. Chap. ix. 1784.*

I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding. *Ibid.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.[1] *Ibid.*

Blown about with every wind of criticism.[2]

Chap. x. 1784.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father. *Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.*

He was a very good hater. *39.*

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public. *58.*

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. *154.*

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true. *178.*

Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Hawkins. 197.*

Round numbers are always false. *235.*

As with my hat[3] upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.[4]

George Steevens. 310.

Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult. *Hannah More. 467.*

The limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone. *Northcote. 487.*

1 A parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," from Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa," first edition.

2 Carried about with every wind of doctrine. — *Ephesians iv. 14.*

3 Elsewhere found, "I put my hat."

4 A parody on Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth."

Hawkesworth said of Johnson, "You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world." *Johnsoniana. Kearsley. 600.*

His conversation does not show the minute-hand, but he strikes the hour very correctly. *604.*

Hunting was the labour of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England. *606*

I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence. *Seward. 617.*

This world, where much is to be done and little to be known. *Prayers and Meditations. Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts.*

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.

Tour to the Hebrides. Sept. 20, 1773.

A fellow that makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar-cruet.

Sept. 30, 1773.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.[1] *Pitt's Reply to Walpole. Speech, March 6, 1741.*

Towering in the confidence of twenty-one.

Letter to Bennet Langton. Jan. 9, 1758.

Gloomy calm of idle vacancy.

Letter to Boswell. Dec. 8, 1763.

Wharton quotes Johnson as saying of Dr. Campbell, "He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature."

[1] This is the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street." BOSWELL: *Life of Johnson, 1741.*

LORD LYTTLETON. 1709–1773.

For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Advice to a Lady.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. *Ibid.*

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

An Irregular Ode.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair. *Epigram.*

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain. *Song.*

EDWARD MOORE. 1712–1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours?*

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat. *Fable* 13

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

The Spider and the Bee. Fable x.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound. *Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

The Happy Marriage.

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.[1]

The Gamester. Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T is now the summer of your youth. Time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Labour for his pains.[2] *The Boy and the Rainbow.*

LAURENCE STERNE. 1713–1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone! Why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me. *Tristram Shandy* (orig. ed.). *Vol. ii. chap. xii.*

Great wits jump.[3] *Vol. iii. Chap. ix.*

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." *Chap. xi.*

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting! *Chap. xii.*

[1] See Johnson, page 374.

[2] See Shakespeare, page 101.

[3] Great wits jump. — BYROM: *The Nimmers.* BUCKINGHAM: *The Chances, act. iv. sc. 1.*

Good wits jump. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. xxxviii.*

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.[1]

Tristram Shandy (orig. ed.). *Vol. vi. Chap. viii.*

I am sick as a horse. *Vol. vii. Chap. xi.*

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "'T is all barren!" *In the Street. Calais.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.[2] *Maria.*

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."

The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.

The sad vicissitude of things.[3] *Sermon xvi*

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything. *Sermon xxvii.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714–1763.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.[4]

Written on a Window of an Inn

[1] But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope, part ii. line 357.*

[2] Dieu mésure le froid à la brebis tondue (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb). — HENRI ESTIENNE (1594): *Prémices, etc. p. 47.*
See Herbert, page 206.

[3] Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. — R. GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

[4] See Johnson, page 372.
Archbishop Leighton often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works, vol. i. p. 76.*

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part i.*

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. *Ibid.*

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep. *Part ii. Hope.*

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress. Stanza 6.

Pun-provoking thyme. *Stanza 11.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo. *Stanza 28.*

JOHN BROWN. 1715–1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.[1]

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715–1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come. *High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid.*

[1] ANDERSON: *British Poets, vol. x. p. 879.* See note in "Contemporary Review," September, 1867, p. 4.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716–1771.

What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat 's averse to fish ? *On the death of a Favourite Cat.*

A fav'rite has no friend ! *Ibid*

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. *Stanza 1.*

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow. *Stanza 2*

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. *Stanza 4*

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast. *Stanza 5*

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day. *Stanza 6*

Ah, tell them they are men ! *Ibid*

And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe. *Stanza 8*

To each his suff'rings ; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan, —
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late.

And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.[1]

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 10.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best! *Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The Progress of Poesy. I. 1, Line 3.

Glance their many-twinkling feet. *3, Line 11.*

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.[2]
Line 16.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind,[3] and freedom's holy flame.
II. 2, Line 10.

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
III. 1, Line 12.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. *2, Line 4.*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.[4] *3, Line 2.*

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far, — but far above the great.
Line 16.

[1] See Davenant, page 217.
He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. — *Ecclesiastes i. 18.*
[2] The light of love. — BYRON: *Bride of Abydos, canto i. stanza 6.*
[3] Unconquerable mind. — WORDSWORTH: *To Toussaint L'Ouverture.*
[4] See Cowley, page 262.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
The Bard. I. 1, Line 1.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.[1] *2, Line 5*

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
Line 14.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.[2]
3, Line 12.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room and verge enough[3]
The characters of hell to trace. *II. 1, Line 1.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows;
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.
2, Line 9.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed. *3, Line 11.*

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
III. 1, Line 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. *3, Line 3.*

Comus and his midnight crew. *Ode for Music. Line 2.*

While bright-eyed Science watches round.
Ibid. Chorus. Line 3.

The still small voice of gratitude. *Ibid. V. Line 8.*

[1] See Cowley, page 261. Milton, page 224.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 112. Otway, page 280.
[3] See Dryden, page 277.

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air. *The Fatal Sisters. Line 3.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,[1]
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. *Stanza 4.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. *Stanza 5.*

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor. *Stanza 8.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Stanza 9.*

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Stanza 10.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death? *Stanza 11.*

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
Stanza 12

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;[2]
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul. *Stanza 13*

[1] The first edition reads, —
"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

[2] See Sir Thomas Browne, page 217.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.[1]

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. *Stanza 14*

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Stanza 15.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes. *Stanza 16.*

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. *Stanza 17*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.[2] *Stanza 19.*

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Stanza 20.*

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die. *Stanza 21.*

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? *Stanza 22*

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.[3] *Stanza 23*

[1] See Young, page 311.
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air. — CHURCHILL: *Gotham, book ii. line 20.*

[2] Usually quoted "even tenor of their way."

[3] See Chaucer, page 3.

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away.
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard. **Stanza 25**

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he. **Stanza 28.**

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.[1]
The Epitaph.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.
Ibid.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ibid.*

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing. **A Long Story.**

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. **Line 45.**

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise. **Line 53.**

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose. **Line 87**

[1] See Walton, page 208.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 93.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.[1]

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon. *To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third Series.*

DAVID GARRICK. 1716–1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

Prologue to the Gamesters.

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.[2]

Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Prologues like compliments are loss of time;
'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.[3]

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

1 This was intended to be introduced in the "Alliance of Education and Government." — *Mason's edition of Gray, vol. iii. p. 114.*

2 See Burton, page 185.

3 Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — PLUTARCH: *Life of Pompey.*

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Jupiter and Mercury.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.[1] *Hearts of Oak.*

Here lies James Quinn. Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.
Epitaph on Quinn. Murphy's Life of Garrick. Vol. ii. p. 38.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks?[2]
Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation. Vol. ii. p. 157.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.
Impromptu Epitaph on Goldsmith.

WILLIAM B. RHODES. *Circa* 1790.

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face.[3]
Bombastes Furioso. Act i. Sc. 4.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore. *Ibid.*

[1] Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
S. J. Arnold: *Death of Nelson.*

[2] See Tusser, page 20.

[3] Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.
Cervantes: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. lxvi*
Ray: *Proverbs.* Thomas: *English Prose Romance, page 85.*

MRS. GREVILLE.[1] *Circa* 1793.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference.*

HORACE WALPOLE. 1717–1797.

Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater,
Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel. *Ibid. 1770.*

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch.[2] *Ibid. 1774.*

The whole [Scotch] nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.[3] *Ibid. 1778.*

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720–1756.

In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong.
Ode to Simplicity

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell:
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.[4]
Oriental Eclogues. 1, Line 5.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
Ode written in the year 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;[5]
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

[1] The pretty Fanny Macartney. — WALPOLE: *Memoirs.*

[2] A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.
ANONYMOUS.

[3] It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. — SYDNEY SMITH: *Lady Holland's Memoir, vol. i. p. 15.*

[4] See Pope, page 320.

[5] *Var.* By hands unseen the knell is rung;
By fairy forms their dirge is sung.

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode written in the year 1746

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.

The Passions. *Line 1.*

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired. *Line 10*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. *Line 28*

In notes by distance made more sweet.[1] *Line 60*

In hollow murmurs died away. *Line 68*

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid! *Line 95*

In yonder grave a Druid lies. *Death of Thomson.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

To Sir Thomas Hammer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

JAMES MERRICK. 1720–1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let thy grace supply![2] *Hymn.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark. *The Chameleon.*

[1] Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.
WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk, stanza 2.*

[2] Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἃ βούλομ' ἀλλ' ἃ συμφέρει (Let not that happen which I wish, but that which is right). — MENANDER: *Fragment.*

SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720–1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe!

The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. Sc. 1.

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret.[1]

The Author. Act ii.

JAMES FORDYCE. 1720–1796.

Henceforth the majesty of God revere;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.[2]

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.

MARK AKENSIDE. 1721–1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. Stanza ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

The Virtuoso. Stanza x.

[1] See Congreve, page 294.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON: *A Sketch.*

[2] Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte (I fear God, dear Abner, and I have no other fear). — RACINE: *Athalie, act i. sc. 1* (1639–1699).

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. SMYTH: *Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721–1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Ode to Independence.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!

Roderick Random. Chap. xl.

Facts are stubborn things.[1]

Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Chap. 1.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Chap. xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. *Chap. xviii. § 472.*

JOHN HOME. 1724–1808.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.

I 'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides. *Ibid.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea. *Act iv. Sc. 1*

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

[1] Facts are stubborn things. — ELLIOT: *Essay on Field Husbandry, p. 35* (1747).

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.[1] *Heroic Epistle.*

RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,[2]
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.[3] *Contemplation.*

ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind.
The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 1.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act v.*

Picked up his crumbs. *The Upholsterer. Act i.*

JANE ELLIOTT. 1727–1805.

The flowers of the forest are a' wide awae.[4]
The Flowers of the Forest.

[1] Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
. . . Epicuri de grege porcum
(You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared for hide, — . . . a hog from Epicurus' herd). — HORACE: *Epistolæ, lib. i. iv. 15, 16.*

[2] Thus altered by Johnson, —
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.

[3] See Sterne, page 379.

[4] This line appears in the "Flowers of the Forest," part second, a latet poem by Mrs. Cockburn. See Dyce's "Specimens of British Poetesses," p. 374.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728–1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po.

The Traveller. *Line 1.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line 7.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.[1] *Line 22*

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.
Line 26.

These little things are great to little man. *Line 42.*

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! *Line 50.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, —
His first, best country ever is at home. *Line 73.*

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Line 91.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Line 126.

The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.[2]
Line 137.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line 153.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line 172.*

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes. *Line 185.*

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more. *Line 217.*

[1] See Garth, page 295.
CRABBE: *Tales of the Hall, book iii.* GRAVES: *The Epicure.*
[2] See Pope, page 329.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller. *Line 251.*

They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.[1]

Line 266.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land. *Line 282.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.[2] *Line 327.*

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms. *Line 356*

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

Line 386.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound. *Line 409.*

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind. *Line 423.*

Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.[3] *Line 436.*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

The Deserted Village. *Line 1.*

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made. *Line 13.*

1 The character of the French.

2 See Dryden, page 277.

3 When Davies asked for an explanation of "Luke's iron crown," Goldsmith referred him to a book called "Géographie Curieuse," and added that by "Damien's bed of steel" he meant the rack. — GRANGER: *Letters, (1805), p. 52.*

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.
The Deserted Village. *Line 29.*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade, —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;[1]
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied. *Line 51.*

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Line 61.*

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease! *Line 99.*

While Resignation gently slopes away,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past. *Line 110.*

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
Line 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Line 141.*

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Line 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side. *Line 161.*

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. *Line 167.*

[1] See Pope, page 329.

C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit
(It is a shining glass, which a breath may destroy, and which a breath has produced). — De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.[1]
The Deserted Village. *Line 179.*

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
Line 183.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, —
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Line 189*

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet was he kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too. *Line 199*

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew. *Line 209.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Line 223.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay, —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.[2] *Line 227.*

[1] See Dryden, page 269.

[2] A cap by night, a stocking all the day — GOLDSMITH: *A Description of an Author's Bed-Chamber.*

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.[1]

The Deserted Village. *Line 232.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art. *Line 253.*

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy. *Line 263.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. *Line 329.*

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. *Line 344.*

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line 384.*

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree! *Line 385.*

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

Line 413.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It 's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.[2]

The Haunch of Venison.

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.[3]

The Captivity. *Act i.*

To the last moment of his breath,
On hope the wretch relies;
And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.[4] *Act ii.*

[1] The twelve good rules were ascribed to King Charles I.: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

[2] See Tom Brown, page 286.

[3] See Bacon, page 165.

[4] The wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Original MS

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;[1]
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. *The Captivity. Act ii.*

Our Garrick 's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree!
Retaliation. Line 11.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt. *Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Line 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Line 63.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 93.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 96.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
Line 101.

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Line 107.

Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please. *Line 112.*

[1] Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
Adorns the wretch's way.
Original MS.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

Retaliation. Line 145.

The best-humour'd man, with the worst-humour'd Muse.[1]

Postscript.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.[2]

The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before. *Ibid.*

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree. *Ibid.*

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. *Ibid.*

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.[3] *Ibid.*

[1] See Rochester, page 279.

[2] Written in imitation of "Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse," which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye:—

On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles

(They say that in his love affairs he was petted by beauties, who always followed him as long as he walked before them).

[3] While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

LESSING: *Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.*

A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay, —
A cap by night, a stocking all the day.[1]

Description of an Author's Bed-chamber.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.[2] *The Good-Natured Man. Act i.*

All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them. *Act i.*

Silence gives consent.[3] *Act ii.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.[4] *Ibid.*

I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.[5]

She Stoops to Conquer. Act i.

The very pink of perfection. *Ibid.*

The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time, if as be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly. *Ibid.*

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. *Ibid.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. *Act iii.*

We sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours.

Vicar of Wakefield. Chap. i.

Handsome is that handsome does.[6] *Ibid.*

The premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the

[1] See page 397.

[2] Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 22.*

[3] RAY: *Proverbs.* FULLER: *Wise Sentences.* Αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογοῦντος ἐστί σου. — EURIPIDES: *Iph. Aul., 1142.*

[4] Measures, not men. — CHESTERFIELD: *Letter, Mar. 6, 1742.* Not men, but measures. — BURKE: *Present Discontents.*

[5] See Bacon, page 171.

[6] See Chaucer, page 4

essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable. *Vicar of Wakefield. Chap. vii.*

I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too. *Ibid.*

Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray. *The Hermit. Chap. viii. Stanza 1.*

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.[1] *Ibid. Stanza 6.*

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.[2] *Stanza 8.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep? *Stanza 19.*

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too. *Stanza 33.*

By the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat. *Chap. ix.*

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. *Ibid.*

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.[3] *Chap. x.*

To what happy accident[4] is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? *Chap. xix.*

[1] See Burton, page 185. [2] See Young, page 308.

[3] An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Letters, book ii. letter xv. 1.*

[4] See Middleton, page 174.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The Hermit. On Woman. Chap. xxiv.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die. *Ibid.*

To what fortuitous occurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives. *Ibid. Chap. xxi.*

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.[1]

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761). *Vol. ii. p. 147.*

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-page, another works away the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index.[2] *The Bee. No. 1, Oct. 6, 1759.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.[3] *No. iii. Oct. 20, 1759.*

THOMAS WARTON. 1728–1790.

All human race, from China to Peru,[4]
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.

Universal Love of Pleasure.

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

Written on a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

[1] See Butler, pages 215, 216.

[2] There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner.

BOSWELL: *Life of Johnson, An. 1775.*

[3] See Young, page 310.
See Johnson, page 365.

THOMAS PERCY. 1728–1811.

Every white will have its blacke,
And every sweet its soure.

Reliques of Ancient Poetry. Sir Cauline

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.[1] *Sir Patrick Spens.*

He that had neyther been kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

Guy of Gisborne

Have you not heard these many years ago
Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved passing well;
And as by lott,
God wot,
It so came to pass,
As God's will was.[2]

Jepthah, Judge of Israel.

A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman does.[3]

A Robyn, Jolly Robyn.

Where gripinge grefes the hart wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There music with her silver sound[4]
With spede is wont to send redresse.

A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

[1] I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

[2] "As by lot, God wot;" and then you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was." — SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.*

[3] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act iv. sc. 2.*

[4] When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And dolefu dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. 5.*

The blinded boy that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie.[1]

King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid.

"What is thy name, faire maid?" quoth he.
"Penelophon, O King!" quoth she.[2] *Ibid.*

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
Oh, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

O Lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he 's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.[3] *Ibid*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.[4] *Ibid.*

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine;
For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.[5] *Ibid.*

He that would not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.[6] *Ibid.*

[1] Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 1.*

[2] Shakespeare, who alludes to this ballad in "Love's Labour 's Lost," act iv. sc. 1, gives the beggar's name Zenelophon. The story of the king and the beggar is also alluded to in "King Richard II.," act v. sc. 3.

[3] Quoted in "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 3.

[4] See Shakespeare, page 51.

[5] See John Fletcher, page 183.

[6] See Heywood, page 9.

He that will not when he may,
When he would, he should have nay.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book iii. chap. iv.*

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we 'll be good.[1] *Winifreda (1720).*

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid.*

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a croune;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he call'd the taylor loune.

He was a wight of high renowne,
And those but of a low degree;
Itt 's pride that putts the countrye doune,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.[2]
Take thy old Cloak about Thee.

A poore soule sat sighing under a sycamore tree;
Oh willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Oh willow, willow, willow![3] *Willow, willow, willow.*

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king.[4]
Sir Launcelot du Lake.

Shall I bid her goe? What if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
Oh no, no, no! I dare not.[5]
Corydon's Farewell to Phillis.

[1] See Chapman, page 37.
Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus (Nobility is the one only virtue). — JUVENAL: *Satire viii. line 20.*

[2] The first stanza is quoted in full, and the last line of the second, by Shakespeare in "Othello," act ii. sc. 3.

[3] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Othello, act iv. sc. 3.

[4] Quoted by Shakespeare in Second Part of "Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4.

[5] Quoted by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence soe;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe. *Dulcina.*

EDMUND BURKE. 1729–1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. *A Vindication of Natural Society.*[1] *Preface, vol. i. p. 7.*

"War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince;" and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 15.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.[2] *On the Sublime and Beautiful. Sect. xiv. vol. i. p. 118.*

Custom reconciles us to everything.

Sect. xviii. vol. i. p. 231.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.

The wisdom of our ancestors.[3]

Ibid. p. 516. Also in the Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, 1793.

[1] Boston edition. 1865–1867.

[2] In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Reflections, xv.*

[3] Lord Brougham says of Bacon, "He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of 'the wisdom of our ancestors.'"

SYDNEY SMITH: *Plymley's Letters, letter v.* LORD ELDON: *On Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill, 1815.* CICERO: *De Legibus, ii. 2, 3.*

Illustrious predecessor.[1]

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 456.

In such a strait the wisest may well be perplexed and the boldest staggered. *P. 516.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. *P. 526.*

Of this stamp is the cant of, Not men, but measures.[2] *P. 531.*

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. *Speech on the Conciliation of America. Vol. ii. p. 108.*

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. *P. 115.*

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren. *P. 116.*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. *P. 117.*

A wise and salutary neglect. *Ibid.*

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. *P. 118.*

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. *P. 123.*

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. *P. 136*

The march of the human mind is slow.[3] *P. 149*

[1] See Fielding, page 364. [2] See Goldsmith, page 401.

[3] The march of intellect. — SOUTHEY: *Progress and Prospects of Society, vol. ii. p. 360.*

All government, — indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, — is founded on compromise and barter.

Speech on the Conciliation of America. Vol. ii. p. 169.

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll. Vol. ii. p. 420.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

On the Army Estimates. Vol iii. p. 231.

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 274.

You had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.[1] *P. 277.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, — glittering like the morning star full of life and splendour and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, — in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from

[1] Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors (What the discordant harmony of circumstances would and could effect). — HORACE: *Epistle i. 12, 19.*

Mr. Breen, in his "Modern English Literature," says: "This remarkable thought Alison the historian has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. *Ibid.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound. *P. 332.*

Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. *Ibid.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. *P. 334.*

Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.[1] *P. 335.*

Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour. *P. 344.*

In their nomination to office they will not appoint to the exercise of authority as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function. *P. 356.*

The men of England, — the men, I mean, of light and leading in England. *P. 365.*

[1] This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine; and the phrase "the swinish multitude" was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 453.

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king. However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust.[1] *P. 497.*

You can never plan the future by the past.[2]

Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. Vol. iv. p. 55.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

Preface to Brissot's Address. Vol. v. p. 67.

And having looked to Government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.[3] *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity. Vol. v. p. 156.*

All men that are ruined, are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

Letter i. On a Regicide Peace. Vol. v. p. 286.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth. *P. 311.*

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other. *P. 331.*

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians. Vol. vii. p. 50.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.

Speech in opening the Impeachment of Warren Hastings Third Day. Vol. x. p. 54.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. *Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784.*

[1] See Appendix, page 859.

[2] I know no way of judging of the future but by the past. — PATRICK HENRY: *Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775.*

[3] We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us. — *Cause of the Present Discontents, vol. i. p. 439.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets.[1]

Letter to Matthew Smith.

It has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration.[2]

Prior's Life of Burke.[3]

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.[4]

On Pitt's First Speech, Feb. 26, 1781. From Wraxall's Memoirs, First Series, vol. i. p. 342.

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731–1764.

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

The Rosciad. Line 322.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel — must feel themselves.[5]

Line 961.

Who to patch up his fame, or fill his purse,
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;

[1] Family vault of "all the Capulets." — *Reflections on the Revolution in France, vol. iii. p. 349.*

[2] When Croft's "Life of Dr. Young" was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." — PRIOR: *Life of Burke.*

The gloomy comparisons of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration. — JUNIUS: *Letter No. viii. To Sir W. Draper.*

[3] At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps as he thought to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke! I say ditto to Mr. Burke!" — PRIOR: *Life of Burke, p. 152.*

[4] See Sir Thomas Browne, page 219.

[5] Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi
(If you wish me to weep, you yourself must first feel grief).
HORACE: *Ars Poetica, v. 102.*

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.[1]

The Apology. *Line 232.*

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains. *Night.* *Line 271.*

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

The Prophecy of Famine. *Line 86.*

There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies.

Line 327.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

Epistle to William Hogarth. *Line 645.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

The Author. *Line 233.*

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.[2]

The Farewell. *Line 27.*

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow.[3] *Line 38.*

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731–1800.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

Table Talk. *Line 28.*

As if the world and they were hand and glove. *Line 173.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose. *Line 246.*

[1] Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disguise them to make 'em pass for their own. — SHERIDAN: *The Critic, act i. sc. i.*

[2] England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country!

COWPER: *The Task, book ii. The Timepiece, line 206.*

[3] Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam. — BYRON: *The Corsair, canto i. stanza 1.*

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
Table Talk. *Line 260.*

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit. *Line 542.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more. *Line 556.*

Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy. *Line 588.*

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.[1] *Line 591.*

Made poetry a mere mechanic art. *Line 654.*

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads. *Line 690*

Lights of the world, and stars of human race.
The Progress of Error. *Line 97.*

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home! *Line 415.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true, —
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
Truth. *Line 327.*

The sounding jargon of the schools.[2] *Line 367.*

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
Charity. *Line 435.*

A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Conversation. *Line 96.*

[1] See Pope, page 314.
[2] See Prior, page 287.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.

Conversation. *Line 121.*

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, — and no other can. *Line 193.*

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys:
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours. *Line 251.*

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that 's all perfume. *Line 283.*

The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.[1] *Line 299.*

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.[2] *Line 303.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.[3] *Line 357*

That good diffused may more abundant grow. *Line 443.*

A business with an income at its heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.

Retirement. *Line 614.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd. *Line 623.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Line 681.*

Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn.

Line 688.

[1] See Pope, page 331.
[2] See Pope, page 336.
[3] See Butler, page 213.
The story of a lamp which was supposed to have burned about fifteen hundred years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

Philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.
Retirement. Line 691.

I praise the Frenchman,[1] his remark was shrewd, —
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet. *Line 739.*

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face? *Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On observing some Names of Little Note.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. *Human Frailty.*

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile. *The Rose.*

[1] La Bruyère.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. Moral.*

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Ibid.*

That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, Long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

United yet divided, twain at once:
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.[1]
The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 73.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. *Line 181.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Line 506.*

Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade. *Line 673.*

God made the country, and man made the town.[2]
Line 749

1 Buckingham: *The Rehearsal* (the two Kings of Brentford).
2 See Bacon, page 167.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,[1]
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

The Task. Book iii. The Timepiece, Line 1.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Line 17.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. *Line 29.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.[2] *Line 40.*

Fast-anchor'd isle. *Line 151.*

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country![3] *Line 206.*

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Line 231.*

[1] Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! — *Jeremiah ix. 2.*

Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place! — Byron: *Childe Harold, canto iv. stanza 177.*

[2] Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt (Foreign slaves, as soon as they come within the limits of Gaul, that moment they are free). — Bodinus: *Liber i. c. 5.*

Lord Campbell ("Lives of the Chief Justices," vol. ii. p. 418) says that "Lord Mansfield first established the grand doctrine that the air of England is too pure to be breathed by a slave." The words attributed to Lord Mansfield, however, are not found in his judgment. They are in Hargrave's argument, May 14, 1772, where he speaks of England as "a soil whose air is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in." — Lofft: *Reports, p. 2.*

[3] See Churchill, page 413.

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue.
The Task. Book ii. The Timepiece, Line 235.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.[1] *Line 285.*

Transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. *Line 363.*

Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. *Line 411.*

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. *Line 444.*

Variety 's the very spice of life.[2] *Line 606.*

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. *Line 642.*

His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd. *Line 702.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Book iii. The Garden. Line 41.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Line 161.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.[3] *Line 188.*

1 See Dryden, page 277.

2 No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety. — Pub. Syrus: *Maxim 406.*

3 He has spent all his life in letting down buckets into empty wells ; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again. — *Lady Holland's Memoir of Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 259.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

The Task. Book iii. The Garden, Line 352.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too. *Line 566.*

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate [1] wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Book iv. The Winter Evening. Line 34.

Which not even critics criticise. *Line 51.*

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? *Line 55.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, — to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year! [2] *Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves. *Line 217.*

In indolent vacuity of thought. *Line 297.*

It seems the part of wisdom. *Line 336.*

All learned, and all drunk! *Line 473*

[1] See Bishop Berkeley, page 312.
[2] See Thomson, page 356.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.

The Task. Book iv. The Winter Evening, Line 510

Those golden times
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Line 514.*

The Frenchman's darling.[1] *Line 765.*

Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill. *Line 788*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.[2]

Book v. The Winter Morning Walk. Line 144

But war 's a game which were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at. *Line 187.*

The beggarly last doit. *Line 316.*

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Line 444.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *Line 733.*

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, My Father made them all! *Line 745.*

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

Line 905.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleased

[1] It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the mignonette.

[2] No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

HEBER: *Palestine.*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building. — *1 Kings vi. 7.*

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet!

The Task. Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 1.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Line 85.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Line 96.*

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. *Line 101.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Line 560.*

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.[1]

Tirocinium. Line 79.

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

[1] Write the vision, and make it plain, upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. — *Habakkuk ii. 2.*

He that runs may read. — TENNYSON: *The Flower.*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Light shining out of Darkness.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

Beware of desperate steps! The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

The Needless Alarm. Moral.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The son of parents pass'd into the skies. *Ibid.*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,[1]
His sense of your great merit,[2]
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it. *On Friendship.*

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.

Toll for the brave!—
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

On the Loss of the Royal George.

There is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bourne.

[1] See Young, page 312.
[2] *Var.* How he esteems your merit.

He sees that this great roundabout
The world, with all its motley rout,
  Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
  And says — what says he? — Caw.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bourne.

For 't is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,[1]
And lives contentedly between
  The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

Translation of Horace. Book ii. Ode x.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.[2]

Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.

ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731–1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air.

The Botanic Garden. Part i. Canto i. Line 289

No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 453

[1] Keep the golden mean. — Publius Syrus: *Maxim 1072.*
[2] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 199.

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731–1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.[1] *Death. Line 108.*

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.[2] *Line 154.*

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And, oh still harder lesson! how to die.[3] *Line 316.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732–1799.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, — conscience.

Rule from the Copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.[4]

Speech to both Houses of Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.

'T is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

His Farewell Address.

1 See Gray, page 385.
2 See Young, page 311.
3 See Tickell, page 313.
4 Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum (Who would desire peace should be prepared for war). — VEGETIUS: *Rei Militari 3, Prolog.*
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello (In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war. — HORACE: *Book ii. satire ii.*

LORD THURLOW. 1732–1806.

The accident of an accident.

Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton. ***Butler's Reminiscences, vol. i. p. 142.***

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.[1]

27 Parliamentary History, 630; Annual Register, 1789.

JOHN DICKINSON. 1732–1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The Liberty Song (1768).

Our cause is just, our union is perfect.

Declaration on taking up Arms in 1775.[2]

W. J. MICKLE. 1734–1788.

The dews of summer nights did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,[3]
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby. *Cumnor Hall.*

For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';

[1] Whereupon Wilkes is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely, but not unhappily it must be allowed, "Forget you! He'll see you d—d first." Burke also exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to you!" — BROUGHAM: *Statesmen of the Time of George III. (Thurlow.)*

[2] From the original manuscript draft in Dickinson's handwriting, which has given rise to the belief that he, not Jefferson (as formerly claimed), is the real author of this sentence.

[3] Jove, thou regent of the skies. — POPE: *The Odyssey, book ii. line 42.*
Now Cynthia, named fair regent of the night. — GAY: *Trivia, book iii.*
And hail their queen, fair regent of the night. — DARWIN: *The Botanic Garden, part i. canto ii. line 90.*

There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*[1]

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735–1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
Gave the sad presage of his future years, —
The child of misery, baptized in tears.[2]

The Country Justice. Part i.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. 1735–1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

Love in a Village. Act i. Sc. 1.

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night:
No lark more blithe than he. *Sc. 2.*

And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be, —
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.[3] *Ibid.*

[1] "The Mariner's Wife" is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam (1710–1765).

[2] This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — LOCKHART: *Life of Scott, vol. i. chap. iv*

[3] If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.
BURNS: *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

Young fellows will be young fellows.

Love in a Village. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Ay, do despise me! I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised. *The Hypocrite. Act v. Sc. 1.*

JAMES BEATTIE. 1735–1803.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

The Minstrel. Book i. Stanza 1.

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms. *Stanza 11.*

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

Stanza 25.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

Book ii. Stanza 17.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

The Hermit.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man. *Ibid.*

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh when shall it dawn on the night of the grave? *Ibid.*

By the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. *Ibid.*

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. *Ibid.*

JOHN ADAMS. 1735–1826.

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that those United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. *Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore. *Ibid.*

—•—

PATRICK HENRY. 1736–1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third ["Treason!" cried the Speaker] — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765.

I am not a Virginian, but an American.[1]

Ibid. September, 1774.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.[2] *Ibid. March, 1775.*

[1] I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American! — WEBSTER: *Speech, July 17, 1850.*

[2] See Burke, page 411.

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775.

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737–1794.

The reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.[1]

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (1776). *Chap. iii.*

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive. *Chap. xi.*

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.[2] *Chap. xiv.*

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.[3] *Chap. xlviii.*

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery. *Chap. xlix.*

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.[4] *Chap. lxviii.*

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave. *Chap. lxxi.*

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance. *Ibid.*

I saw and loved.[5] *Memoirs. Vol. i. p. 106.*

[1] L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs (History is but the record of crimes and misfortunes). — VOLTAIRE: *L'Ingénu, chap. x.*

[2] See Fielding, page 364.

[3] See Clarendon, page 255.

[4] On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons (It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions). VOLTAIRE: *Letter to M. le Riche. 1770.*

J'ai toujours vu Dieu du coté des gros bataillons (I have always noticed that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions). — *De la Ferté to Anne of Austria.*

[5] See Chapman, page 35.

On the approach of spring I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.

Memoirs. Vol. i. p. 116.

I was never less alone than when by myself.[1] *P. 117.*

THOMAS PAINE. 1737–1809.

And the final event to himself [Mr. Burke] has been, that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

Letter to the Addressers.

These are the times that try men's souls.

The American Crisis. No. 1.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.[2]

Age of Reason. Part ii. note.

JOHN WOLCOT. 1738–1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.

To the Royal Academicians.

No, let the monarch's bags and others hold
The flattering, mighty, nay, al-mighty gold.[3]

To Kien Long. Ode iv.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin so merry draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

1 Never less alone than when alone.— ROGERS: *Human Life.*

2 Probably this is the original of Napoleon's celebrated *mot*, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas" (From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step).

3 See Jonson, page 178.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.
Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

MRS. THRALE. 1739–1821.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

CHARLES MORRIS. 1745–1838.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations!
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations![1]
Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon. American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.

O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!
Country and Town.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1740–1778.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. *Salvation through Christ.*

[1] Solid men of Boston, make no long orations!
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations!
Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, vol. ii. p. 250.

THOMAS MOSS. 1740–1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

The Beggar.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.[1] *Ibid.*

MRS. BARBAULD. 1743–1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

The Invitation.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.

A Summer's Evening Meditation.

It is to hope, though hope were lost.[2]

Come here, Fond Youth.

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning." *Life.*

[1] This line stood originally, "A liveried servant," etc., and was altered as above by Goldsmith. — FORSTER: *Life of Goldsmith, vol i. p. 215* (fifth edition, 1871).

[2] Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans iv. 18.*
Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive. — MONTGOMERY: *The World before the Flood.*

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day; [1]
So dies a wave along the shore.

The Death of the Virtuous.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou? Why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping? *Hymns in Prose. xiii.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743–1826.

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time. *Summary View of the Rights of British America.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God [2] entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. *Declaration of Independence.*

We hold these truths to be self-evident, — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; [3] that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *Ibid.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. *Ibid.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.*

[1] See Chaucer, page 6.
[2] See Bolingbroke, page 304.
[3] All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights. — *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. *First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.*

In the full tide of successful experiment. *Ibid.*

Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations.[1] No duty is at the same time more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to the information which from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.

Letter to Elias Shipman and others of New Haven, July 12, 1801.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.[2] *Ibid.*

1 This passage is thus paraphrased by John B. McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States" (ii. 586): "One sentence will undoubtedly be remembered till our republic ceases to exist. 'No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying,' he observed, 'as to put the right man in the right place.'"

2 Usually quoted, "Few die and none resign."

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.[1]

Life of Jefferson (Rayner), *p. 356.*

Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just. *Notes on Virginia. Query xviii. Manners.*

JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr. 1744–1775.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men.

Observations on the Boston Port Bill, 1774.

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745–1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle ?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.

Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft. *Tom Bowling.*

For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. *Ibid.*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he 'd whistle and sing;
Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.

The Sailor's Consolation.[2]

[1] See Appendix, page 859.

[2] A song with this title, beginning, "One night came on a hurricane," was written by William Pitt, of Malta, who died in 1840.

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
Sensibility.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs. *Ibid.*

In men this blunder still you find, —
All think their little set mankind. *Florio. Part i.*

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ibid.*

LORD STOWELL. 1745–1836.

A dinner lubricates business.
Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. viii. p. 67, note.*

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.[1]
Lives of the Lord Chancellors (Campbell). *Vol. x. Chap. 212.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746–1794.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.[2] *Ibid.*

[1] The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. — DISRAELI (Earl Beaconsfield): *Endymion.*

[2] 'T was he that ranged the words at random flung,
Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.
EASTWICK: *Anvari Suhaili.* (Translated from Firdousi.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

What constitutes a state?

. . . . . .

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

. . . . . .

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.[1]

Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.[2]

JOHN LOGAN. 1748–1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

To the Cuckoo.

Oh could I fly, I 'd fly with thee!
We 'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Ibid.

[1] Neither walls, theatres, porches, nor senseless equipage, make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves. — ARISTIDES: *Orations* (Jebb's edition), *vol. i.* (trans. by A. W. Austin).

By Themistocles alone, or with very few others, does this saying appear to be approved, which, though Alcæus formerly had produced, many afterwards claimed: "Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans, make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls." — *Ibid. vol. ii.*

[2] See Coke, page 24.

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748–1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

Epilogue to Cato.[1]

JOHN EDWIN. 1749–1790.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world, is nobody knows
where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there:
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.[2]

The Eccentricities of John Edwin (second edition), *vol. i. p. 74. London, 1791.*

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750–1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen. *McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Line 93.*

As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed, and nurse:
What has posterity done for us

1 Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

2 These lines Edwin offers as heads of a "sermon." Longfellow places them in the mouth of "The Cobbler of Hagenau," as a "familiar tune." See "The Wayside Inn, part ii. The Student's Tale."

That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
M^c^Fingal. Canto ii. Line 121.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law. *Canto iii. Line 489.*

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751–1816.

Illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.
The Rivals. Act i. Sc. 2.

'T is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion.
Ibid

A progeny of learning. *Ibid.*

A circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He is the very pine-apple of politeness! *Sc. 3.*

If I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs! *Ibid.*

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.
Ibid.

Too civil by half. *Sc. 4.*

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. *Sc. 2.*

We will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, — our retrospection will be all to the future.
Ibid.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *Ibid.*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

The Rivals. Act iv. Sc. 3.

You 're our enemy; lead the way, and we 'll precede.

Act v. Sc. 1.

There 's nothing like being used to a thing.[1] *Sc. 3.*

As there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out. *Ibid.*

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands!

Ibid.

I own the soft impeachment. *Ibid.*

Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.[2] *The Critic. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal — Not that I ever read them! No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper. *Sc. 2.*

Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two! *Ibid.*

Sheer necessity, — the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention. *Ibid.*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope? *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Certainly nothing is unnatural that is not physically impossible. *Ibid.*

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *Sc. 2.*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne. *Ibid.*

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because — it is not yet in sight! *Ibid.*

1 'T is nothing when you are used to it. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation, ii.*

2 See Churchill, page 413.

An oyster may be crossed in love.

The Critic. Act iii. Sc. 1

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I leave my character behind me. *Ibid.*

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here 's to the widow of fifty;
Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

It was an amiable weakness.[1] *Ibid.*

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you. *Sc. 5.*

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.

Pizarro. The Prologue.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

[1] See Fielding, page 364.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years.[1] *Pizarro. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.[2] *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. Sheridaniana.*

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.
Clio's Protest. Life of Sheridan (Moore). *Vol. i. p. 155.*

PHILIP FRENEAU. 1752–1832.

The hunter and the deer a shade.[3] *The Indian Burying-Ground.*

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear, but left the shield.[4]
To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw.

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.[5]
The Parish Register. Part i. Introduction.

[1] He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him.
BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto iii. stanza 5.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths. — BAILEY: *Festus. A Country Town.*

Who well lives, long lives: for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.
DU BARTAS: *Days and Weekes. Fourth Day. Book ii.*

[2] On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire (One may say that his wit shines by the help of his memory). — LE SAGE: *Gil Blas, livre iii. chap. xi.*

[3] This line was appropriated by Campbell in "O'Connor's Child."

[4] When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.
SCOTT: *Marmion, Introduction to canto iii.*

[5] See Young, page 311.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

The Parish Register. Part ii. Marriages.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.[1]

The Borough. Letter xii. Players.

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Letter xxiv. Schools.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The Birth of Flattery.

Cut and come again. *Tales. Tale vii. The Widow's Tale.*

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.[2]

Tale xiv. The Struggles of Conscience.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide.[3]

Tale xv. The Squire and the Priest.

'T was good advice, and meant, my son, Be good.

Tale xxi. The Learned Boy.

He tried the luxury of doing good.[4]

Tales of the Hall. Book iii. Boys at School.

To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not repent.[5] *Ibid.*

And took for truth the test of ridicule.[6]

Book viii. The Sisters.

[1] See Appendix, page 858.

[2] 'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam, xxvii.*

[3] For right is right, since God is God. — FABER: *The Right must win.*

[4] See Goldsmith, page 394.

[5] To sigh, yet feel no pain. — MOORE: *The Blue Stocking.*

[6] See Appendix, page 394.

Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face.[1]

Tales of the Hall. Book xvii. The Widow

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755–——.

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.[2]

Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796.

HENRY LEE. 1756–1818.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Memoirs of Lee. Eulogy on Washington, Dec. 26, 1799.[3]

J. P. KEMBLE. 1757–1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs ?[4]

The Panel. Act i. Sc. 1

[1] Touch us gently, Time. — B. W. PROCTER: *Touch us gently, Time.*

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently.

LONGFELLOW: *The Golden Legend, iv.*

[2] See Farquhar, page 305.

[3] To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — *Resolutions presented to the United States' House of Representatives, on the Death of Washington, December, 1799.*

The eulogy was delivered a week later. Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," vol. v. p. 767, says in a note that these resolutions were prepared by Colonel Henry Lee, who was then not in his place to read them. General Robert E. Lee, in the Life of his father (1869), prefixed to the Report of his father's "Memoirs of the War of the Revolution," gives (p. 5) the expression "fellow-citizens;" but on p. 52 he says: "But there is a line, a single line, in the Works of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen' will last while language lasts."

[4] Altered from Bickerstaff's "'Tis Well 't is no Worse." The lines are also found in Debrett's "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," vol. i. p. 15.

HORATIO NELSON. 1758–1805.

In the battle off Cape St. Vincent, Nelson gave orders for boarding the "San Josef," exclaiming "Westminster Abbey, or victory!" *Life of Nelson* (Southey). *Vol. i. p. 93.*

England expects every man to do his duty.[1]
Vol. ii. p. 131.

ROBERT BURNS. 1759–1796.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O![2]
Green grow the Rashes.

Some books are lies frae end to end.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Some wee short hours ayont the twal. *Ibid.*

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy. *To a Mouse.*

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare. *Man was made to Mourn.*

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn. *Ibid.*

[1] This famous sentence is thus first reported: "Say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty." Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag-lieutenant, suggested to substitute "expects" for "confides," which was adopted. Captain Blackwood, who commanded the "Euryalis," says that the correction suggested was from "Nelson expects" to "England expects."

[2] Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art.
Cupid's Whirligig (1607).

Gars auld claes look amaist as wee[1] 's the new.
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.
Ibid.

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name. *Ibid.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God." [1] *Ibid.*

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that. *The Jolly Beggars.*

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. *Ibid.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, — how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter Night.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Twa Dogs.*

[1] See Fletcher, page 183.

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation. *The Twa Dogs.*

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion. *To a Louse.*

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.[1] *Address to the Unco Guid.*

What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.[2] *To a Mountain Daisy.*

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I! *Despondency.*

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;[3]
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! *Ibid.*

And may you better reck the rede,[4]
Than ever did the adviser! *Ibid.*

[1] See Pope, page 325.
[2] See Young, page 309.
[3] See Burton, page 193.
[4] See Shakespeare, page 129.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise.

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

Oh whistle, and I 'll come to ye, my lad.[1]

Whistle, and I 'll come to ye.

If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.[2]

I hae a Wife o' my Ain.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.

Ibid.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

Ode on Mrs. Oswald.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, —
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Epistle to Dr. Blacklock.

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.

John Anderson.

[1] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198. [2] See Bickerstaff, page 427.

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.[1]

My Heart 's in the Highlands.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

My Wife 's a Winsome Wee Thing.

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary. *Highland Mary.*

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower sae early. *Ibid.*

It 's guid to be merry and wise,[2]
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a Health to Them that 's Awa'.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now 's the day and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour. *Bannockburn*

Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die.[3] *Ibid.*

In durance vile[4] here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

[1] These lines from an old song, entitled "The Strong Walls of Derry" Burns made a basis for his own beautiful ditty.

[2] See Heywood, page 9.

[3] See Fletcher, page 183.

[4] Durance vile. — W. KENRICK (1766): *Falstaff's Wedding, act i. sc. 2.* BURKE: *The Present Discontents.*

Oh, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune. *A Red, Red Rose.*

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.
Contented wi' Little.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Tam o' Shanter.*

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises. *Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither, —
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid.*

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever. *Ibid.*

Nae man can tether time or tide.[1] *Ibid.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane. *Ibid.*

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*

[1] See Heywood, page 10.

But to see her was to love her,[1]
Love but her, and love forever. *Ae Fond Kiss.*

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted! *Ibid.*

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither! *Bonny Lesley.*

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care? *The Banks of Doon.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe. *Sweet Sensibility.*

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.[2] *For a' that and a' that.*

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.[3] *Ibid.*

'T is sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy! *Jessy.*

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit. *Grace before Meat.*

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand. *A' for our Rightfu' King.*[4]

[1] To know her was to love her. — ROGERS: *Jacqueline, stanza 1.*

[2] I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLY: *The Plaindealer, act i. sc. 1.*

[3] See Southerne, page 282.

[4] This ballad first appeared in Johnson's "Museum," 1796. Sir Walter Scott was never tired of hearing it sung.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain. *A' for our Rightfu' King.*

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, "Adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore." [1] *Ibid.*

WILLIAM PITT. 1759–1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.[2] *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter perish in its fall.
The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxvi.

ANDREW CHERRY. 1762–1812.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers.
The Bay of Biscay.

As she lay, on that day,
In the bay of Biscay, O! *Ibid.*

[1] Under the impression that this stanza is ancient, Scott has made very free use of it, first in "Rokeby" (1813), and then in the "Monastery" (1816). In "Rokeby" he thus introduces the verse: —

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love,
And adieu for evermore."

[2] See Milton, page 232.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.
1762–1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Epilogue to the Heir at Law.

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ibid.*

When taken,
To be well shaken.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.

O Miss Bailey!
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.

'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw!

Blue Beard. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I had a soul above buttons.

Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market. Sc. 1.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipped brandy and water gayly. *Mynheer Vandunck.*

JAMES HURDIS. 1763–1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.[1]

The Village Curate.

[1] To rise with the lark, and go to bed with the lamb. — BRETON: *Court and Country* (1618; reprint, p. 183).

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763–1855.

Sweet Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.

The Pleasures of Memory. Part ii. 1.

She was good as she was fair,
None — none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are:
To know her was to love her.[1]

Jacqueline. Stanza 1.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.[2] *Stanza 3.*

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Human Life.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ibid.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before! *Ibid.*

Then never less alone than when alone.[3] *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,[4] —
He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

[1] See Burns, page 452.
None knew thee but to love thee. — HALLECK: *On the Death of Drake.*

[2] See Bacon, page 165.

[3] See Gibbon, page 430.
Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset (He is never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when he is alone). — CICERO: *De Officiis, liber iii. c. 1.*

[4] This is literally from Seneca, *Epistola lxiii. 16.* See Mathew Henry, page 283.

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source, —
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
On a Tear.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away!
There 's such a charm in melancholy
I would not if I could be gay. *To ——.*

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.[1] *Pæstum.*

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it. *Epigram.*

JOHN FERRIAR. 1764–1815.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.
Illustrations of Sterne. Bibliomania. Line 6.

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.
Line 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel and heroic deed). *Line 121.*

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!
Line 137

ANN RADCLIFFE. 1764–1823.

Fate sits on these dark battlements and frowns,
And as the portal opens to receive me,
A voice in hollow murmurs through the courts
Tells of a nameless deed.[2]

[1] See Waller, page 221.

[2] These lines form the motto to Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and are presumably of her own composition.

ROBERT HALL. 1764–1831.

His [Burke's] imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art.

Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

He [Kippis] might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.

Gregory's Life of Hall.

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current but not the appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.[1]

Ibid.

THOMAS MORTON. 1764–1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Push on, — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

Act v. Sc. 2

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.

Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction.

Causes of the Revolution of 1688. Chap. vii.

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown.

[1] See Tourneur, page 34.

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pythagoras. vi.*

LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal. *The Land o' the Leal.*

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'. *Gude Nicht, etc.*[1]

Oh, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
Oh, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
We 're a' Noddin'.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree. *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

ANDREW JACKSON. 1767–1845.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.
Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.

You are uneasy; you never sailed with *me* before, I see.[2] *Life of Jackson* (Parton). *Vol. iii. p. 493.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767–1848.

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity![3]
Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1802.

In charity to all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will to any human being, and even compassionating those who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what they do.[4] *Letter to A. Bronson. July 30, 1838.*

[1] Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

[2] A remark made to an elderly gentleman who was sailing with Jackson down Chesapeake Bay in an old steamboat, and who exhibited a little fear.

[3] Et majores vestros et posteros cogitate. — TACITUS: *Agricola, c. 32. 31.*

[4] With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Second Inaugural Address.*

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.[1]

Written in an Album, 1842.

This is the last of earth! I am content.

His Last Words, Feb. 21, 1848.

DAVID EVERETT. 1769–1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.[2]

Lines written for a School Declamation.

SYDNEY SMITH. 1769–1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.[3] *Lady Holland's Memoir. Vol. i. p. 15.*

That knuckle-end of England, — that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur. *P. 17.*

No one minds what Jeffrey says: . . . it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. *Ibid.*

[1] See Sidney, page 264.

[2] The lofty oak from a small acorn grows. — Lewis Duncombe (1711-1730): *De Minimis Maxima* (translation).

[3] See Walpole, page 389.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.[1]

Memoir. Vol. i. p. 23.

Truth is its [justice's] handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God.

P. 29.

It is always right that a man should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him. *P. 53.*

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory, — nothing so expensive as glory.[2] *P. 88.*

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best. *P. 130.*

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark.

P. 157.

The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs. *P. 244.*

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed. *P. 258.*

He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.[3] *P. 259*

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and twopence. *P. 261.*

Ah, you flavour everything; you are the vanilla of society. *P. 262.*

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way, that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon. *P. 262.*

[1] Mr. Smith, with reference to the "Edinburgh Review," says: "The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was 'Tenui musam meditamur avena;' but this was too near the truth to be admitted; so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line."

[2] A favorite motto, which through life Mr. Smith inculcated on his family.

[3] See Cowper, page 419.

As the French say, there are three sexes, — men, women, and clergymen.[1] *Memoir. Vol. i. p. 262.*

To take Macaulay out of literature and society and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence. *P. 265.*

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. *P. 267.*

"Heat, ma'am!" I said; "it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." *Ibid.*

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. *P. 363.*

> Serenely full, the epicure would say,
> Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day.[2]
>
> *Recipe for Salad. P. 374.*

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? — how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea. *P. 383.*

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.[3]

Sketches of Moral Philosophy.

[1] Lord Wharncliffe says, "The well-known sentence, almost a proverb, that 'this world consists of men, women, and Herveys,' was originally Lady Montagu's." — *Montagu Letters, vol. i. p. 64.*

[2] See Dryden, p. 273.

[3] The right man to fill the right place. — LAYARD: *Speech, Jan. 15, 1855.*

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States, 1820.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ibid.*

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

America. Edinburgh Review, July, 1824.

In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm [at Sidmouth], Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal; the Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. *Speech at Taunton, 1813.*

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light. *On American Debts.*

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769–1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation.*

The Monks and the Giants. Canto i. Line 6.

A sudden thought strikes me, — let us swear an eternal friendship.[1] *The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.*

[1] See Otway, page 280.

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship. — MOLIÈRE: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, act iv. sc. 1.*

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769–1852.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. *Despatch, 1815.*

It is very true that I have said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men. *Mem. by the Duke,*[1] *Sept. 18, 1836.*

Circumstances over which I have no control.[2]

I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life.[3] *Upon seeing the first Reformed Parliament.*

There is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and there shall be no mistake.[4] *Letter to Mr. Huskisson.*

JOHN TOBIN. 1770–1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon. Act ii. Sc. 1.

She 's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

[1] Stanhope: *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, p. 81.*

[2] This phrase was first used by the Duke of Wellington in a letter, about 1839 or 1840. — Sala: *Echoes of the Week, in London Illustrated News, Aug. 23, 1884.* Greville, *Mem., ch. ii. (1823)*, gives an earlier instance.

[3] Sir William Fraser, in "Words on Wellington" (1889), p. 12, says this phrase originated with the Duke. Captain Gronow, in his "Recollections," says it originated with the Duke of York, second son of George III., about 1817.

[4] This gave rise to the slang expression, "And no mistake." — *Words on Wellington, p. 122.*

GEORGE CANNING. 1770–1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *three* INSIDES.
The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black 's not so black, — nor white so *very* white.
New Morality.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend!* [1] *Ibid.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. *The King's Message, Dec. 12, 1826.*

No, here 's to the pilot that weathered the storm!
The Pilot that weathered the Storm.

—◆—

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770–1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time [2]
That only treads on flowers.
Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

[1] "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies." The French *Ana* assign to Maréchal Villars this aphorism when taking leave of Louis XIV.

[2] See Shakespeare, page 74.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770–1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies! *Hail, Columbia*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.[1] 1770–1850.

Oh, be wiser thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.

Action is transitory, — a step, a blow;
The motion of a muscle, this way or that.
The Borderers. Act iii.

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.[2]
Act iv. Sc. 2.

[1] Coleridge said to Wordsworth ("Memoirs" by his nephew, vol. ii. p. 74), "Since Milton, I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."

[2] The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way!
The Excursion, book iii.

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything. *Simon Lee*

I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines written in Early Spring.

And 't is my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double!
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher. *Ibid.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.
Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.

That best portion of a good man's life, —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. *Ibid.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid.*

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, — a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Ibid.*

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, —
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.
Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die! *Ibid.*

There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon.
Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. *Stanza 27.*

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected. *Part i. Stanza 3*

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Stanza 12.*

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky! *Stanza 15*

On a fair prospect some have looked,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away. *Stanza 16.*

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky! *Stanza 26.*[1]

[1] The original edition (London, 1819, 8vo) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part i., which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove, —
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love. *She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me! *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
Three years she grew in Sun and Shower.

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet!* *Ellen Irwin.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love and thought and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The child is father of the man.[1]
My heart leaps up when I behold.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one! *The Cock is crowing.*

[1] See Milton, page 241.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
To a Butterfly. I've watched you now a full half-hour.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure, —
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.
Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
Stanza 6

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side.
By our own spirits we are deified;
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
Stanza 7

That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it moves at all. *Stanza 11*

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men. *Stanza 14.*

And mighty poets in their misery dead. *Stanza 17.*

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
Earth has not anything to show more fair.

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration. *It is a beauteous Evening.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee, — air, earth, and skies!
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.[1]
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 5.*

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. *Stanza 10.*

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love. *Stanza 11.*

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart. *Stanza 13.*

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound. *Matthew.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard. *The Fountain.*

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free. *Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore. *Ibid.*

[1] See Gray, page 382.

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door. *Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.*

A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbor's corn. *The Brothers.*

Something between a hindrance and a help. *Michael.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink! *The Pet Lamb.*

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
A narrow Girdle of rough Stones and Crags.

And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Hart-leap Well. Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. *Ibid.*

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. *Ibid.*

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
O Friend! I know not which way I must look.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee!
. . . . . .
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness. *London, 1802.*

We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. *It is not to be thought of.*

A noticeable man, with large gray eyes.
Stanzas written in Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling. *Ibid.*

Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
Effaced forever. *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of the Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive! *Ibid.*

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. *The Solitary Reaper*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again. *Ibid.*

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, — the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Ibid.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

A brotherhood of venerable trees.
Sonnet composed at —— Castle.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.
These Times strike Monied Worldlings.

A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*

Oh for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave![1]
Sonnet, in the Pass of Killicranky.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilights too her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.
She was a Phantom of Delight.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

[1] It was on this occasion [the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir] that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "Oh for an hour of Dundee!" — MAHON: *History of England, vol. i. p. 184.*

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!
BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto iv. stanza 12.*

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

She was a Phantom of Delight

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude. *I wandered lonely.*

To be a Prodigal's favourite, — then, worse truth,
A Miser's pensioner, — behold our lot!

The Small Celandine.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God![1] *Ode to Duty.*

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

Ibid.

The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. Stanza 4.

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

To a Young Lady. Dear Child of Nature

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

The Prelude. Book iii.

[1] See Milton, page 239.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.[1] *The Prelude. Book vi.*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! *Book xi.*

The budding rose above the rose full blown. *Ibid.*

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead. *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, — miserable train! —
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
Character of the Happy Warrior.

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid*

But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a lover. *Ibid*

And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw. *Ibid*

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

Like, — but oh how different! *Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours.
Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii

Great God! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

[1] See Milton, page 235.

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii.

Maidens withering on the stalk.[1] *Personal Talk. Stanza 1.*

Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet.[2] *Stanza 2.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Stanza 3.*

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb. *Ibid.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares! —
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays. *Stanza 4.*

A power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose. *Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 2.*

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth. *Ibid.*

Where is it now, the glory and the dream? *Stanza 5.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy. *Stanza 5.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 57.

[2] See Collins, page 390.

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality. *Stanza 5.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. *Stanza 9.*

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. *Ibid.*

Truths that wake,
To perish never. *Ibid.*

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. *Ibid.*

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.
Stanza 10.

In years that bring the philosophic mind. *Ibid.*

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality. *Stanza 11.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ibid.*

Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, — each a mighty voice.
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Earth helped him with the cry of blood.[1]
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.

The silence that is in the starry sky. *Ibid.*

[1] This line is from Sir John Beaumont's "Battle of Bosworth Field."

The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.

The White Doe of Rylstone. *Canto iii.*

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

Force of Prayer.

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.

Alas! what boots the long laborious Quest?

Of blessed consolations in distress.

Preface to the Excursion. (Edition, 1814.)

The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

The Excursion. *Book i.*

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ibid.*

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. *Ibid.*

The good die first,[1]
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. *Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Book ii.*

With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. *Ibid.*

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *Book iii.*

[1] Heaven gives its favourites — early death. — BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto iv. stanza 102.* Also *Don Juan, canto iv. stanza 12.*

Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur
(He whom the gods favor dies in youth).

PLAUTUS: *Bacchides, act iv. sc. 7.*

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.
The Excursion. *Book iii.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aerial. *Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way![1] *Ibid.*

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. *Ibid.*

And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain. *Book iv.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast. *Ibid.*

Recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul. *Ibid.*

Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god! *Ibid.*

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.[2] *Ibid.*

So build we up the being that we are. *Ibid.*

[1] See page 465.

[2] But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
. . . . .
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
LANDOR: *Gebir, book* ii.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. *The Excursion. Book iv.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven." [1] *Book vi.*

Ah, what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed, — render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod! *Ibid.*

And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. *Book vii.*

Wisdom married to immortal verse.[2] *Ibid.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. *Ibid.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers. *Book ix.*

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image: on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same![3] *Ibid.*

The gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodomia.*

[1] An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars. — COLERIDGE: *The Friend. No.* 14.

[2] See Milton, page 249.

[3] Another and the same. — DARWIN: *The Botanic Garden.*

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.
Laodamia.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal, —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Ibid.*

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Weak is the Will of Man.

We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
And magnify thy name Almighty God!
But man is thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent.
Ode. Imagination before Content.

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth.
Sky-Prospect from the Plain of France.

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanza.*

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part i. xxv. Missions and Travels.

As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.[1]
Part ii. xvii. To Wickliffe.

[1] In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burned to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by; and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.[1]

Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part iii. v. Walton's Book of Lives.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the soul tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.

Part iii. vii. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.

Where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Part iii. xliii. Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.

Or shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B.

his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." — FULLER: *Church History, sect. ii. book iv. paragraph 53.*

What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep ? . . . For though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn. — FOX: *Book of Martyrs, vol. i. p. 606* (edition, 1641).

"Some prophet of that day said, —

"'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be.'"

DANIEL WEBSTER: *Address before the Sons of New Hampshire, 1849.*

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the "Voices of the Dead."

[1] The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

HENRY CONSTABLE: *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

DOROTHY BERRY: *Sonnet.*

To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye.
A Volant Tribe of Bards on Earth.

Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
Not Love, not War.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
To ——. Let other Bards of Angels sing.

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.
To a Skylark.

A Briton even in love should be
A subject, not a slave!
Ere with Cold Beads of Midnight Dew.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.[1] *Scorn not the Sonnet.*

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas! too few. *Ibid.*

But he is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid*

When his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone. *The Triad*

[1] With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.
BROWNING: *House*

Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays:
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go! *The Triad*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound. xii.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiments.*

Nature's old felicities. *The Trosachs.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed during a Tour in the Summer of 1833. xxxvii

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source,
The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land! *Ibid.*

Those old credulities, to Nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of history? *Memorials of a Tour in Italy. iv.*

How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom bold.
A Poet! He hath put his Heart to School

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. *Yes, Thou art Fair*

SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771–1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.
Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. Stanza 7.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto ii. Stanza 1.*

O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid! *Stanza 10.*

I was not always a man of woe. *Stanza 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me. *Stanza 22*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. *Canto iii. Stanza 1.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star. *Stanza 24.*

Along thy wild and willow'd shore. *Canto iv. Stanza 1*

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear;
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. *Stanza 35*

Call it not vain: they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto v. Stanza 1

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Stanza 13.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd[1]
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.[2]

Canto vi. Stanza 1.

[1] Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way? — *Luke xxiv. 32.*

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour?

S. G. Bulfinch: *The Voice of God in the Garden.*

[2] See Pope, page 341.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood!

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto vi. Stanza 2.

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

Marmion. Introduction to Canto i.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Introduction to Canto ii.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me. *Stanza 27.*

When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.[1]

Introduction to Canto iii.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying. *Stanza 11.*

Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? *Canto iv. Stanza 30.*

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *Canto v. Stanza 8.*

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.[2]

Stanza 12.

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men. *Stanza 16.*

[1] See Freneau, page 443.

[2] Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye. — LOVER: *Rory O'More.*

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *Marmion. Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! *Stanza 17.*

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou![1] *Stanza 30.*

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. *Stanza 32.*

Oh for a blast of that dread horn[2]
On Fontarabian echoes borne! *Stanza 33.*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
L'Envoy. To the Reader.

In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 17.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face. *Stanza 18.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 144.

Scott, writing to Southey in 1810, said: "A witty rogue the other day, who sent me a letter signed Detector, proved me guilty of stealing a passage from one of Vida's Latin poems, which I had never seen or heard of." The passage alleged to be stolen ends with, —

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

which in Vida "ad Eranen," El. ii. v. 21, ran, —

"Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
Fungeris angelico sola ministerio."

"It is almost needless to add," says Mr. Lockhart, "there are no such lines." — *Life of Scott, vol. iii. p.* 294. (American edition.)

[2] Oh for the voice of that wild horn! — *Rob Roy, chap. ii.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew.

Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 23

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare. *Stanza 27.*

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking. *Stanza 31*

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!

Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven. *Stanza 22.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. *Canto iii. Stanza 1.*

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever! *Stanza 16*

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Canto iv. Stanza 1.

Art thou a friend to Roderick? *Stanza 30*

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Canto v. Stanza 10.*

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ibid*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster[1] thing,
Oh who would wish to be thy king!

Lady of the Lake. Canto v. Stanza 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men. *Canto vi. Stanza 18.*

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

Lord of the Isles. Canto i. Stanza 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in the vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. *Stanza 23.*

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken!

Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin! *Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.*

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

Rokeby. Canto i. Stanza 32.

A mother's pride, a father's joy. *Canto iii. Stanza 15.*

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer's queen. *Stanza 16.*

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more. *Canto v. Stanza 1.*

[1] See Massinger, page 194.

No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay.

Rokeby. Canto vi. Stanza 21.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*

A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.

Guy Mannering. Chap. xxxvii.

Bluid is thicker than water.[1]

Chap. xxxviii

It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.[2]

The Antiquary. Chap. xi

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

Ivanhoe. Chap. xxxix

Sea of upturned faces.[3] *Rob Roy. Chap. xx.*

There 's a gude time coming. *Chap. xxxii.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor. *Chap. xxxiv.*

Scared out of his seven senses.[4] *Ibid.*

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Chap. xxxiv.

[1] This proverb, so frequently ascribed to Scott, is a common proverb of the seventeenth century. It is found in Ray and other collections of proverbs.

[2] It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures's lives.
HOOD: *Song of the Shirt.*

[3] DANIEL WEBSTER: *Speech, Sept. 30, 1842.*

[4] Huzzaed out of my seven senses. — *Spectator, No. 616, Nov. 5, 1774.*

The happy combination of fortuitous circumstances.[1]

Answer to the Author of Waverley to the Letter of Captain Clutterbuck. The Monastery.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!

Chap. xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Ibid.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea.
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

Quentin Durward. Chap. iv

Widowed wife and wedded maid.

The Betrothed. Chap. xv.

Woman's faith and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust.

Chap. xx.

I am she, O most bucolical juvenal, under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the herd.[2]

The Monastery. Chap. xxviii.

But with the morning cool reflection came.[3]

Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. iv.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?[4]

Woodstock. Chap. xxxvii.

The playbill, which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet. the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out.

The Talisman. Introduction.

[1] Fearful concatenation of circumstances. — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Argument on the Murder of Captain White, 1830.*

Fortuitous combination of circumstances. — DICKENS: *Our Mutual Friend, vol. ii. chap. vii.* (American edition).

[2] See Spenser, page 27.

[3] See Rowe, page 301.

[4] Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux:
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux

(The first who was king was a successful soldier. He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors). — VOLTAIRE: *Merope, act i. sc. 3.*

Rouse the lion from his läir. *The Talisman. Chap. vi.*

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye 're sleeping.[1] *The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. viii.*

Fat, fair, and forty.[2] *St. Ronan's Well. Chap. vii.*

"Lambe them, lads! lambe them!" a cant phrase of the time derived from the fate of Dr. Lambe, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time.

Peveril of the Peak. Chap. xlii.

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.[3] *Life of Napoleon.*

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.[4] *Ibid.* (February, 1807.)

[1] The very words of a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son

[2] See Dryden, page 275.

[3] See Pope, page 331.

[4] A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Speech, May 7, 1834.*

Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? — CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c.* (Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, vol. iii. p. 49).

It may be said of them (the Hollanders) as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets on their dominions. — GAGE: *New Survey of the West Indies. Epistle Dedicatory.* (London, 1648.)

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.

SCHILLER: *Don Karlos, act i. sc. 6*

Altera figlia
Di quel monarca, a cui
Nè anco, quando annotta il sol tramonta

(The proud daughter of that monarch to whom when it grows dark [elsewhere] the sun never sets). — GUARINI: *Pastor Fido* (1590). On the marriage of the Duke of Savoy with Catherine of Austria.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771–1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).[1]

The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

The Battle of Alexandria.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean. Line 54.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.

The Common Lot.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

The West Indies. Part iii.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.[2]

The World before the Flood. Canto v.

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet *more* exquisite when past.

The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

Ibid.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Friends.

Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Ibid.

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

[1] Θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς (Say not that the good die) — CALLIMACHUS: *Epigram x.*

[2] See Barbauld, page 433.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
The Issues of Life and Death.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years. *Ibid.*

Who that hath ever been
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before? *The Falling Leaf.*

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *At Home in Heaven.*

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!
The Earth full of God's Goodness.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought,
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
Rest for the Soul.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed, —
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast. *What is Prayer?*

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near. *Ibid.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772–1834.

He holds him with his glittering eye,
And listens like a three years' child.[1]
The Ancient Mariner. *Part i.*

Red as a rose is she. *Ibid.*

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Part ii.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*

Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel. *Part iii.*

The nightmare Life-in-Death was she. *Ibid.*

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark. *Ibid.*

And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.[2] *Part iv.*

Alone, alone, — all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Ibid.*

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside. *Ibid.*

A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware. *Ibid.*

[1] Wordsworth, in his Notes to "We are Seven," claims to have written this line.

[2] Coleridge says: "For these lines I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth."

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

The Ancient Mariner. *Part v.*

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ibid.*

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *Part vi.*

So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Part vii.*

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. *Ibid.*

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small. *Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ibid.*

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

Christabel. *Part i.*

A lady richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly. *Ibid.*

Carv'd with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ibid.*

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness. *Ibid.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ibid.*

That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all!

Conclusion to part i.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
Christabel. Part ii

Her face, oh call it fair, not pale! *Ibid*

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain. *Ibid.*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between. *Ibid.*

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Conclusion to Part ii

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan*

Ancestral voices prophesying war. *Ibid.*

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora. *Ibid*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. *Ibid*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. *Epitaph on an Infant*

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
Cries out, "Where is it?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1] *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement

A charm
For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
No sound is dissonant which tells of life.
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth with her thousand voices praises God. *Ibid.*

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame.
Ode to Tranquillity

[1] His favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
SOUTHEY: *The Devil's Walk*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Dejection. An Ode. Stanza 2.

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light. *Stanza 5.*

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.* (Imitated from Schiller.)

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

A Christmas Carol. viii.

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb*

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

. . . . . .

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, — love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Complaint. Ed. 1852. The Good Great Man. Ed. 1893.

My eyes make pictures when they are shut. *A Day-Dream.*

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

On taking Leave of ——, 1817.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.

Motto to Poems written in Later Life.

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When youth and I lived in 't together. *Youth and Age.*

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty,
Ere I was old! *Ibid.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold, —
His eyes are in his mind.[1]
To a Lady, Offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.[2] *Fancy in Nubibus.*

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Ibid.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows;
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.
The Homeric Hexameter. (Translated from Schiller.)

[1] See Shakespeare, page 57.

[2] And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the sea.
Thalatta, p. 132. (From the German of Stolberg.)

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

The Ovidian Elegiac Metre. (From Schiller.)

I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered.

Remorse. Act iv. Sc. 3

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4. (Translated from Schiller.)

I 've lived and loved. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.[1] *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.[2] *Biog. Lit. Chap. xv.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.[3] *The Friend. Sec. i. Essay 8.*

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and star.[4] *Ibid., No. 14.*

[1] Sed ita a principio inchoatum esse mundum ut certis rebus certa signa præcurrerent (Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events). — CICERO: *Divinatione, liber i. cap. 52.*

Coming events cast their shadows before. — CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's Warning.*

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — SHELLEY: *A Defence of Poetry.*

[2] "A phrase," says Coleridge, "which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople."

[3] See Burton, page 185. [4] See Wordsworth, page 481.

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.[1]

Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, p. 36. Delivered 1811–1812.

Schiller has the material sublime. *Table Talk.*

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose, — words in their best order; poetry, — the best words in their best order. *Ibid.*

That passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense. *Ibid*

Iago's soliloquy, the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity — how awful it is!

Notes on some other Plays of Shakespeare.

JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772–1864.

If this bill [for the admission of Orleans Territory as a State] passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, — amicably if they can, violently if they must.[2]

Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.

1 Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. — SHELLEY: *Fragments of Adonais.*

You know who critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art. — DISRAELI: *Lothair, chap. xxxv.*

2 The gentleman [Mr. Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." — HENRY CLAY: *Speech, Jan. 8, 1813.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774–1843.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man, —
Now tell me the reason I pray."

The Old Man's Comforts, and how he gained them.

The march of intellect.[1]

Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii. p. 360. The Doctor, Chap. Extraordinary.

The laws are with us, and God on our side.

On the Rise and Progress of Popular Disaffection (1817). *Essay viii. Vol. ii. p. 107.*

Agreed to differ. *Life of Wesley.*

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces. xviii.

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?

The Cataract of Lodore.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store. *Ibid.*

Through moss and through brake. *Ibid.*

Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry. *Ibid.*

A sight to delight in. *Ibid.*

And so never ending, but always descending. *Ibid.*

And this way the water comes down at Lodore. *Ibid.*

[1] See Burke, page 408.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the World,
And see how his stock went on.

The Devil's Walk. Stanza 1

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house, —
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin,
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1]

Ibid. Stanza 8.

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!

Ode written during the War with America, 1814

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures; nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

Thalaba. Book i. Stanza 1.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

The Battle of Blenheim.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.[2]

Madoc in Wales. Part i. 5

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

Part ii. 2

1 See Coleridge, page 501.

2 "Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
BYRON: *Don Juan, canto iv. stanza 110*

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name, —
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
The March to Moscow. Stanza 8

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
. . . . .
Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
. . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. Stanza 10

Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight? *Stanza 11*

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 't is the happy that have called thee so.
Canto xv. Stanza 11.

The Satanic school. *Vision of Judgment. Original Preface.*

CHARLES LAMB. 1775–1834.

The red-letter days now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days. *Oxford in the Vacation.*

For with G. D., to be absent from the body is sometimes (not to speak profanely) to be present with the Lord. *Ibid*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune. *A Chapter on Ears.*

Not if I know myself at all. *The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

It is good to love the unknown. *Valentine's Day.*

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy, but I judged it to be sugar-candy; yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy. *My First Play.*

Presents, I often say, endear absents.
A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

It argues an insensibility. *Ibid.*

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.
Amicus Redivivus.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. Stanza 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. *Old Familiar Faces.*

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die. *A Farewell to Tobacco.*

And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

. . . . . .

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

. . . . . .

Sabbathless Satan! *Work*

I like you and your book, ingenious Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves

The very marrow of tradition 's shown;
And all that history, much that fiction weaves.
To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society. *Captain Starkey.*

Neat, not gaudy.[1] *Letter to Wordsworth, 1806.*

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold! *Lamb's Suppers.*

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me." *Autobiographical Recollections.* (Leslie.)

JAMES SMITH. 1775–1839.

No Drury Lane for you to-day.
Rejected Addresses. The Baby's Début.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet. *Ibid.*

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait. *The Theatre.*

WILLIAM PITT. ——–1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill!
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 130.

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1775–1864.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

Wearers of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.
The last Fruit of an old Tree. Epigram cvi.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,[1] —
Therefore on him no speech! And brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walk'd along our roads with steps
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. *To Robert Browning.*

The Siren waits thee, singing song for song. *Ibid.*

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,

[1] Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.
P. W. Emerson: *May-Day and Other Pieces. Solution.*

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.[1]

Gebir. Book i. (1798)

Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here.
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest, —
Capacious, then, as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity, —
Is gone (I fear) forever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast?
I since have watcht her in lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name.[2] *Book ii*

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.
I warm'd both hands against the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Dying Speech of an old Philosopher.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777–1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.[3]

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 7.

[1] See Wordsworth, page 480.

Poor shell! that Wordsworth so pounded and flattened in his marsh it no longer had the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital. — LANDOR: *Letter to John Forster.*

[2] These lines were specially singled out for admiration by Shelley, Humphrey Davy, Scott, and many remarkable men. — FORSTER: *Life of Landor, vol. i. p. 95.*

[3] See John Webster, page 181.

The mountains too, at a distance, appear airy masses and smooth, but seen near at hand they are rough. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pyrrho, ix.*

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 40.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! *Line 359.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell![1] *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part ii. Line 5.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man? — a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd — till woman smiled.

Line 37.

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45*

There shall he love when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Line 95*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

Line 263.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325*

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.[2] *Line 357.*

[1] At length, fatigued with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.

CHURCH: *The Choice* (1754).

[2] See Sterne, page 379.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel visits, few and far between.[1]

Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. Line 375.

The hunter and the deer a shade.[2]

O'Connor's Child. Stanza 5.

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow —
Ah me! it was a brother's! *Stanza 10*

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.[3]

Lochiel's Warning.

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Ibid.

And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Ode to the Memory of Burns.

Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage. *Ibid.*

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!

Ye Mariners of England.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep. *Ibid*

[1] See Norris, page 281. [2] See Freneau, page 443
[3] See Coleridge, page 504.

When the stormy winds do blow;[1]
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Ye Mariners of England.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return. *Ibid.*

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry! *Hohenlinden.*

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. *Ibid.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

The Exile of Erin

To bear is to conquer our fate.

On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.[2]

The Soldier's Dream.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

Ibid.

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ibid.*

[1] When the stormy winds do blow. — MARTYN PARKER: *Ye Gentlemen of England.*

[2] The starres, bright centinels of the skies. — HABINGTON: *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.
Gertrude of Wyoming. Part i. Stanza 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Part iii. Stanza 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! *Stanza 5.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.
Song of the Greeks.

Drink ye to her that each loves best!
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name. *Drink ye to Her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground*

Oh leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree![1]
The Beech-Tree's Petition

HENRY CLAY. 1777–1852.

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."[2]
Speech, 1813.

[1] Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
G. P. Morris. *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

[2] See Quincy, page 505.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

Speech at Ashland, Ky., March, 1829.

I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.

Speech, 1848.

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.

Speech, 1850 (referring to the Compromise Measures).

F. S. KEY. 1779–1843.

And the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation![1]
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ibid.

HORACE SMITH. 1779–1849.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought.

Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?

In the name of the Prophet — figs.

Johnson's Ghost.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition

[1] It made and preserves us a nation. — MORRIS: *The Flag of our Union*

THOMAS MOORE. 1779–1852.

When Time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew. *Song. From Juvenile Poems.*

Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

Where bastard Freedom waves
The fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
To the Lord Viscount Forbes, written from the City of Washington.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
To Thomas Hume.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
Ballad Stanzas.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
A Canadian Boat-Song.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past. *Ibid.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.
Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.[1]
Corruption.

[1] See Waller, page 220.

A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made:
'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

There was a little man, and he had a little soul;
And he said, Little Soul, let us try, try, try!

Little Man and Little Soul.

Go where glory waits thee![1]
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!

Go where Glory waits thee.

Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid,

Oh breathe not his Name

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls. *Ibid.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls

Who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

On the Death of Sheridan.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade. *Ibid.*

Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.

[1] This goin ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur. — LOWELL: *The Biglow Papers. First Series, No. 11.*

Though an angel should write, still 't is devils must print
The Fudges in England. Letter iii.

Fly not yet; 't is just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night
And maids who love the moon. *Fly not yet.*

Oh stay! oh stay!
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh 't is pain
To break its links so soon. *Ibid.*

When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake? *Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
Oh think not my Spirits are always as light.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
The Meeting of the Waters.

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came.
Eveleen's Bower.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Come, send round the Wine.

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.

The moon looks
On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this." [1]

While gazing on the Moon's Light.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Ill Omens.

'T is sweet to think that where'er we rove
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'T is sweet to think.

'T is believ'd that this harp which I wake now for thee
Was a siren of old who sung under the sea.

The Origin of the Harp

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee.[2] *I saw thy Form*

Eyes of unholy blue.

By that Lake whose gloomy Shore.

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone. *The Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Ibid.*

And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

The Young May Moon.

[1] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."

[2] In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Farewell! But whenever you welcome the Hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

I'd mourn the Hopes.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Come o'er the Sea.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.

The Time I've lost in wooing.

My only books
Were woman's looks, —
And folly's all they've taught me. *Ibid.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Come, rest in this Bosom.

To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As slow our Ship.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

Remember Thee.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's Bright must fade.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those Evening Bells.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

Ibid.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

Peace be around Thee.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

How shall I woo!

A friendship that like love is warm;
A love like friendship, steady.

Ibid.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

Oh that I had Wings

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
There 's nothing true but Heaven.

This World is all a fleeting Show.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, — his people are free.

Sound the loud Timbrel.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark when I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

The Heart's Prayer.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

Oh call it by some better name,
For friendship sounds too cold.

Oh call it by some better Name

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.

When Twilight Dews

I give thee all, — I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.[1]

My Heart and Lute

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?

The Dream of Home

To Greece we give our shining blades.

Evenings in Greece. First Evening.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power. *Ibid*

If thou would'st have me sing and play
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.

If Thou would'st have Me sing and play

To sigh, yet feel no pain;
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking*

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, — two eternities!

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Ibid.*

[1] This song was introduced in Kemble's "Lodoiska," act iii. sc. 1.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream.
Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years, —
One minute of heaven is worth them all. *Ibid.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. *Ibid.*

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die. *The Fire-Worshippers.*

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might! *Ibid.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea. *Ibid.*

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ibid.*

And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this! *Ibid.*

Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

The Loves of the Angels. The Third Angel's Story.

LORD DENMAN. 1779–1854.

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

O' Connell v. *The Queen, 11 Clark and Finnelly Reports.*

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of lawyers can not make it law, unless it can be traced to some competent authority; and if it be irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle. *Ibid.*

CLEMENT C. MOORE. 1779–1863.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, — not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

LORD BROUGHAM. 1779–1868.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, — a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

Speech, Jan. 29, 1828.

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said that all we see about us, kings, lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box. *Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.*

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.[1]

Death was now armed with a new terror.[2]

PAUL MOON JAMES. 1780–1854.

The scene was more beautiful far to the eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it. *The Beacon.*

And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope, —
That star of life's tremulous ocean. *Ibid.*

CHARLES MINER. 1780–1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter, — thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. *Who'll turn Grindstones.*[3]

[1] The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830.

[2] Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the ex-Chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end, although to an expiring Chancellor death was now armed with a new terror. — CAMPBELL: *Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vii. p. 163.*

Lord St. Leonards attributes this phrase to Sir Charles Wetherell, who used it on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — CARRUTHERS: *Life of Pope* (second edition), *p. 149.*

[3] From "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the "Wilkesbarre Gleaner," 1811.

JOHN C. CALHOUN. 1782–1850.

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts,[1] bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party. *Speech, Feb. 13, 1835.*

A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.[2] *Speech, May 27, 183[illegible].*

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782–1852.

(From Webster's Works. Boston. 1857.)

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. *Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1820.*[3] *Vol. i. p. 44.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825. P. 62.

[1] See Appendix, page 859.

[2] From this comes the phrase, "Cohesive power of public plunder."

[3] This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and in deed at the end of every year, forever and ever. — JOHN ADAMS: *Letter to Webster, Dec. 23, 1821.*

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day.

Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825. Vol. i. p. 64.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered. *Ibid. P. 71.*

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

Ibid. P. 74.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. *Ibid. P. 78.*

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843. P. 93.

The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of especial revelation from God. *Ibid. P. 102.*

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. *Ibid. P. 105.*

Thank God! I — I also — am an American!

Ibid. P. 107.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.[1]

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826. P. 133.

[1] Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall in 1774, says: "I answered that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country was my unalterable determination." — JOHN ADAMS: *Works, vol. iv. p. 8.*

Live or die, sink or swim. — PEELE: *Edward I.* (1584?).

It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, — Independence now and Independence forever.[1]

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826. Vol. i. p. 136.

Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. *Ibid. P. 146.*

Washington is in the clear upper sky.[2] *Ibid. P. 148.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.[3] *Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831. P. 200.*

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Speech, March 15, 1837. P. 349.

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.

Remarks on Agriculture, Jan. 13, 1840. P. 457.

Sea of upturned faces.[4]

Speech. Sept. 30. 1842. Vol. ii. p. 117.

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.

On Mr. Justice Story, 1845. P. 300.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.

Speech at the Charleston Bar Dinner, May 10, 1847. Vol. ii. p. 393.

[1] Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams: "On the day of his death, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.'" — *Works, vol. i. p. 150.* BANCROFT: *History of the United States, vol. vii. p. 65.*

[2] We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky.
WATTS: *Spiritual Hymns, xxiv.*

[3] He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion: he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty. — BARRY YELVERTON (Lord Avonmore): *On Blackstone.*

[4] See Scott, page 493.

The law: It has honored us; may we honor it.
Toast at the Charleston Bar Dinner, May 10, 1847. Vol. ii. p. 394.

I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well. But I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." *Speech at Marshfield, Sept. 1, 1848. P. 433.*

Labour in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor. *Speech, April, 1824. Vol. iii. p. 141.*

The gentleman has not seen how to reply to this, otherwise than by supposing me to have advanced the doctrine that a national debt is a national blessing.[1]
Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830. P. 303.

I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. *Ibid. P. 316.*

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. *Ibid. P. 317.*

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.[2] *Ibid. P. 321.*

[1] A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing. — ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

[2] When the State of Pennsylvania held its convention to consider the Constitution of the United States, Judge Wilson said of the introductory clause, "We, the people, do ordain and establish," etc.: "It is not an unmeaning flourish. The expressions declare in a practical manner the principle of this Constitution. It is ordained and established by the people themselves." This was regarded as an authoritative exposition. — *The Nation.*

That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.*

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830. Vol. iii. p. 342.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Speech, June 3, 1834. Vol. iv. p. 47.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun,[1] and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.[2] *Speech, May 7, 1834. P. 110.*

Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable.

Speech, July 25 and 27, 1846. Vol. v. p. 187.

I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American.[3] *Speech, July 17, 1850. P. 437.*

There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White, April 6, 1830. Vol. vi. p. 54.

[1] See Scott, page 495.

[2] The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth.
AMELIA B. RICHARDS: *The Martial Airs of England.*

[3] See Patrick Henry, page 429.

There is nothing so powerful as truth, — and often nothing so strange.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White. Vol. vi. P. 68.

Fearful concatenation of circumstances.[1] *P. 88.*

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. *P. 105.*

I shall defer my visit to Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty, until its doors shall fly open on golden hinges to lovers of Union as well as lovers of liberty.[2]

Letter, April, 1851.

JANE TAYLOR. 1783–1824.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!

Essays in Rhyme. (On Morals and Manners. Prejudice.) Essay i. Stanza 45.

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires. *Hymn.*

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy Christian child. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

[1] See Scott, page 494.

[2] Mr. Webster's reply to the invitation of his friends, who had been refused the use of Faneuil Hall by the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston.

Oh that it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought!
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught. *For a Very Little Child.*

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother. *My Mother.*[1]

REGINALD HEBER. 1783–1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day. *Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.[2]
Majestic silence! *Ibid.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral. No. i.*

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
No. ii.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope

[1] Written by Ann Taylor.

[2] Altered in later editions to —
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783–1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The almighty dollar,[1] that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

LEIGH HUNT. 1784–1859.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
Abou Ben Adhem.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men. *Ibid.*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. *Ibid.*

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!
Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
The Story of Rimini.

[1] See Jonson, page 178.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785–1842.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. *Ibid.*

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *Ibid.*

—•—

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785–1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

When looks were fond and words were few.

Poet's Bridal-day Song.

—•—

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785–1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

Peninsular War (1810). *Vol. ii. Book xi. Chap. iii.*

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785–1866.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you, — 't is the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner.

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
The incense of the heart,[1] — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

Every Place a Temple.

BRYAN W. PROCTER. 1787–1874.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go. *Ibid.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more. *Ibid.*

Touch us gently, Time![2]
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream. *Touch us gently, Time.*

[1] See Cotton, page 362.

[2] See Crabbe, page 445.

LORD BYRON. 1788–1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer.

I only know we loved in vain;
I only feel — farewell! farewell! *Ibid*

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years.
When we Two parted

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. *Line 6*

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't. *Line 51*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Line 66*

As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics. *Line 75.*

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. *Line 326.*

Oh, Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name! *Line 399.*

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.[1]
Line 826.

[1] See Waller, pages 219–220.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in virtue's name, let Crabbe attest, —
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. **Line 839.**

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!

Maid of Athens

Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. stanza 5.

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

Stanza 7.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Stanza 9.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

Stanza 10.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. *Stanza 11.*

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue. *Stanza 13.*

My native land, good night! *Ibid.*

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

Stanza 15.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

Stanza 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
For one who hath no friend, no brother there. *Stanza 40.*

Still from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.[1]

Stanza 82.

[1] Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat
(In the midst of the fountain of wit there arises something bitter, which stings in the very flowers). — LUCRETIUS: *iv. 1133.*

War, war is still the cry, — "war even to the knife!" [1]
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 86.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.
Canto ii. Stanza 2.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ibid.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
Ibid.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.[2] *Stanza 6.*

Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Stanza 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear. *Stanza 24.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Stanza 26.

Coop'd in their winged, sea-girt citadel. *Stanza 28.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more! though fallen, great!
Stanza 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
Stanza 76.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:
An hour may lay it in the dust. *Stanza 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men. *Stanza 85.*

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground. *Stanza 88.*

Age shakes Athēna's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
Ibid.

[1] "War even to the knife" was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

[2] See Waller, page 221.

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. *Stanza 2.*

I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail. *Ibid.*

He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,[1]
So that no wonder waits him. *Stanza 5*

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb,
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Stanza 8.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell. *Stanza 21.*

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it? — No! 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet. *Stanza 22.*

He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell.
Stanza 23.

And there was mounting in hot haste. *Stanza 25.*

[1] See Sheridan, page 443.

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 25.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. *Stanza 27.*

Battle's magnificently stern array. *Stanza 28.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on. *Stanza 32.*

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *Stanza 42.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Stanza 45*

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind. *Stanza 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Stanza 55.*

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. *Stanza 57.*

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be. *Stanza 70.*

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Stanza 71.*

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me;[1] and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Stanza 72.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Stanza 85*

On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Stanza 86.*

[1] I am a part of all that I have met. — TENNYSON: *Ulysses.*

All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 89.

In solitude, where we are least alone.[1] *Stanza 90.*

The sky is changed, — and such a change! O night
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. *Stanza 92.*

Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year. *Stanza 107.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Ibid.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.[2] *Stanza 113.*

I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts. *Ibid*

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.
Ibid.

Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy. *Stanza 3*

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed. *Stanza 10*

[1] See Gibbon, page 430.

[2] Good bye, proud world; I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine.
EMERSON: *Good Bye, proud World.*

See Johnson, page 374.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe![1]

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 12.

There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
Nor torture shake. *Stanza 19.*

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound. *Stanza 23.*

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost, — too many, yet how few! *Stanza 24.*

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone, and all is gray. *Stanza 29.*

The Ariosto of the North. *Stanza 40.*

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.[2] *Stanza 42.*

Fills
The air around with beauty. *Stanza 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Stanza 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Stanza 54.*

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore. *Stanza 57.*

The poetry of speech. *Stanza 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture. *Stanza 69.*

Then farewell Horace, whom I hated so, —
Not for thy faults, but mine. *Stanza 77.*

[1] See Wordsworth, page 474.

[2] A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaia: "Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte."

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 78.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands. *Stanza 79.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind.
Stanza 98.

Heaven gives its favourites — early death.[1] *Stanza 102.*

History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page. *Stanza 108.*

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Stanza 109.*

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base. *Stanza 110.*

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast. *Stanza 115.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Ibid.*

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
Ibid.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. *Stanza 120.*

I see before me the gladiator lie. *Stanza 140.*

There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother: he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday! *Stanza 141.*

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the world."[2] *Stanza 145.*

[1] See Wordsworth, page 478.
[2] Literally the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 168.

Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,[1]
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And hating no one, love but only her! *Stanza 177.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more. *Stanza 178.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore. *Stanza 179.*

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.[2]

Ibid.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.[3]

Stanza 182.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *Stanza 183.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy

[1] See Cowper, page 418.

[2] See Pope, page 341.

[3] And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.
ROBERT MONTGOMERY: *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

I wantoned with thy breakers,
. . . . .
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.[1]

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 184.

And what is writ is writ, —
Would it were worthier!

Stanza 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been, —
A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!

Stanza 186.

Hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.

The Waltz.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled, —
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

The Giaour. Line 68.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Line 90.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

Line 106.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Line 123.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

Line 418.

[1] He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
POLLOK: *The Course of Time, book iv. line 389.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.

The Giaour. *Line 957*

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock. *Line 969.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.

Line 1099.

I die, — but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.

Line 1114.

She was a form of life and light
That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning-star of memory!
Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire. *Line 1127*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?[1]

The Bride of Abydos. *Canto i. Stanza 1.*

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine? *Ibid.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,

[1] Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose!

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*

His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness?

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 6.

The light of love,[1] the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,[2]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole, —
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!

Ibid.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. Stanza 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! *Stanza 20.*

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace![3] *Ibid.*

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?" — an echo answers, "Where?"[4]

Stanza 27.

The fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse.

The Corsair. Preface

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,[5]
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 1.

Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried. *Ibid.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Stanza 3.*

[1] See Gray, page 382.

[2] See Lovelace, page 259. Browne, page 218.

[3] Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant (They make solitude, which they call peace). — TACITUS: *Agricola, c. 30.*

[4] I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" And echo answered, "Where are they?" — *Arabic MS.*

[5] See Churchill, page 413.

To all nations their empire will be dreadful, because their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — DALRYMPLE: *Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 152.*

The power of thought, — the magic of the mind!

The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 8.

The many still must labour for the one. *Ibid.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer. *Stanza 9.*

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell! *Ibid.*

Farewell!
For in that word, that fatal word, — howe'er
We promise, hope, believe, — there breathes despair.

Stanza 15.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto iii. Stanza 22.*

He left a corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.[1]

Stanza 24.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!

Lara. Canto i. Stanza 2.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.[2]

Hebrew Melodies. She walks in Beauty.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

Parisina. Stanza 1.

[1] See Burton, page 186.

[2] The subject of these lines was Mrs. R Wilmot. — *Berry Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 7.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face.
Parisina. Stanza 13.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well. *Fare thee well.*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.[1] *A Sketch.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.
Stanzas to Augusta.

The careful pilot of my proper woe.
Epistle to Augusta. Stanza 3.

When all of genius which can perish dies.
Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame. *Line 68.*

Who track the steps of glory to the grave.
Line 74.

Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan.[2] *Line 117.*

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
Prisoner of Chillon. Stanza 8.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.
The Dream. Stanza 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. *Ibid.*

[1] See Congreve, page 294.

[2] Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa (Nature made him, and then broke the mould). — Ariosto: *Orlando Furioso, canto x. stanza 84.*

The idea that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song-writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs, p. 28.*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,[1]
Which terminated all. *The Dream. Stanza 2.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *Stanza 3.*

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven. *Stanza 4.*

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away. *Stanzas for Music.*

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here 's a double health to thee!
To Thomas Moore.

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate.[2] *Ibid.*

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'T is to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we 'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night. *So we 'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. *Manfred. Act i. Sc. 1.*

1 She floats upon the river of his thoughts. — LONGFELLOW: *The Spanish Student, act ii. sc. 3.*

2 With a heart for any fate. — LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar. *Manfred. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. *Act iii. Sc. 4*

Which makes life itself a lie,
Flattering dust with eternity. *Sardanapalus. Act i. Sc 2.*

By all that 's good and glorious. *Ibid.*

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse, — borne away with every breath!
Act iv. Sc. 1.

The dust we tread upon was once alive.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
Beppo. Stanza 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto. *Stanza 32.*

His heart was one of those which most enamour us, —
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.[1] *Stanza 34.*

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.
Stanza 39.

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. *Stanza 44.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *Stanza 45.*

O Mirth and Innocence! O milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days. *Stanza 80.*

[1] My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, bu enduring as marble to retain. — CERVANTES: *The Little Gypsy*.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa. Stanza 10.*

They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.
Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.
The Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — give me a cigar! *Ibid.*

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.[1]
Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 6.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar! *Stanza 17.*

But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, — have they not henpeck'd you all?
Stanza 22.

[1] Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi.
HORACE: *Ode iv. 9. 25.*

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use.

Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 40

Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman. *Stanza 61.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

Stanza 83.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," — consented.

Stanza 117.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Stanza 123.

Sweet is revenge — especially to women. *Stanza 124.*

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away." *Stanza 141*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'T is woman's whole existence. *Stanza 194.*

In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.

Stanza 212.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice
I think I must take up with avarice.[1] *Stanza 216.*

What is the end of fame? 'T is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. *Stanza 218.*

At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

Canto ii. Stanza 14.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. *Stanza 34.*

[1] See Middleton, page 173.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Don Juan. Canto ii. Stanza 53.

All who joy would win
Must share it, — happiness was born a twin. *Stanza 172.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after. *Stanza 178.*

A long, long kiss, — a kiss of youth and love. *Stanza 186*

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. *Stanza 199.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.[1]

Canto iii. Stanza 3.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. *Stanza 41*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.
. . . . .
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set. *Stanza 86. 1.*

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free. *Stanza 86. 3.*

Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ. *Stanza 86. 7.*

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

[1] Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 471.*

Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?
Don Juan. Canto iii. Stanza 86. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.[1] *Stanza 86. 16.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
Stanza 88.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.
Stanza 108.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep. *Canto iv. Stanza 4*

The precious porcelain of human clay.[2] *Stanza 11.*

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.[3]
Stanza 12.

Perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save. *Ibid.*

And her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.[4]
Stanza 29.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage. *Stanza 93.*

"Arcades ambo," — *id est*, blackguards both. *Stanza 93.*

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.
Stanza 101.

[1] See Shakespeare, page 63.
[2] See Dryden, page 277.
[3] See Wordsworth, page 479.
[4] All her innocent thoughts
Like rose-leaves scatter'd.
JOHN WILSON: *On the Death of a Child.* (1812.)

Oh "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!"[1]
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Don Juan. Canto iv. Stanza 110.

There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

Canto v. Stanza 5.

But all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.[2]

Stanza 27

And puts himself upon his good behaviour. *Stanza 47.*

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, — the dinner bell. *Stanza 49.*

The women pardon'd all except her face. *Stanza 113.*

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

Canto vi. Stanza 7

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays. *Stanza 78.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Canto viii. Stanza 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.

Stanza 18.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! *Canto ix. Stanza 64.*

And wrinkles, the damned democrats, won't flatter.

Canto x. Stanza 24.

Oh for a forty-parson power! *Stanza 34.*

[1] See Southey, page 507.
[2] See Robert Walpole, page 304.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it, — 't was no matter what he said.[1]
Don Juan. Canto xi. Stanza 1.

And after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade. *Stanza 37.*

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article. *Stanza 59.*

Of all tales 't is the saddest, — and more sad,
Because it makes us smile. *Canto xiii. Stanza 9.*

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away. *Stanza 11.*

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.*
Stanza 95.

All human history attests
That happiness for man, — the hungry sinner! —
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.[2]
Stanza 99.

'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange, —
Stranger than fiction. *Canto xiv. Stanza 101.*

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Canto xv. Stanza 13.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
Stanza 43.

Friendship is Love without his wings.
L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, Chap. xiv.

[1] What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. — T. H. Key (once Head Master of University College School). On the authority of F. J. Furnivall.

[2] For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner. — Piozzi: *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson, p. 149.*

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

Letter, Jan. 28, 1821.

What say you to such a supper with such a woman ? [1]

Note to a Letter on Bowles's Strictures.

WILLIAM KNOX. 1789–1825.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.[2] *Mortality.*[3]

ALFRED BUNN. 1790–1860.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side. *Song.*

The light of other days [4] is faded,
And all their glories past. *Song. The Maid of Artois.*

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling. *Song.*

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790–1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires !
Strike — for the green graves of your sires !
God, and your native land ! *Marco Bozzaris.*

1 See Lady Montagu, page 350.
2 Abraham Lincoln was very fond of repeating these lines.
3 From Knox's "Songs of Israel," 1824.
4 See Moore, page 523.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath!
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke!
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm!
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine!
And thou art terrible! — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony are thine. *Marco Bozzaris.*

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die. *Ibid.*

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,[1]
Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest.
Twilight.

[1] See Rogers, page 455.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty. *Connecticut.*

This bank-note world. *Alnwick Castle.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings. *Ibid.*

CHARLES WOLFE. 1791–1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. *Ibid.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory. *Ibid.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be. *To Mary.*

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore. *Ibid.*

Go, forget me! why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!
Smile, — though I shall not be near thee;
Sing, — though I shall never hear thee!
Go, forget me!

HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791–1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
The Belvedere Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*

CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791–1875.

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. Stanza 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792–1822.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, Stanza 6.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
Canto v. Stanza 23.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.*

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow. *Adonais. xxx.*

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *xxxii.*

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *lii.*

O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth. *Ode to the West Wind.*

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them. *Ibid.*

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud. iv.*

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
To a Skylark. Line 86.

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.[1]
Hellas. Line 195.

[1] See Bacon, page 166.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set;
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on. *Hellas. Line 221.*

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn. *Line 1060.*

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?
Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
. . . . . .
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.[1] *Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and this must be
Our chastisement or recompense.
Julian and Maddalo. Line 482.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.[2]
Line 544.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples. Stanza 4.

Peter was dull; he was at first
Dull, — oh so dull, so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
Still with this dulness was he cursed!
Dull, — beyond all conception, dull.
Peter Bell the Third. Part vii. xi

[1] The pleasure of love is in loving. We are much happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 259.*
[2] See Butler, page 216.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.

The Witch of Atlas. Stanza 5

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Music, when soft Voices die.

I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.

Rarely, rarely comest Thou.

Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one. *To Jane. The keen Stars were twinkling.*

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

One Word is too often profaned.

You lie — under a mistake,[1]
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

Translation of Calderon's Magico Prodigioso. Scene i

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab. i.*

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. *iii.*

[1] See Swift, page 292.

Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. *Queen Mab. iv.*

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.[1] *A Defence of Poetry*

J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792–1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home;[2]
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, Sweet Home. (From the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan.")

SEBA SMITH. 1792–1868.

The cold winds swept the mountain-height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snows she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

The Snow Storm.

[1] See Coleridge, page 504.

[2] Home is home, though it be never so homely. — CLARKE: *Paræmiologia, p. 101.* (1639.)

JOHN KEBLE. 1792–1866.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask. *Morning.*

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*

—•—

FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794–1835.

The stately homes of England, —
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land! *The Homes of England*

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine. *Ibid.*

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the mossbeds at its feet. *The Palm-Tree.*

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee:
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.

The Graves of a Household.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth! *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casabianca.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

The Hour of Death.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Tyrolese Evening Song.

In the busy haunts of men.

Tale of the Secret Tribunal. Part i.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!

Siege of Valencia. Scene ix.

Oh, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone:
The summer comes with flower and bee, —
Where is my brother gone?

The Child's First Grief.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung his tassels forth.

The Voice of Spring.

EDWARD EVERETT. 1794–1865.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear. *Alaric the Visigoth*

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there. *Ibid.*

No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity, there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage

to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

Oration on the Character of Washington.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1794–1878.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

The Ages. xxxiii.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. *Thanatopsis.*

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings. *Ibid.*

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun. *Ibid.*

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste. *Ibid.*

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. *Ibid.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves [1]
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. *Ibid.*

[1] The edition of 1821 read, —

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take.

The groves were God's first temples. *A Forest Hymn.*

The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sear. *The Death of the Flowers.*

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

The victory of endurance born. *The Battle-Field.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, —
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers. *Ibid.*

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795–1820.

When Freedom from her mountain-height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

The American Flag.

JOHN KEATS. 1795-1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Book i.*

He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead. *Book ii.*

To sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind. *Book iv.*

So many, and so many, and such glee. *Ibid.*

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust.
Lamia. Part ii.

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Ibid.*

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes Stanza 3.

The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide. *Stanza 4.*

Asleep in lap of legends old. *Stanza 15.*

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow. *Stanza 16.*

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.
Stanza 18

As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.
Stanza 27.

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon. *Stanza 30.*

He play'd an ancient ditty long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy."
Stanza 33

That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion. Book i.*

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*

The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled. *Book ii.*

Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth. *Ode to a Nightingale.*

The self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. *Ibid.*

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on. —
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. *Ibid.*

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! *Ibid.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *Ibid.*

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity. *Stanzas*

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? *Addressed to Haydon. Sonnet xiv*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Even like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

To One who has been long in City pent.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation — balmy pain.

I stood tip-toe upon a little Hill.

There is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object.

Preface to Endymion.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too?

Ode to the fair Maid of the Inn.

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

Ode on Melancholy. Stanza 3.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns. *Sonnet. On the Sea.*

The sweet converse of an innocent mind.

Sonnet. To Solitude.

Shed no tear — O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more — O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core. *Faery Song 1.*

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast.

Sonnet. The Day is gone

Mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

Sonnet. On seeing the Elgin Marbles

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art —
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night

And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores. *Sonnet.*

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.[1]

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.
1795–1828.

Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.
Lament for Long Tom

At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment-signal 's spread —
When the islands and the lands
And the seas give up their dead,
And the South and North shall come;
When the sinner is dismayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then Heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom. *Ibid.*

Far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy and wake in love
Nor know the rage that yells above. *The Deep.*[2]

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,

[1] See Chapman, page 37.

Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, — that on his gravestone shall be this inscription. — RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES: *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Letter to Severn, vol. ii. p. 91.*

See also David Gray: "Below lies one whose name was traced in sand."

[2] HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean.*

And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West. *Epithalamium.*

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795–1854.

So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Sc. 2.*

Fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is. *Ibid. Act v.*

In ourselves
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard: *Ibid.*

Nevermore
Let the great interests of the State depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty. *Ibid.*

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL. 1795–1856.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast!
The sepulchres of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here: — our unchained feet,
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast. *New England.*

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.
To Seneca Lake.

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
The coral Grove.

THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795–1881.

Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is his saying, — imported by Madame de Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics, — "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of — the air!"
Richter. Edinburgh Review, 1827.

He who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem. *Life of Schiller.*

Literary men are . . . a perpetual priesthood.

Richter. State of German Literature. (1827.)

I came hither [Craigenputtoch] solely with the design to simplify my way of life and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself.

Letter to Goethe, 1828.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

Goethe. Edinburgh Review, 1828.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

Ibid.

How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they? *Burns. Ibid.*

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility. *Ibid.*

His religion at best is an anxious wish, — like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.[1] *Ibid.*

We have oftener than once endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which however we can find nowhere in his works, that "ridicule is the test of truth." [2]

Voltaire. Foreign Review, 1829.

[1] BROWNING: *Bishop Bloughram's Apology*, "The grand perhaps."

[2] How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — SHAFTESBURY: *Characteristics. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm, sect. 2.*

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed in order to a thorough recognition is ridicule itself. — SHAFTESBURY: *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, sect. 1.*

'T was the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud* Aristotle's "Rhetoric," lib. iii. c. 18), that humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid. sect. 5.*

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.

Ibid.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, — the tools to him that can handle them.[1] *Ibid.*

Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! *Ibid.*

The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others.

Ibid.

Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls. *Ibid.*

It can be said of him, when he departed he took a Man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. *Ibid.*

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs. Ibid.

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge as fire is of light. *Essays. Death of Goethe.*

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

Ibid. The Opera.

A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.

Ibid. Goethe's Works.

[1] Carlyle in his essay on Mirabeau, 1837, quotes this from a "New England book."

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, — Necessity and Free Will. *Essays. Goethe's Works.*

He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet.

Introduction to Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.

The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble. *Journal. (1835).*

It is now almost my sole rule of life to clear myself of cants and formulas, as of poisonous Nessus shirts.

Letter to his Wife. 1835.

There is endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. *Francia. 1845.*

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

On History.

The barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist.

Characteristics.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

Article on Biography.

Even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work. *Past and Present.*

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. *Ibid.*

Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science.[1]

Latter Day Pamphlet, No. 1. (1850.)

A healthy hatred of scoundrels. *No. 12.*

Nature admits no lie. *No. 5.*

[1] Referring to Political Economy and Social Science, Carlyle also in his Essay on "The Nigger Question" (1849) speaks of "What we might call, by way of Eminence, the Dismal Science."

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions, mostly fools.

Latter Day Pamphlet, No. 6. (1850.)

The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth* are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die. *No. 8.*

Genius . . . means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble.[1] *Life of Frederick the Great. Book iv. Chap. iii.*

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.[2] *Book xvi. Chap. i.*

He who first shortened the labor of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies and cashiering most Kings and Senates and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of printing.

Sartor Resartus. Book i. Chap. v.

What you see, yet can not see over, is as good as infinite.

Book ii. Chap. i.

Alas the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Book ii. Chap. vii.

As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*, — "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;" or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity. *Book iii. Chap. iii.*

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

[1] Buffon says: — "La génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience. (Genius is nothing else than a great aptitude for patience)." There is also a popular proverb: "Genius is patience." See also Disraeli, p. 627: "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius." See Leslie Stephen: "Genuis is a capacity for taking trouble." Jan Walæus also says: "Genius is an intuitive talent for labor."

[2] MONTESQUIEU: *Aphorism.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

One life, — a little gleam of time between two Eternities. *Ibid.*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. *Ibid.*

The Press is the Fourth Estate of the realm. *Ibid.*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.[1] *The Hero as a Prophet.*

My whinstone house my castle is;
I have my own four walls. *My own four Walls.*

The unspeakable Turk. *In public letter, 1877.*

Lord Bacon could as easily have created the planets as he could have written Hamlet. *Remark in discussion.*

Can there be a more horrible object in existence than an eloquent man not speaking the truth?
Address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, 1866.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849).

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed center. *To Shakespeare.*

On this hapless earth
There's small sincerity of mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart.
Address to certain Gold-fishes.

[1] His only fault is that he has none. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Book ix. Letter xxvi.*

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

Song. She is not fair.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are. *Ibid.*

RICHARD RYAN. 1796–1849.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,
She 's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.

O, saw ye the Lass.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON. 1796–1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Sheil, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and soon. They are all upper-crust here.[1] *Sam Slick in England.*[2] *Chap. xxiv.*

Circumstances alter cases. *The old Judge. Chap. xv.*

We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents.[3]

The Clockmaker.

We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. *Ibid.*

[1] Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — COOPER: *The Ways of the Hour, chap. vi.* (1850).

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city. — N. P. WILLIS: *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

[2] "Sam Slick" first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

[3] See Franklin, page 361: Time is money.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. 1796–1877.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
I would not live alway.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear.
And, see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold! *Ibid.*

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797–1835.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
Jeannie Morrison. Stanza 1.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part:
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule —
Twa bairns and but ae heart.[1] *Stanza 3.*

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies. *Stanza 8.*

Mournfully, oh, mournfully,
The midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by. *The Midnight Wind.*

[1] See Von Münch-Bellinghausen, page 992.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797–1839.

Surely 't is better, when summer is over
To die when all fair things are fading away.
I 'd be a Butterfly.

I 'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet. *Ibid.*

Those that have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings! *Ibid.*

Oh no! we never mention her, — [1]
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word. *Oh no! we never mention her.*

We met, — 't was in a crowd.[2] *We met.*

Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me Home.*

Why don't the men propose, Mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Why don't the Men propose?

She wore a wreath of roses
The first night that we met. *She wore a Wreath.*

Friends depart, and memory takes them
To her caverns, pure and deep. *Teach me to forget.*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me. *The Rose that all are praising.*

[1] *Variant*: "Oh, no, we never mention him."
[2] Cf. Thomas Hood's parody: We met, — 't was in a mob

Oh pilot, 't is a fearful night!
There's danger on the deep. *The Pilot*

Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be. *Ibid.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder:[1]
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall.
The Mistletoe Bough.

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met;
Not one fair scene or kindly smile
Can this fond heart forget.
Oh, steer my Bark to Erin's Isle.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met. *To my Wife.*

I 'm saddest when I sing.[2]
You think I have a merry heart.

THOMAS DRUMMOND.[3] 1797–1840.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.[4]
Letter to the Landlords of Tipperary, May 22, 1838.

[1] I find that absence still increases love. — CHARLES HOPKINS: *To C. C.*

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it. — HOWELL: *Familiar Letters, book i. sect. i. No. 6.*

[2] See Artemus Ward, page 787.

[3] Captain Drummond was the inventor of the Drummond light.

[4] DISRAELI: *Sybil, book i. chap. xi.*

SAMUEL LOVER. 1797–1868.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild-raging sea.

The Angel's Whisper.

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.[1] *Rory O' More.*

For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.[2] *Ibid.*

"That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," [3] says Rory O'More.

Ibid

As she sat in the low-backed car
The man at the turn-pike bar
Never asked for the toll
But just rubbed his auld poll
And looked after the low-backed car.

The low-backed Car.

Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 't is dhrames and not slape that comes into my head!

Molly Carew.

And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me.

Widow Machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs. *Ibid.*

[1] See Scott, page 482.
[2] See Middleton, page 172.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 46.

McDONALD CLARKE. 1798–1842.

Whilst twilight's curtain spreading far,
Was pinned with a single star.[1]

Death in Disguise. Line 227. (*Boston edition, 1833.*)

Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell;
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years —
The horrible Light-house of Hell! *The Rum-hole.*

—•—

THOMAS HOOD. 1798–1845.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be, —
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

Sonnet. Silence.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Ibid.*

[1] *Variant:* While twilight's curtain gathering far
Is pinned with a single diamond star.
Mrs. Child says: "He thus describes the closing day: —
'Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.'"
See Hood: *Dream of Eugene Aram.* "And drew my midnight curtain with fingers bloody red." Cf. W. R. Alger, *The Use of the Moon.*
The moon is a silver pinhead vast
That holds the heavens' tent-hangings fast.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
It never came a minute too soon
Nor brought too long a day. *I remember, I remember.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy. *Ibid.*

She stood breast-high amid the corn
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won. *Ruth.*

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks. *Ibid.*

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? *Spring it is cheery.*

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. *Ode to Melancholy.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.[1] *Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

Oh would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
And have a good cry! *A Table of Errata.*

[1] See Burton, page 185.

Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square. *A plain Direction.*

For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying.* *Morning Meditations.*

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon. *Ibid.*

Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.
Miss Kilmansegg. Her Christening.

O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head! *Her Dream.*

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles. *Ibid.*

There's a double beauty whenever a swan
Swims on a lake with her double thereon.[1] *Her Honeymoon.*

Home-made dishes that drive one from home. *Ibid.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Her Moral.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. *Ibid*

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Another tumble! That's his precious nose!
Parental Ode to my infant Son.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Season.*

[1] See Wordsworth, page 474: The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch! *The Song of the Shirt.*

O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives![1] *Ibid.*

Sewing at once a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt. *Ibid.*

O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap! *Ibid.*

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief. *Ibid*

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread. *Ibid.*

A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress.
The Surplice Question.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence. *Ode. Autumn.*

Peace and rest at length have come
All the day's long toil is past,
And each heart is whispering, "Home,
Home at last." *Home at last.*

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms. *Faithless Nellie Gray.*

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing.
Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

[1] See Scott, page 493.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair! *Ibid.*

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun! *Ibid.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

No sun — no moon — no morn — no noon,
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day,
No warmth — no cheerfulness — no healthful ease,
No road, no street, no t' other side the way,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November! *November.*

No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious,
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull. *Ode to Rae Wilson.*

Each cloud-capt mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart 's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymn of gratitude and love. *Ibid.*

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell. *Faithless Sally Brown.*

That fierce thing
They call a conscience. *Lamia. Scene vii.*

ROBERT GILFILLAN. 1798–1850.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again! *The Exile's Song.*

—•—

GEORGE MACBETH MOIR. 1798–1851.

To me, through every season dearest;
In every scene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, forever bright;
My solitary sole delight:
Where'er I am, by shore, at sea,
I think of thee. *When Thou at Eve.*

—•—

GEORGE LINLEY. 1798–1865.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer. *Ever of Thee.*

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream.
Thou art gone.

Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer, —
The hope to meet again.

Oh, fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall those hours
When, wandering down the shady dell,
We gathered the wild-flowers.

Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To memory thou art dear.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.

I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly loved,
When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we roved. *Song.*[1]

ROBERT POLLOK. 1799–1827.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The Course of Time. Book i. Line 464.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life and gain the coast of bliss
Securely. *Book ii. Line 270.*

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed
And opened new fountains in the human heart.

Book iv. Line 684.

[1] This song was written and composed by Linley for Mr. Augustus Braham, and sung by him. It is not known when it was written, — probably about 1830.

Another song, entitled "Though lost to Sight, to Memory dear," was published in London in 1880, purporting to have been written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703 and published in the "Magazine for Mariners." That magazine, however, never existed, and the composer of the music acknowledged, in a private letter, that he copied the words from an American newspaper. The reputed author, Ruthven Jenkyns, was living, under another name, in California in 1882.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"[1]
And played familiar with his hoary locks.

The Course of Time. Book iv. Line 689.

'T was Slander filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. *Line 720.*

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in. *Book viii. Line 616.*

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out. *Line 632.*

COLONEL BLACKER.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry![2]

Oliver's Advice. 1834.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799–1859.

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop;[3] there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and by equal laws which it had framed.

Speech before the New England Society, Dec. 22, 1843.

[1] See Byron, page 548.

[2] There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about to cross a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry!" — HAYES: *Ballads of Ireland, vol. 1, p. 191.*

[3] The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop. — JUNIUS: *Letter xxxv. Dec. 19, 1769.* Compare the anonymous poem "The Puritans' Mistake," published by Oliver Ditson in 1844: —

"Oh, we are weary pilgrims; to this wilderness we bring
A Church without a bishop, a State without a King."

It [Calvinism] established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. — GEORGE BANCROFT: *History of the United States, vol. iii, chap. vi.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

Letter to the Whig Convention, Worcester, Oct. 1, 1855.

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities [1] of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence. *Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.*

The courage of New England was the "courage of Conscience." It did not rise to that insane and awful passion, the love of war for itself.

Address at Ipswich Centennial, 1834.

THOMAS NOEL. 1799–1861.

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper, whom nobody owns! *The Pauper's Ride.*

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise.

An old Man's Idyll.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY. 1800–1859.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy.

On Mitford's History of Greece. 1824.

[1] Six years earlier, Choate gave a lecture in Providence a review of which, by Franklin J. Dickman, appeared in the *Journal* of December 14, 1849. Unless Choate used the words "glittering generalities," and Dickman made reference to them, it would seem as if Dickman must have the credit of originating the catchword. He wrote:

"We fear that the glittering generalities of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent."

Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular. *On Mitford's History of Greece. 1824.*

Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. *Ibid.*

We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. *On Milton. 1825.*

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Ibid.*

Our academical Pharisees. *Ibid.*

The dust and silence of the upper shelf. *Ibid.*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind. *Ibid.*

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the Devil.[1] *On Niccolo dei Machiavelli. 1825.*

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim. *Ibid.*

The English Bible, — a book which if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power. *On John Dryden. 1828.*

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar. *Ibid.*

A man possessed of splendid talents, which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art, but who in that department succeeded pre-eminently. *Ibid.*

[1] See Butler, page 215.

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. *On Moore's Life of Lord Byron. 1830.*

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ibid. 1830.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, — a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife. *Ibid.*

That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. *On Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 1831.*

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. *On Horace Walpole. 1833.*

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! — To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity; to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries!

On Boswell's Life of Johnson (Croker's ed.). *1831.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.[1]

On Sir William Temple. 1838.

He was a rake among scholars and a scholar among rakes. *Review of Aiken's Life of Addison.*

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand

[1] See Pope, pages 331–332.

on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.[1] *On Ranke's History of the Popes. 1840.*

The chief-justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

On Warren Hastings. 1841.

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet

[1] The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824 in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's Greece, and he repeated it in his review of Mill's "Essay on Government" in 1829.

What cities, as great as this, have . . . promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee, No. iv.* (1759.) *A City Night-Piece.*

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — VOLNEY: *Ruins, chap. ii.*

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra. — HORACE WALPOLE: *Letter to Mason, Nov. 24, 1774.*

Where now is Britain?

. . . .

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Time.*

In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians. — SHELLEY: *Dedication to Peter Bell the Third.*

resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

On Warren Hastings. 1841.

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America. *On Frederic the Great. 1842.*

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other. *Ibid.*

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely. *Southey's Colloquies*

Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal or, in other words, a meddling government, a government which tells them what to read and say and eat and drink and wear. *Ibid.*

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm. *On Hallam's Constitutional History.*

Intoxicated with animosity. *Ibid.*

Those who compare the age in which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

History of England. Vol. i. Chap. i.

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.[1] *Ibid.*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen. *Chap. ii.*

See Bolingbroke, page 304.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.[1] *History of England. Vol. i. Chap. iii.*

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.[2] *On Lord Bacon.*

I have not the Chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half* knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.[3]

Letter to Macvey Napier, Dec. 17, 1830.

These be the great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.

The Battle of Lake Regillus.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Lays of ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.

The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old. *xxxii.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge. *lxx.*

The sweeter sound of woman's praise.

Lines written in August, 1847.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

[1] Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian: the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. — HUME: *History of England, vol. i. chap. lxii.*

[2] See Tennyson: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

[3] I wish I were as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything. William Windham (1750–1810).

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?
The Battle of Naseby.

Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons.[1]
Political Georgics.

J. AUGUSTUS WADE. 1800–1875.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale!
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night-flowers their queen.
Nay, turn not away that sweet head,
'T is the loveliest ever was seen.
Meet me by Moonlight.

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,
Or say for thee I'd die.
Ah, well-a-day, the sweetest melody
Could never, never say, one half my love for thee.
'T were vain to tell.

LORD CHARLES NEAVES. 1800–1876.

Pouter, tumbler and fantail are from the same source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one horse;
So men were developed from monkeys of course,[2]
Which nobody can deny. *The Origin of Species.*

[1] Macaulay, in a letter, June 29, 1831, says "I sent these lines to the 'Times' about three years ago."
[2] See Lord Beaconsfield, page 625.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. 1800–1886.

His food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body.

Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men. *Ibid.*

An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine. *Ibid.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. *Ibid.*

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like; and then we build it up,
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand, —
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore. *Ibid.*

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. *Ibid.*

—•—

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. 1801–1872.

The Constitution devotes the national domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution.

Speech, March 11, 1850.

It [the antagonism between freedom and slavery] is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces. *Speech, Oct. 25, 1858*

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.
(1801–1890).

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
The Pillar of the Cloud.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile. *Ibid.*

Growth is the only evidence of life.
Dr. Scott, cited by Cardinal Newman.

It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God. *Dream of Gerontius.*

Where good and ill together blent,
Wage an undying strife. *A Martyr Convert.*

There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower,
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies. *Solitude.*

Time hath a taming hand. *Persecution.*

A great memory does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar.
Knowledge in Relation to Culture.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY. 1802–1828.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven. *A Health.*

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words. *Ibid*

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes.
A Serenade

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. 1802–1839.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older:
How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of friendship colder.
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine

She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced — O Heaven, her dancing!
The Belle of the Ball.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker. *School and Schoolfellows.*

I remember, I remember [1]
How my childhood fleeted by, —
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

[1] See Thomas Hood: under same title, page 592.

His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings. *Quincé.*

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy;
Sometimes for years and years together,
She 'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honour, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence; —
Then in a moment — Presto, pass! —
Your joys are withered like the grass;
The haunted Tree.

John Bull was beat at Waterloo!
They 'll swear to that in France. *Waterloo.*

Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man. *The talented Man.*

GEORGE POPE MORRIS. 1802–1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough![1]
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
Woodman, spare that Tree! 1830.

A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation![2]
The Flag of our Union.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever! *Ibid.*

[1] See Campbell, page 516. [2] See Key, page 517.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*

In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die. *My Mother's Bible.*

ALBERT GORTON GREENE. 1802–1868.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We never shall see more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.[1] *Old Grimes.*

Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine:
There's life and strength in every drop, — thanksgiving to the vine! *The Baron's last Banquet.*

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. 1802–1880.

Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat,
And thou alone art there.
Marius amid the Ruins of Carthage.

Genius hath electric power
Which earth can never tame,
Bright suns may scorch and dark clouds lower,
Its flash is still the same. *Ibid.*

[1] John Lee is dead, that good old man, —
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat
All buttoned down before.
To the memory of John Lee, who died May 21, 1823.
An Inscription in Matherne Churchyard.

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone, —
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned down before.
HALLIWELL: *Nursery Rhymes of England, p. 60.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

Suppositious Speech of James Otis. The Rebels, Chap. iv.

GERALD GRIFFIN. (1803–1840).

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name. *A Place in thy Memory.*

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy and woe?
Only the constant know!—
Eileen aroon! *Eileen aroon.*

LAMAN BLANCHARD. 1803–1845.

Sooth 't were a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do
But just to blow a shepherd's reed,
The silent season thro'
And just to drive a flock to feed, —
Sheep — quiet, fond and few!

Dolce far Niente. Stanza 1.

Give me to live with Love alone
And let the world go dine and dress;
For Love hath lowly haunts . . . .
If life's a flower, I choose my own —
'T is "love in Idleness." *Stanza 4.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1803–1857.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling. *Ibid.*

That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment.

A comic Author.

The best thing I know between France and England is the sea. *The Anglo-French Alliance.*

The life of the husbandman, — a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven.

The Husbandman's Life.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it. *Meeting Troubles half-way.*

Earth is here [Australia] so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest. *A Land of Plenty.*

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment. *Ugly Trades.*

A blessed companion is a book, — a book that fitly chosen is a life-long friend. *Books.*

He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad.

A charitable Man.

As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate;" and the water, put nought in in malice. *Shakespeare Grog.*

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps. *A matter-of-fact Man.*

That questionable superfluity — small beer.

The Tragedy of the Till.

SARAH HELEN POWER WHITMAN. 1803–1878.

Star of resplendent front! Thy glorious eye
Shines on me still from out yon clouded sky.

Arcturus (*To Edgar Allen Poe*).

Tell him I lingered alone on the shore,
Where we parted, in sorrow, to meet nevermore;
The night-wind blew cold on my desolate heart
But colder those wild words of doom, — "Ye must part."

Our Island of Dreams.

The sweet imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

The Portrait. (*Of Poe.*)

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through the fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

A still Day in Autumn.

Enchantress of the stormy seas,
Priestess of Night's high mysteries.

Moonrise in May.

The summer skies are darkly blue,
The days are still and bright,
And Evening trails her robes of gold
Through the dim halls of Night.[1] *Summer's Call.*

Raven from the dim dominions
On the Night's Plutonian shore,[2]
Oft I hear thy dusky pinions
Wave and flutter round my door —
See the shadow of thy pinions
Float along the moonlit floor. *The Raven.*

[1] LONGFELLOW: I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls.

[2] See Poe: *The Raven*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803–1882.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone. *Each and All*

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. *Ibid.*

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I like a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowléd churchman be. *The Problem.*

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *Ibid.*

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew:
The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
Who steer the plough, but can not steer their feet
Clear of the grave. *Hamatreya.*

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine.[1] *Good Bye.*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.[2] *The Rhodora.*

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.[3] *Ode, inscribed to W. H. Channing.*

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so. *Ode to Beauty.*

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive. *Give all to Love.*

Love not the flower they pluck and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names. *Blight.*

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.[4]
Hymn sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument.

[1] See Byron, page 544.

[2] See Mrs. Browning: *Aurora Leigh, Book I:*

The beautiful seems right,
By force of beauty.

[3] I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. — RUMBOLD (when on the scaffold).

[4] No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around.
MILTON: *Hymn of Christ's Nativity, line 31.*

What potent blood hath modest May! *May-Day.*

And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form. *Ibid.*

And every man, in love or pride,
Of his fate is never wide. *Nemesis.*

None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have. *Boston Hymn. 1863.*

Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire. *Ode, Concord, July 4, 1857.*

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue. *Ibid.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can! *Voluntaries.*

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore. *Ibid.*

Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit. *Solution.*

Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes. *In Memoriam.*

Nor mourn the unalterable Days
That Genius goes and Folly stays. *Ibid.*

Fear not, then, thou child infirm;
There's no god dare wrong a worm. *Compensation.*

He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread. *Beauty.*

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill! *Suum Cuique.*

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

Quatrains. Nature.

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply, —
"'T is man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die." *Sacrifice.*

For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail? *Boston.*

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again. *Brahma.*

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome. *Wood-notes.*

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care. *To the humble Bee.*

Thou animated torrid-zone. *Ibid.*

In the vaunted works of Art
The master-stroke is Nature's part.[1] *Art.*

If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.[2] *Nature. Addresses and Lectures. The American Scholar.*

There is no great and no small [3]
To the Soul that maketh all;
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

Essays. First Series. Epigraph to History.

[1] Also in *Society and Solitude: Art.* Nature paints the best part of a picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration.

[2] Everything comes if a man will only wait. — DISRAELI: *Tancred, book iv. chap. viii.*

[3] See Pope, page 316.

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. *History.*

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. *Ibid.*

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. *Ibid.*

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs. *Self-Reliance.*

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. *Ibid.*

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. *Ibid.*

To be great is to be misunderstood. *Ibid.*

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. *Ibid.*

The man in the street does not know a star in the sky. *Ibid.*

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. *Ibid.*

Everything in Nature contains all the powers of Nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff. *Compensation.*

It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. *Ibid.*

Men are better than their theology. *Ibid.*

All mankind love a lover. *Love.*

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays. *Epigraph to Friendship.*

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature. *Friendship.*

Every sweet has its sour; every evil its good. *Ibid.*

Thou art to me a delicious torment. *Ibid.*

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. *Ibid.*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. *Ibid.*

And with Cæsar to take in his hand the army, the empire, and Cleopatra, and say, "All these will I relinquish if you will show me the fountain of the Nile."

New England Reformers.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. *Ibid.*

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others.

Representative Men. Uses of Great Men.

Every hero becomes a bore at last. *Ibid.*

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? [1] *Ibid. Montaigne.*

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. *Shakespeare.*

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue. *English Traits. Race.*

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. *Manners.*

A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.

Aristocracy.

[1] See Davies, page 176.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do. *The Conduct of Life. Wealth.*

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. *Behaviour.*

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. *Ibid.*

Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better. *Considerations by the Way.*

God may forgive sins, he said, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth. *Society and Solitude.*

Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it. *Ibid. Art.*

Hitch your wagon to a star. *Civilization.*

I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue. *Books.*

Never read any book that is not a year old. *Ibid.*

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count. *Old Age.*

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. *Letters and Social Aims. Social Aims.*

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote. *Quotation and Originality.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. *Circles.*

The virtues of society are the vices of the saints. *Ibid.*

The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool. *Experience.*

In skating over thin ice our safety is our speed.

Prudence.

Shallow men believe in luck. *Worship.*

Heroism feels and never reasons and therefore is always right. *Heroism.*

The faith that stands on authority is not faith.

The Over-soul.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. *Intellect.*

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong. *Greatness.*

We boil at different degrees. *Eloquence.*

Can anybody remember when the times were not hard and money not scarce? *Works and Days.*

Self-trust is the first secret of success. *Success.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.[1]

Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." *Ibid.*

In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent. *Ibid.*

[1] There is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent. — BAYLE: *vol. ii. p. 779.*

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.

LOWELL: *For an Autograph.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

Progress of Culture. Phi Beta Kappa Address, July 18, 1867.

I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion.[1]

Lectures and Biographical Sketches. The Preacher.

RICHARD HENRY HENGEST HORNE.
1803–1884.

'T is always morning somewhere in the world.[2]

Orion. Book iii. Canto ii. (1843).

A sweet content
Passing all wisdom or its fairest flower. *Ibid.*

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard
Or fling it back upon an earlier time. *Ibid.*

Ye rigid Plowmen! Bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours.
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plow deep and straight with all your powers!

The Plow.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY. 1804–1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

[1] See Johnson, page 370.

[2] 'T is always morning somewhere. — LONGFELLOW: *Wayside Inn. Birds of Killingworth, stanza 16.*

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom. *The Devil's Progress.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore. *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*

Wake, soldier, wake, thy war-horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates, —
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust
And thy red falchion gathering rust.

The dead Trumpeter.

Gayly we glide in the gaze of the world
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs.

The convict Ship.

LEONARD HEATH [?].

On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over his grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle;
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again!

The Grave of Bonaparte.[1]

[1] This poem attributed to Leonard Heath was set to music by Lyman Heath (1804–1870). The author is still unknown.

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
But like thine own eagle that soars to the sun
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal hath won.
Tho' nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain:
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

The Grave of Bonaparte.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
1804–1881.

I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.[1] *Maiden Speech in the House of Commons. 1837.*

Free trade is not a principle, it is an expedient.[2]

On Import Duties, April 25, 1843.

The noble lord [3] is the Rupert of debate.[4]

Speech, April, 1844.

The Right Honorable gentleman [5] caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes.

Speech, House of Commons, Feb. 28, 1845.

A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.

Speech on agricultural Interests, March 17, 1845.

A precedent embalms a principle.

Speech on the Expenditures of the Country, Feb. 22, 1848.

Justice is truth in action. *Speech, Feb. 11, 1851.*

[1] See W. L. Garrison, page 633: I will be heard.
[2] It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory. — GROVER CLEVELAND: *Annual Message, 1887. Reference to the Tariff.*
[3] Lord Stanley.
[4] See Bulwer, page 631.
[5] Sir Robert Peel.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

Speech, Jan. 24, 1860.

Posterity is a most limited assembly. Those gentlemen who reach posterity are not much more numerous than the planets. *Speech, June 3, 1862.*

The characteristic of the present age is craving credulity.

Speech at Oxford Diocesan Conference, Nov. 25, 1864.

What is the question now placed before society with the glib assurance which to me is most astonishing? That question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence those new fangled theories.

Ibid.

Ignorance never settles a question.

Speech, House of Commons, May 14, 1866.

Individualities may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.

Speech at Manchester, 1866.

However gradual may be the growth of confidence, that of credit requires still more time to arrive at maturity.

Speech, Nov. 9, 1867.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Speech, June 24, 1870.

The author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.

Speech, Nov. 19, 1870.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.

Speech to the Conservatives of Manchester, April 3, 1872.

A university should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning. *Speech, House of Commons, March 8, 1873.*

A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and gifted with an egotistical

imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself.

Speech at Riding School, London, July 27, 1878.

A series of congratulatory regrets.

Lord Hartington's Resolutions on the Berlin Treaty, July 30, 1878.

The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.

Speech, Guildhall, London, Nov. 9, 1878.

The microcosm of a public school.

Vivian Grey, Book i. Chap. ii.

I hate definitions. *Book ii. Chap. vi.*

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We can not learn men from books.

Book v. Chap. i.

Variety is the mother of Enjoyment. *Chap. iv.*

There is moderation even in excess. *Book vi. Chap. i.*

I repeat . . . that all power is a trust; that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist.[1]

Chap. vii.

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. *Ibid.*

The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth: let us hope that the heritage of old age is not despair. *Book viii. Chap. iv.*

A dark horse[2] which had never been thought of, and which the careless St. James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph.

The young Duke. Book i. Chap. v.

[1] See Webster, page 532. Also Theodore Parker, page 694 and Lincoln, page 661.

[2] A political phrase common in the United States.

Nature is more powerful than education; time will develop everything.[1] *Contarini Fleming, Part i. Chap. xiii.*

With words we govern men. *Chap. xxi.*

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.
Part iv. Chap. v.

Though lions to their enemies they were lambs to their friends. *The infernal Marriage. Part ii. Chap. iv.*

But what minutes! Count them by sensation, and not by calendars, and each moment is a day, and the race a life. *Sybil. Book i. Chap. ii.*

The Duke of Wellington brought to the post of first minister immortal fame, — a quality of success which would almost seem to include all others. *Chap. iii.*

The Egremonts had never said anything that was remembered, or done anything that could be recalled. *Ibid.*

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. *Chap. v.*

Principle is ever my motto, not expediency.
Book ii. Chap. ii.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.[2] *Chap. xi.*

Little things affect little minds. *Book iii. Chap. ii.*

We all of us live too much in a circle. *Chap. vii.*

Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.[3] *Book iv. Chap. v.*

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations. *Chap. viii.*

There is no wisdom like frankness. *Chap. ix.*

[1] La Nature a été en eux plus forte que l'éducation. — VOLTAIRE: *Vie de Molière.*

[2] See Drummond, page 589. [3] See Johnson, page 371.

A public man of light and leading. *Sybil. Book v. Chap. i.*

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.
Book vi. Chap. xiii.

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime.
Henrietta Temple. Book ii. Chap. i.

What we anticipate seldom occurs;[1] what we least expected generally happens. *Chap. iv.*

Time is the great physician. *Book vi. Chap. ix.*

Nature has given us two ears but only one mouth.
Chap. xxiv.

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. *Coningsby. Book iii. Chap. i.*

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth.
Ibid.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes. *Ibid.*

The frigid theories of a generalizing age.
Book ix. Chap. vii.

He was fresh and full of faith that "something would turn up." *Tancred. Book iii. Chap. vi.*

Everything comes if a man will only wait.[2]
Book iv. Chap. viii. (1847).

The world is wearied of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians. *Lothair. Chap. xvii.*

That when a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire. *Chap. xxviii.*

Every woman should marry — and no man. *Chap. xxx.*

[1] See S. W. Foss, page 839.

[2] See Emerson, page 617.

All things come round to him who will but wait. — LONGFELLOW: *Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Student's Tale.* (1862).

You know who critics are? — the men who have failed in literature and art.[1] *Lothair. Chap. xxxv.*

"My idea of an agreeable person," said Hugo Bohun, "is a person who agrees with me." *Ibid.*

His Christianity was muscular. *Endymion. Chap. xiv.*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. *Chap. lii.*

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right. *Chap. lxx.*

"As for that," said Waldenshare, "sensible men are all of the same religion." "Pray, what is that?" inquired the Prince. "Sensible men never tell." [2] *Chap. lxxxi.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.[3] *Chap. xcvi.*

MARY HOWITT. 1804–1888.

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every sea.
Old England is our Home.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly;
"'T is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."
The Spider and the Fly.

The wild sea roars and lashes the granite cliffs below,
And round the misty islets the loud strong tempests blow.
The Sea-Fowler.

[1] See Coleridge, page 505, and Shelley, in note, *ibid.*

[2] See Johnson, page 370.

An anecdote is related of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621–1683), who, in speaking of religion, said, "People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion." To the inquiry of "What religion?" the Earl said, "Men of sense never tell it." — BURNET: *History of my own Times, vol. i. p. 175, note* (edition 1833).

[3] See Stowell, page 437.

Yes, in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers, —
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.

The poor Man's Garden.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1805–1848.

Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee! *Nearer, my God, to Thee.*

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

He sendeth Sun, he sendeth Shower.

Once have a priest for enemy, good bye
To peace. *Vivia Perpetua. Act iii. Sc. ii.*

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 1805–1873.

Rank is a great beautifier.

The Lady of Lyons. Act ii. Sc. i.

Curse away!
And let me tell thee, Beauseant, a wise proverb
The Arabs have, — "Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost." *Act v. Sc. ii.*

You speak
As one who fed on poetry. *Richelieu. Act i. Sc. vi.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.[1] *Act ii. Sc. ii.*

Ambition has no risk. *Act iii. Sc. i.*

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it. *Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As "fail." *Ibid.*

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun.
Act v. Sc. iii.

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of debate![2]
The New Timon. (1846). Part i.

Alone! — that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word ALONE! *Part ii.*

Two lives that once part are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other a sea; —
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be![3] *A Lament.*

Memory, no less than hope, owes its charm to "the far away." *Ibid.*

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;

[1] See Burton, page 189.
[2] In April, 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus alluded to Lord Stanley: "The noble lord is the Rupert of debate."
[3] Ships that pass in the night. See Longfellow, page 644.

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea. *When Stars are in the quiet Skies.*

Buy my flowers, — oh buy, I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar. *Buy my Flowers.*

There are times when the mirth of others only saddens us, especially the mirth of children with high spirits, that jar on our own quiet mood. *Kenelm Chillingly.*

The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan. *Night and Morning. Chap. vi.*

Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame — to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell. *Last of the Barons. Book v. Chap. i.*

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.
The Disowned. Chap. xxxiii.

The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.
Chap. xlii.

The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells. *Eugene Aram. Book i. Chap. vii.*

Fate laughs at probabilities. *Chap. x.*

In science, read, by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classics are always modern.
Caxtoniana: Hints on Mental Culture.

—•—

EDWIN RANSFORD. 1805–1876.

In the days when we went gypsying
A long time ago;
The lads and lassies in their best
Were drest from top to toe.
In the Days when we went Gypsying.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1806–1884.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

Sparkling and Bright.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. 1805–1879.

My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind.[1] *Prospectus of the Public Liberator, 1830.*

I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard![2] *Salutatory of the Liberator, Jan. 1, 1831.*

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. *The Liberator. Vol. i. No. 1, 1831.*

The compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.[3] *Resolution adopted by the Antislavery Society, Jan. 27, 1843.*

[1] Socrates said he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world. — PLUTARCH: *On Banishment.*

Diogenes, when asked from what country he came, replied, "I am a citizen of the world." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good. — THOMAS PAINE: *Rights of Man, chap. v.*

This famous motto of Garrison's appears in several different forms. On the first number of the *Liberator* in 1831, the *my* was changed to *our.* In the *Prospectus* of December 15, 1837, it read: Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind.

[2] See Disraeli's maiden speech, page 624. The time will come when you will hear me.

[3] We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. — *Isaiah xxviii. 15*

With reasonable men, I will reason; with humane men I will plead; but to tyrants I will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost.

Life. Vol. i. Page 188.

Since the creation of the world there has been no tyrant like Intemperance, and no slaves so cruelly treated as his.

Page 268.

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never. *Page 402.*

The Sabbath, as now recognized and enforced, is one of the main pillars of Priestcraft and Superstition, and the stronghold of a merely ceremonial Religion.

Vol. iii. Page 224.

Wherever there is a human being, I see God-given rights inherent in that being, whatever may be the sex or complexion. *Page 390.*

The success of any great moral enterprise does not depend upon numbers. *Page 473.*

You can not possibly have a broader basis for any government than that which includes all the people, with all their rights in their hands, and with an equal power to maintain their rights. *Vol. iv. Page 224.*

ISAAC McLENNAN. 1806–1899.

New England's dead. New England's dead!
  On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
  By bloody victory. *New England's Dead.*

The land is holy where they fought
  And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
  The land they loved so well. *Ibid.*

ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 1807–1855.

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.[1]

The Omnipresence of the Deity. Part i.

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount.[2] *Ibid.*

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thundered its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth. *Luther. Man's Need and God's Supply.*

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night.

The starry Heavens.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS. 1807–1858.

Many mellow Cydonian suckets
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysophrase glowing
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee. *Rosalie Lee.*

[1] See Byron, page 547.

[2] We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders or can possibly meander level with the fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards. — MACAULAY: *Review of Montgomery's Poems* (Eleventh Edition). *Edinburgh Review, April, 1830.*

These lines were omitted in the subsequent edition of the poem.

In the music of the morns
Blown through the Conchimarian horns,
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
To the Genius of Eternity
Crying, "Come to me! Come to me!"

The Poet's Vacation.

On the beryl-rimmed rebecs of Ruby
Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,
She played on the banks of the Yuba
Such songs as she heard in her dreams. *Lily Adair.*

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg for ever —
So shall this dark heart of mine!

To Allegra Florence in Heaven.

As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the achromatic white light of Heaven, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea.

Preface to Eonchs of Ruby.

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND. 1807–1864.

The very mudsills of society. . . . We call them slaves. . . But I will not characterize that class at the North with that term; but you have it. It is there, it is everywhere; it is eternal. *Speech in the U. S. Senate, March, 1858.*

CHARLES JEFFERYS. 1807–1865.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,
The waves are brightly glowing. *The Moonlit Sea.*

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea. *The Rose of Allandale.*

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three." *Charity.*

Come, wander with me, for the moonbeams are bright
On river and forest, o'er mountain and lea.
Come, wander with me.

A word in season spoken
May calm the troubled breast. *A Word in Season.*

The bud is on the bough again,
The leaf is on the tree. *The Meeting of Spring and Summer.*

I have heard the mavis singing
Its love-song to the morn;
I 've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born. *Mary of Argyle.*

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.
We have lived and loved together.

HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, LADY DUFFERIN.
1807–1867.

I 'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side.
Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye. *Ibid.*

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But oh they love the better still
The few our Father sends! *Ibid.*

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
1807–1882.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write![1]

Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.[2]

A Psalm of Life.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul. *Ibid.*

Art is long, and time is fleeting,[3]
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.[4] *Ibid.*

[1] See Philip Sidney, page 34.

[2] Things are not always what they seem. — PHÆDRUS: *Fables, book iv. Fable 2.*

[3] See Chaucer, page 6.

Art is long, life is short. — GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister, vii. 9.* Hippocrates is supposed to have originated this saying which is better known in Latin: Ars longa, vita brevis est.

[4] Our lives are but our marches to the grave. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Humorous Lieutenant, act. iii. sc. 5.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A Psalm of Life.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate; [1]
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait. *Ibid.*

There is a reaper whose name is Death,[2]
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will.

The Light of Stars.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong, —
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

[1] See Byron, page 553.

[2] There is a Reaper whose name is death. — ARNIM AND BRENTANO. *Erntelied.* (From "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," ed. 1857, vol. i. p. 59.)

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest![1] *It is not always May*

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary. *The rainy Day.*

The prayer of Ajax was for light.[2] *The Goblet of Life.*

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried! *Ibid.*

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the Sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me. *The Secret of the Sea.*

Books are sepulchres of thought. *Wind over the Chimney.*

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood.*

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands; life hath snares! *Ibid.*

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.[3]

The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.

[1] In last year's nests
This year no sparrow rests.
CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. lxxiv.*
En los nidos de antaño
No hay pajaros hogano.
See FRANÇOIS VILLON:
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?
Where are the snows of yester year?
ROSSETTI'S translation.

[2] The light of Heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.
POPE: *The Iliad, book xvii. line 730.*

[3] See Byron, page 553.

A banner with the strange device. *Excelsior.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed, —
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.
A Gleam of Sunshine.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is done.*

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. *Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. *Ibid.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
The Building of the Ship.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, —
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith trumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee! *Ibid.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
The Fire of Drift-wood.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair. *Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Resignation.*

But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise. *Ibid.*

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps. *Ibid.*

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. *Ibid.*

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead. *Ibid.*

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere. *The Builders.*

This is the forest primeval. *Evangeline. Part i.*

Alike were they free from
Fear that reigns with the tyrant, and envy the vice of republics. *Part i. 1.*

Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor and the poorest lived in abundance. *Ibid.*

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. *Ibid.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. *Part i. 3.*

Talk not of wasted affection! affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment. *Evangeline. Part ii. 1.*

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. *Ibid.*

And as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Part ii. 5.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.[1]
The Ladder of Saint Augustine.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night. *Ibid.*

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
The Herons of Elmwood.

He has singed the beard of the king of Spain.[2]
The Dutch Picture.

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books. *Morituri salutamus.*

[1] I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
TENNYSON: *In Memoriam, i.*

[2] Sir Francis Drake entered the harbour of Cadiz, April 19, 1587, and destroyed shipping to the amount of ten thousand tons lading. To use his own expressive phrase, he had "singed the Spanish king's beard." — KNIGHT: *Pictorial History of England, vol. iii. p. 215.*

With useless endeavour
Forever, forever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain!

The Masque of Pandora. Chorus of the Eumenides.

All things come round to him who will but wait.[1]

Tales of a Wayside Inn. Part i. The Student's Tale.

A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society.

Ibid. The Poet's Tale. Part i. The Birds of Killingworth.

Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,[2]
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence.

Part iii. The Theologian's Tale: Elizabeth. iv.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend. iv.

Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

Translation from Frithiof's Saga.

[1] See Emerson, page 617.

[2] And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

THOMAS MOORE: *Meeting of the Ships.*

Two lives that once pass are as ships that divide.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. *A Lament.*

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *A Life Drama.*

As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,
O friend! so I met and then parted from thee.

W. R. ALGER: *The brief chance Encounter.*

As vessels starting from ports thousands of miles apart pass close to each other in the naked breadths of the ocean, nay, sometimes even touch in the dark.

HOLMES: *Professor at the Breakfast Table.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
  Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
  He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.[1]

Motto, Hyperion. Book i.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
  Must love and joy and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish
  And in itself to ashes burn. *Book ii.*

I heard the trailing garments of the Night[2]
Sweep through her marble halls. *Hymn to Night.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

All your strength is in your union
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together. *The Song of Hiawatha. Part i.*

Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings. *Part ix.*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other. *Part x.*

[1] Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
  Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
  Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.
GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister, book ii. chap. xiii.*

[2] See Mrs. Sarah Whitman, page 613.

Oh the long and dreary Winter!
Oh the cold and cruel Winter!

The Song of Hiawatha. Part xx.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.[1] *The Courtship of Miles Standish. Part iv.*

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation.[2]

Part v.

It is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Part vi.

He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment.

Part vi.

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

My lost Youth.

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise. *Santa Filomena.*

His form was ponderous and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "I told you so." *Ibid.*

Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

Lady Wentworth.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;

[1] See Stoughton, page 266. [2] Plymouth Rock.

Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

The Castle-builder.

Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods.

The Masque of Pandora. ii.

Every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain. *viii.*

He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes. *The Hanging of the Crane.*

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day. *Keramos.*

Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds
Or what it can not find creates. *Ibid.*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time. *The Builders.*

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth. *The Singers.*

The long mysterious exodus of death.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead. *Children.*

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee. *From the German (In Hyperion).*

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again. *Vittoria Colonna.*

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

Hyperion. Book iv. Chap. viii.

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.[1]

Kavanagh.

There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery.[2] *Inferno. Canto v. Line 121.*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. 1807–1886.

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.

Despatch to Earl Russell. Sept. 5, 1863.

[1] Quoted from Cotton's "To-morrow." See Genesis xxx. 3.

[2] Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. See Chaucer, page 5.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem (In every adversity of fortune, to have been happy is the most unhappy kind of misfortune). — Boethius: *De Consolatione Philosophiæ, liber ii.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
Tennyson: *Locksley Hall, line 75.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 1807–1892.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore;
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore! *Ichabod.*

When faith is lost, when honor dies
The man is dead! *Ibid.*

Making their lives a prayer.
To A. K. On receiving a Basket of Sea-Mosses.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary!" *Lines on Burns.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!" [1]
Maud Muller.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good.
Brown of Ossawatomie.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.
The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care. *The eternal Goodness.*

Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time. *The New Year.*

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;

[1] FRANCIS BRET HARTE: *Mrs. Judge Jenkins.*
More sad are these we daily see:
It is, but had n't ought to be.

And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man; *The Chapel of the Hermits.*

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.[1] *Ibid.*

Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart.
Mary Garvin.

Tradition wears a snowy beard, romance is always young.
Ibid.

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling. *A Dream of Summer.*

Beauty seen is never lost. *Sunset on the Bearcamp.*

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds. *Channing.*

Each crisis brings its word and deed. *The lost Occasion.*

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home. *To ——.*

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world,
The Armageddon of the race. *Rantoul.*

Nature speaks in symbols and in signs.
To Charles Sumner.

Who never wins can rarely lose,
Who never climbs as rarely falls. *To James T. Fields.*

[1] Mrs. Browning: *Aurora Leigh. Book vii.* See page 659.

To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay.
The Tent on the Beach.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away. *The Worship of Nature.*

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago. *Calef in Boston.*

Low stir of leaves and dip of oars
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.
Snow Bound.

All hearts confess the saints elect,
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity! *Ibid.*

Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own. *Ibid.*

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained. *My Triumph.*

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win. *Ibid.*

God is and all is well.[1] *My Birthday.*

[1] See Browning: *Pippa Passes.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS. 1808–1866.

'T is said that absence conquers love;
But oh believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

Absence conquers Love.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE. 1808–1873.

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States.

Decision in Texas v. *White, 7 Wallace, 725.*

No more slave States; no slave Territories.

Platform of the Free Soil National Convention, 1848.

The way to resumption is to resume.

Letter to Horace Greeley, March 17, 1866.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY. 1808–1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!

The brave old Oak.

Now gold hath sway; we all obey
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tost on the stormy sea. *Ibid.*

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone!
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone! *Ibid.*

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN NORTON, LADY MAXWELL. 1808–1877.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade.
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In fancy we played
But coldness dwells within thine heart
A cloud is on thy brow.
We have been friends together, —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been Friends.

I am listening for the voices
Which I heard in days of old. *The lonely Harp.*

Love not! love not! ye hopeless sons of clay;
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers —
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears. *Bingen on the Rhine.*

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning —
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning. *Ibid.*

Every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

O Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.

The Winter's Walk.

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm —
Not lost but gone before.

Not lost but gone before.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1808–1895.

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring. *America.*

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King! *Ibid.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1809–1849.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

A Dream within a Dream.

Sound loves to revel in a summer night. *Al Aaraaf*

Years of love have been forgot
In the hatred of a minute. *To ——.*

From a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down. *The City in the Sea.*

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night! *The Coliseum.*

This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago. *The haunted Palace.*

Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
To ——.

This maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
Annabel Lee.

Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells. *The Bells.*

Hear the mellow wedding bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight! *Ibid.*

And all my days are trances
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances
By what eternal streams. *To One in Paradise.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping. *The Raven.*

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor. *Ibid.*

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before. *The Raven.*

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamed before. *Ibid.*

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door, —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *Ibid.*

Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster. *Ibid.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — Nevermore! *Ibid.*

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome. *To Helen.*

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year. *Ulalume.*

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul, —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul. *Ibid.*

A Quixotic sense of the honorable — of the chivalrous.
Letter to Mrs. Whitman. Oct 18, 1848

The object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object, Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose.

The Philosophy of Composition.

I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty. Its sole arbiter is Taste.

The poetic Principle.

Can it be fancied that Deity ever vindictively
Made in his image a mannikin merely to madden it? [1]

The Rationale of Verse.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1806–1861.

There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world; oh, eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time! *A Vision of Poets.*

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine. *Ibid.*

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows when
The world was worthy of such men. *Ibid.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death. *Ibid. Conclusion.*

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west. *Toll slowly.*

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest. *Rhyme of the Duchess.*

[1] FitzGerald: *Omar Khayyám.*

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke.

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut deep
down the middle
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
humanity. *Lady Geraldine's Courtship. xli.*

But since he had
The genuis to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honoured in his grave.
Crowned and buried. xxvii.

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man.
To George Sand. A Desire.

By thunders of white silence. *Hiram Powers's Greek Slave.*

And that dismal cry rose slowly
And sank slowly through the air,
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair;
And they heard the words it said, —
"Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!
Pan, Pan is dead!" [1] *The dead Pan.*

She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid:
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.
Little Mattie. Stanza ii.

But so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware.
Bianca among the Nightingales. xii.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day. *The Lady's Yes.*

[1] Thamus . . . uttered with a loud voice his message, "The great Pan is dead." — PLUTARCH: *Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.*

Dreams of doing good
For good-for-nothing people. *Aurora Leigh. Book ii.*

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't. *Ibid.*

The beautiful seems right
By force of Beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. *Ibid.*

Every wish
Is like a prayer — with God.[1] *Ibid.*

Good critics, who have stamped out poets' hope,
Good statesmen, who pulled ruin on the state,
Good patriots, who for a theory risked a cause. *Book iv.*

Whoso loves
Believes the impossible. *Book v.*

The growing drama has outgrown such toys
Of simulated stature, face, and speech;
It also peradventure may outgrow
The simulation of the painted scene,
Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight, and costume,
And take for a worthier stage the soul itself,
Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of its rhythmic sounds. *Ibid.*

Since when was genius found respectable? *Book vi.*

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;[2]
And only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries. *Book vii.*

[1] See Montgomery, page 497. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.
[2] WHITTIER: *Chapel of the Hermits.*

PARK BENJAMIN. 1809–1864.

I'm king of the dead — and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold;
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold:
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin —
I gather them in, I gather them in! *The Old Sexton.*

Flowers are Love's truest language. *Sonnet.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809–1865.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. *Speech, June 16, 1858.*

Nobody has ever expected me to be president. In my poor, lean lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting. *Campaign Speech against Douglas.*[1]

Truth is generally the best vindication against slander.
Remark made when requested to dismiss Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.
Letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, who lost five sons killed in battle. Nov. 21, 1864.

[1] They have seen in his [Douglas's] round, jolly fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships and cabinet-appointments, chargeships and foreign missions, bursting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. *Ibid.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Address, Cooper Union, New York City, Feb. 27, 1860.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? *First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1861.*

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free, — honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. *Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862.*

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. *Letter to Horace Greeley, Aug. 22, 1862.*

Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Letter to Major-General Joseph Hooker, Jan. 26, 1863.

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.[1]

Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.

Reply to National Union League, June 9, 1864.

The Almighty has his own purposes.

Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two-hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the

See Daniel Webster, page 532.

sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,[1] let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations. *Ibid.*

Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. *Letters to Thurlow Weed, March 14, 1865.*

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time. *Remark attributed to Lincoln.*

MARK LEMON. 1809–1870.

Oh would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears!
When every tale Hope whispered then,
My fancy deemed was only truth.
Oh, would that I could know again,
The happy visions of my youth.

Oh would I were a Boy again.

Forth we went, a gallant band —
Youth, Love, Gold and Pleasure.

Last Song.

[1] See J. Q. Adams, page 458.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN. 1809–1882.

I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term Natural Selection. *The Origin of Species. Chap. iii.*

We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence.[1] *Ibid.*

The expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.[2] *Ibid.*

Physiological experiment on animals is justifiable for real investigation, but not for mere damnable and detestable curiosity. *Letter to E. Ray Lankester.*

I love fools' experiments. I am always making them. *Remark cited in "Life."*

As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities. *From Life and Letters.*

Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful. *Ibid.*

[1] The perpetual struggle for room and food. — MALTHUS: *On Population, chap. iii. p. 48* (1798).

[2] This survival of the fittest which I have here sought to express in mechanical terms, is that which Mr. Darwin has called "natural selection, or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." — HERBERT SPENCER: *Principles of Biology. Indirect Equilibration.*

EDWARD FITZGERALD.[1] 1809–1883.

Whether we wake or we sleep,
Whether we carol or weep,
The Sun with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time. *Chronomoros.*

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But in the general race,
They are traveling all the same pace. *Ibid.*

—•—

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON). 1809–1885.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. Stanza 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still. *The Brookside.*

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard. *Ibid.*

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace
Hides what they are. *Carpe Diem.*

[1] For translation of *Omar Khayyám*, see page 954.

Oh glory, that we wrestle
So valiantly with Time! *The Eld.*

Heaven was not Heaven if Phaon was not there.
A Dream of Sappho.

A poet's Mistress is a hallowed thing. *Tempe.*

Mohammed's truth lay in a holy Book,
Christ's in a sacred Life. *Mohammedanism.*

They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.
The Sayings of Rabia. iv.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me! *A Child's Song.*

ALFRED TENNYSON. 1809–1892.

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base. *To the Queen.*

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet. *Ibid.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?" *The Two Voices.*

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse. *Ibid.*

Tho' thou wert scattered to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind.[1] *Ibid.*

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death. *Ibid.*

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams. *Ibid.*

Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Miller's Daughter.*

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.[2] *Fatima. Stanza 3.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power. *Œnone.*

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence. *Ibid.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 5

[1] FitzGerald: *Omar Khayyám* (1868).
And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account should lose or know the type no more:
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us and will pour.
In the edition of 1889 the second line reads:
Account and mine, should know the like no more.

[2] See Marlowe, page 41.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife [1]
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 7.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.[2]
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year, —
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be queen o' the May. *The May Queen.*

Ah, why
Should life all labour be? *The Lotus-Eaters. iv.*

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.[3]

A Dream of fair Women. Stanza xxii.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone. *To J. S.*

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll. *Ibid.*

[1] This line stands in Moxon's edition of 1842, —
"The gardener Adam and his wife," —
and was restored by the author in his edition of 1873.
[2] See Chapman, page 37.
[3] See Pope, page 340.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change. *To J. S.*

More black than ash-buds in the front of March.
The Gardener's Daughter.

Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts;
Or all the same as if he had not been? *Love and Duty.*

The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
The set, gray life, and apathetic end. *Ibid.*

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year? *The golden Year.*

I am a part of all that I have met.[1] *Ulysses.*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use, —
As tho' to breathe were life! *Ibid.*

Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
And much delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy. *Ibid.*

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew. *Ibid.*

Here at the quiet limit of the world. *Tithonus.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall. Line 19.*

[1] See Byron, page 543.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music
out of sight. *Locksley Hall. Line 33.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse. *Line 49.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
things.[1] *Line 75.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Line 79.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daugh-
ter's heart. *Line 94.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour
feels. *Line 105.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-
thing new. *Line 117.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns. *Line 137.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. *Line 141.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
race. *Line 168.*

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.
Line 178.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves
of change. *Line 182.*

[1] See Longfellow, page 648.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Locksley Hall. Line 184.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

The Day-Dream. The Departure, i.

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him. *Ibid. iv.*

We are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times. *L' Envoi.*

As she fled fast through sun and shade
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid.

Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

For now the poet can not die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry.

To ——, after reading a Life and Letters.

But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. *The Brook.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law, —
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances. *Aylmer's Field.*

Insipid as the queen upon a card. *Ibid.*

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

Oh good gray head which all men knew! *Ibid.*

That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.

Ibid.

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
And never lost an English gun. *Stanza 6.*

Not once or twice in our rough-island story
The path of duty was the way to glory. *Stanza 8.*

All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

The Charge of the Light Brigade. Stanza 1.

Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. *Stanza 2.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them.

. . . . .

Into the jaws of death,[1]
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred. *Stanza 3.*

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

The Grandmother. Stanza 8.

[1] Jaws of death. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act iii. sc. 4.* DU BARTAS: *Weekes and Workes, day i. part 4.*

O Love! what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine!

The Daisy. Stanza 1.

So dear a life your arms enfold,
Whose crying is a cry for gold. *Stanza 24.*

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.[1]
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed. *The Flower.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

The Princess. Prologue. Line 141.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

Part i. Line 153.

Jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever. *ii. Line 355.*

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

iii. Line 352

O Love! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying.

Line 360.

There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun.

iv. Line 1.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair

[1] See Cowper, page 422.

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess. Part iv. Line 21.

Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

Line 33.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love, —
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
Oh death in life, the days that are no more! *Line 36.*

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees. *vii. Line 203.*

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Line 308.*

Let knowledge grow from more to more.

In Memoriam. Prologue. Line 25.

I held it truth, with him who sings [1]
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.[2] *i. Stanza 1.*

[1] The poet alluded to is Goethe. I know this from Lord Tennyson himself, although he could not identify the passage; and when I submitted to him a small book of mine on his marvellous poem, he wrote, "It is Goethe's creed," on this very passage. — Rev. Dr. GETTY (Vicar of Ecclesfield, Yorkshire).

[2] See Longfellow, page 643.

But for the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic-exercise
Like dull narcotics numbing pain.
In Memoriam. v. Stanza 2.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break. *vi. Stanza 2.*

And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire. *xv. Stanza 5*

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.[1] *xviii. Stanza 1.*

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.[2] *xxi. Stanza 6.*

The shadow cloaked from head to foot. *xxiii. Stanza 1.*

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Stanza 2.*

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. *Stanza 4.*

'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.[3] *xxvii. Stanza 4.*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. *xxxii. Stanza 1.*

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form. *xxxiii. Stanza 1.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 144; also FitzGerald, *Rubáiyát, xix.*

[2] I sing but as the linnet sings:

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet.

Goethe: *Wilhelm Meister, book ii, chap. xi*

[3] See Crabbe, page 444. Arthur Hugh Clough: *Peschiera.*

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
'T is better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all.

Congreve: *The Way of the World, Act ii. Scene i.*

Say what you will, 't is better to be left
Than never to have loved.

My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live for evermore.
In Memoriam. xxxiv. Stanza 1.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away. *xlviii. Stanza 4.*

Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *liii. Stanza 4.*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. *liv. Stanza 1.*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry. *Stanza 5.*

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. *lv. Stanza 2.*

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God. *Stanza 4.*

Who battled for the True, the Just. *lvi. Stanza 5.*

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance. *lxiv. Stanza 2.*

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne. *Stanza 3.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.[1] *lxxiii. Stanza 1.*

Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been. *lxxv. Stanza 4.*

[1] WHITTIER: *My Triumph*, page 651.

O last regret, regret can die!
In Memoriam. lxxviii. Stanza 5.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,[1]
Believe me, than in half the creeds. *xcvi. Stanza 3.*

He seems so near, and yet so far. *xcvii. Stanza 6.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky! *cvi. Stanza 1.*

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow! *Stanza 2.*

Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.[2] *Stanza 4.*

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in! *Stanza 5.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace! *cvi. Stanza 7.*

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand!
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be! *Stanza 8.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use. *cxi. Stanza 6*

Some novel power
Sprang up forever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much
In watching thee from hour to hour. *cxii. Stanza 3.*

[1] Pailey: Who never doubted never half believed.
[2] Kingsley: Purer science, holier laws.

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation swayed,
In vassal tides that followed thought.

In Memoriam. Stanza 4.

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower. *Conclusion. Stanza 10.*

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves. *Stanza 36.*

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.

Maud. Part I. ii.

That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull. *vi. Stanza 6.*

One still strong man in a blatant land. *x. Stanza 5.*

Gorgonized me from head to foot,
With a stony British stare. *xiii. Stanza 2.*

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone. *xxii. Stanza 1.*

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.

Part I. xxii. Stanza 9.

Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. *Part II. iv. Stanza 3.*

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.

Idylls of the King: Dedication. Line 629.

Large, divine and comfortable words.

Ibid. The Coming of Arthur. Line 267.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
Else, wherefore born? *Ibid. Gareth and Lynette. Line 117.*

Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love.

Idylls of the King: Gareth and Lynette. *Line 367.*

A man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings. *Line 422.*

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. *Line 574.*

I follow up the quest
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell. *Line 865.*

Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more. *Line 994.*

Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown. *Line 1230.*

For man is man and master of his fate [1]

Ibid. The Marriage of Geraint. *Line 355.*

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great. *Line 374.*

The useful trouble of the rain.

Ibid. Geraint and Enid. *Line 770.*

The world will not believe a man repents;
And this wise world of ours is mainly right. *Line 899.*

The whole wood-world is one full peal of praise.

Ibid. Balin and Balan. *Line 444.*

Mere white truth in simple nakedness. *Line 509.*

Woods have tongues
As walls have ears.[2] *Line 522.*

[1] W. E. Henley, page 829
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.
J. B. Kenyon: *A Challenge:*
Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.

[2] Chaucer: *The Knightes Tale.* That field have eyen and the wood hath ears.

As love, if love be perfect, casts out fear,
So hate, if hate be perfect, casts out fear.
Idylls of the King: Merlin and Vivien. Line 41.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all. *Line 386.*

Blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long. *Line 662.*

For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.
Line 812.
I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
All brave and many generous and some chaste.
Line 814.
I thought that he was gentle, being great;
O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart. *Line 869.*

There must be now no passages of love
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore. *Line 911.*

But friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all.
For who loves me must have a touch of earth.
Ibid. Lancelot and Elaine. Line 132.

Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes. *Line 154.*

The fire of God
Fills him. I never saw his like; there lives
No greater leader. *Line 314.*

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great. *Line 447.*

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love.

Idylls of the King: Lancelot and Elaine. *Line 672.*

The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true. *Line 870.*

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain. *Line 1000.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe. *Line 1082.*

Let love be free; free love is for the best
And after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? *Line 1370.*

True humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.

Ibid. *The holy Grail.* *Line 145.*

All the heavens
Opened and blazed with thunder such as seemed
Shoutings of all the sons of God. *Line 507.*

O great and sane and simple race of brutes
That own no lust because they have no law

Ibid. *Pelleas and Ettarre.* *Line 471.*

Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime.

Ibid. *The last Tournament.* *Line 197.*

I have had my day and my philosophies. *Line 319.*

The greater man the greater courtesy. *Line 628.*

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself. *Line 652*

For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may.

Idylls of the King: The last Tournament. Line 702.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind. *Ibid. Guinevere. Line 333.*

No more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man. *Line 475.*

For why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would? [1]

Ibid. The Passing of Arthur. Line 13.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new; [2]
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. *Line 408.*

I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound. *Line 424.*

"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark;
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark. *The first Quarrel.*

[1] FitzGerald: *Omar Khayyám* (1859) *xcix.*

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

[2] Also in *Coming of Arthur, line 508.*

My God, I would not live
Save that I think this gross hard-seeming world
Is our misshaping vision of the Powers
Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.
The Sisters.

The golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of truth. *Columbus.*

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet mother-land which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. *Tiresias.*

A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a prince's hall.
The Wreck.

The shell must break before the bird can fly.
The ancient Sage.

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.
Epilogue to The Charge of the heavy Brigade.

The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed. *Ibid.*

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word. *To Virgil.*

That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best. *Hands all round.*

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great;
Christian love among the Churches looked the twin of heathen hate. *Locksley Hall sixty Years after. Line 85.*

Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat.
Line 112.

You that woo the Voices — tell them "Old Experience is a fool";
Teach your flattered kings that only those who can not read can rule.

Locksley Hall sixty Years after. Line 131.

Authors — essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art. *Line 139.*

Who can fancy warless men?
Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon?
Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon? *Line 172.*

Yet the moonlight is the sunlight and the sun himself will pass. *Line 182.*

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere? *Line 197.*

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the Highest Human Nature is divine. *Line 275.*

Love will conquer at the last. *Line 280.*

What use to brood? This life of mingled pains
And joys to me,
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains
The Mystery. *To Mary Boyle.*

Be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth act what this wild Drama means.[1]

The Play

[1] FitzGerald: *Omar Khayyám.* He's a good Fellow and 't will all be well.

A mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up together.
Queen Mary. Act i. Sc. 4.

To persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes. *Act iii. Scene 4.*

In statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow. *Scene 6.*

My lord, you know what Virgil sings —
Woman is various and most mutable.[1] *Ibid.*

To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich —
Of such fine mould that if you sowed therein
The seed of Hate, it blossomed Charity. *Act iv. Scene 1.*

Remember that sore saying spoken once
By Him that was the Truth, 'How hard it is
For the rich man to enter into heaven!'
Let all rich men remember that hard word. *Scene 3.*

Come out, my lord, it is a world of fools.[2] *Ibid.*

Unalterably and pesteringly fond. *Act v Scene 1.*

In our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.
Harold. Act i. Scene 1.

Old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy, would only breed the past again.
Becket. Prologue.

Varium et mutabile femina. Aen. iv. l. 569.
Donna è mobile. *Rigoletto.*

[2] Boileau: Tous les hommes sont fous. See Carlyle, page 584.

Ambition
Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink
The more you thirst — yea — drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck — it drives you mad.
The Cup. Act i. Scene 3.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home. *Crossing the Bar.*

Forget thee . . .
Never —
Till Nature, high and low, and great and small
Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates
Sink again into Chaos. *Foresters. Act i. Scene 3.*

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day:
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away,
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past:
Sleep, happy soul, all life will sleep at last. *Ibid Song.*

None can truly write his single day,
And none can write it for him upon earth.
Life of Tennyson. Unpublished Sonnet.

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world
And touches him who made it. *Ibid. Vol. i.*

Like perfect music unto nobler words. *Ibid.*

Death's truer name
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the world beats time. *Ibid.*[1]

[1] See also, *Death of Duke of Clarence.*

A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and to the good under all change: lovely in youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart. *Life of Tennyson. Vol. i.*

The night with sudden odour reeled;
The southern stars a music pealed. *The Rosebud.*[1]

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 1809–1893.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?
Absence.

Maids must be wives and mothers to fulfil
The entire and holiest end of woman's being.
Woman's Heart.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
Lines addressed to the Young Gentleman leaving the Lenox Academy, Mass.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing. *Faith.*

Youth, with swift feet walks onward in the way;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slowly day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies. *Ibid.*

[1] Unpublished.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP. 1809–1894.

Our Country, — whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded[1] or described, and be the measurements more or less, — still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

Toast at Faneuil Hall on the Fourth of July, 1845.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

Address on Boston Common, 1862.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.

Letter to Boston Commercial Club in 1879.

The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime.

Yorktown Oration, 1881.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the elective franchise, — all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free.

Ibid.

[1] Toast offered by Stephen Decatur (1779–1820) at a public dinner at Norfolk, Va., April, 1816: Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

The same idea, called forth by the Mexican War, was expressed by John J. Crittenden of Kentucky: I hope to find my country in the right: nowever, I will stand by her, right or wrong

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809–1894.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky. *Old Ironsides.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale! *Ibid.*

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. *The last Leaf.*

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer! *Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound. *Ibid.*

You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of sentiment
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody
And break the legs of Time.
The Music Grinders.

And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Little I ask; my wants are few,
I only want a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brownstone will do,)
That I may call my own.[1] *Contentment.*

When the last reader reads no more. *The last Reader.*

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs.*
A rhymed Lesson. Urania.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee. *Army Hymn.*

Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it. *Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers! *The Poet's Lot.*

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
The Voiceless.

[1] Goldsmith: *The Hermit.*
"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long";
'T is not with me exactly so
But 't is so in the song.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses! *The Voiceless.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
The chambered Nautilus.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!
Voyage of the good Ship Union.

His home! the Western giant smiles,
And twirls the spotty globe to find it;
This little speck, the British Isles?
'T is but a freckle, — never mind it.
A good Time going.

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
And Honor turns with frown defiant,
And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
Laughs louder than the laughing giant. *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.
The Boys.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
How not to settle it.

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings.
A modest Request.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?

The Deacon's Masterpiece.

A general flavor of mild decay. *Ibid.*

It went to pieces all at once —
All at once and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst. *Ibid.*

The brightest blades grow dim with rust,
The fairest meadow white with snow.

Chanson without Music.

When lawyers take what they would give
And doctors give what they would take.

Latterday Warnings.

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold. *No Time like the old Time.*

God reigneth. All is well.[1] *Hymn at the Funeral Services of Charles Sumner.*

One unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above;
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed[2]
Can burn or blot it — God is love.

What we all think.

If we are only as the potter's clay
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,
And broken into shards if we offend
The eye of Him who made us, it is well. *Rights.*

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. i.*

[1] Browning: *Pippa Passes.* God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

[2] Browning: *Paracelsus.* God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. i.*

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. *Ibid. ii.*

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. *Ibid. vi.*

There is that glorious epicurean paradox uttered by my friend the historian,[1] in one of his flashing moments: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries." To this must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men: [2] "Good Americans when they die go to Paris." *Ibid.*

Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar. *Ibid.*

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city. *Ibid.*

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. *Ibid.*

Knowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned. *Ibid.*

The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of respectability. *Ibid. viii.*

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

On the Seventieth Birthday of Julia Ward Howe (May 27, 1899).

[1] John Lothrop Motley.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things." — PLUTARCH: *On the Love of Wealth.*

[2] Thomas Gold Appleton (1812–1884).

I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

Lecture, Harvard Medical School.[1]

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. 1809–1898.

To be engaged in opposing wrong affords, under the conditions of our mental constitution, but a slender guarantee for being right.

Time and Place of Homer. Introduction.

Decision by majorities is as much an expedient as lighting by gas.

Speech. House of Commons. 1858.

The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world.

Speech. Plumstead. 1878.

National injustice is the surest road to national downfall. *Ibid.*

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race.

Speech. Hawarden. May 28, 1890.

[1] Bishop William Crosswell Doane (1832–1913): *Lines on Homeopathy.*

Stir the mixture well
Lest it prove inferior,
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water,
You 'll be better soon
Or at least you oughter.

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810–1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.[1] *Ibid.*

—•—

THEODORE PARKER. 1810–1860.

Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere and produce its hundredfold.
A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.

Truth stood on one side and Ease on the other; it has often been so. *Ibid.*

Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. *Essay. A Lesson for the Day.*

A democracy, — that is a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people [2]; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom. *The American Idea: Speech at N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.*

All men desire to be immortal.
A Sermon on the Immortal Life. Sept. 20, 1846.

[1] Thomas Hood: *The Death Bed*, page 591. Phœbe Cary: *The Wife*, page 171.
[2] See Daniel Webster, page 532. Also see Abraham Lincoln, page 661.

WILLIAM MILLER. 1810–1872.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
Upstairs and dounstairs, in his nicht-goun,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? for it's nou ten o'clock."

Willie Winkie

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. 1810–1876.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains. *Christmas Song.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old. *The Angels' Song.*

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. *Ibid.*

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. 1810–1889.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

Of Education.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love. *Of Immortality.*

Error is a hardy plant: it flourisheth in every soil.

Of Truth in Things False.

Wait, thou child of hope, for Time shall teach thee all things. *Of Good in Things evil.*

Clamorous pauperism feasteth
While honest Labor, pining, hideth his sharp ribs.
Of Discretion.

Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech.
Ibid.

It is well to lie fallow for a while. *Of Recreation.*

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever. *Of Reading.*

Who can wrestle against Sleep? — Yet is that giant very gentleness. *Of Beauty.*

DANIEL CLEMENT COLESWORTHY. 1810–1893.

Ay, soon upon the stage of life,
Sweet, happy children, you will rise,
To mingle in its care and strife,
Or early find the peaceful skies.
Then be it yours, while you pursue
The golden moments, quick to haste
Some noble work of love to do,
Nor suffer one bright hour to waste.
School is out.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. 1811–1863.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.
Pendennis: At the Church Gate.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell
A moment yet the actor stops
  And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task:
  And when he's laughed and said his say
He shows, as he removes the mask,
  A face that's anything but gay.

The End of the Play

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree. *The Mahogany Tree.*

Werther had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Sorrows of Werther.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter. *Ibid.*

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin.
  Wait till you come to Forty Year.

The Age of Wisdom.

Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
As Doctor Martin Luther sang,
"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long." *A Credo.*

Remember, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman. *Pendennis. Book i. Chap. xxviii.*

How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy! *Book ii. Chap. xxxi.*

'T is strange what a man may do and a woman yet think him an angel. *Henry Esmond. Book i. Chap. vii.*

The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors. *The Newcomes. Book i. Chap. i.*

The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do? *Chap. xx.*

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes.[1] *Vanity Fair. Chap. iv.*

Bravery never goes out of fashion. *The Four Georges.*

HORACE GREELEY. 1811–1872.

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages.

The American Conflict.

A widow of doubtful age will marry almost any sort of a white man. *Letter to Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold.*

The masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them.

Acceptance of Liberal Republican Nomination as President. May 29, 1872.

[1] O. W. Holmes: *The Professor at the Breakfast Table:* I should like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.

Bernard Shaw: *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman:* The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men by women.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. 1811–1884.

Revolutions are not made; they come.

Speech. Jan. 28, 1852.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action. *Speech. Dec. 21, 1855.*

One on God's side is a majority.

Speech. Nov. 1, 1859.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last. *Ibid.*

Revolutions never go backward.

Speech. Feb. 12, 1861.

Aristocracy is always cruel.

Lecture: Toussaint l'Ouverture (1861).

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty or form, we are borrowers.

Lecture. The Lost Arts.

ALFRED DOMETT. 1811–1887.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Christmas Hymn.

JOHN BRIGHT. 1811–1889.

The right honorable gentleman [Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke] is the first of the new party who has retired into his political cave of Adullam and he has called about him everyone that was in distress and everyone that was discontented. *Speech, March, 1866.*

Force is no remedy. *On the Irish troubles, 1880.*

Had they [the Tories] been in the wilderness they would have complained of the Ten Commandments.
Remark

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 1811–1896.

It lies around us like a cloud —
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be. *The Other World.*

I 'spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

I's wicked I is. I's mighty wicked; anyhow I can't help it. *Ibid.*

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flyeth
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.[1] *Hymn.*

[1] See John G. C. Brainard, page 578. Also F. W. H. Myers, page 819.

CHARLES DICKENS. 1812–1870.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!

Nicholas Nickleby. Chap. xxxix.

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows. *Chap. lxiv.*

My life is one demd horrid grind. *Chap. lxiv.*

He had used the word in a Pickwickian sense.

Pickwick Papers. Chap. i.

Did it ever strike you on such a morning as this that drowning would be happiness and peace? *Chap. v.*

The wictim of connubiality. *Chap. xx.*

I am a lone lorn creetur and everythink goes contrairy with me. *David Copperfield. Chap. iii.*

Barkis is willin'. *Chap. v.*

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. *Chap. xii.*

I never will desert Mr. Micawber. *Ibid.*

Accidents will occur in the best regulated families.

Chap. xxvii.

Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, all very good words for the lips, — especially prunes and prism.

Little Dorrit. Book ii. Chap. v.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT. *Chap. x.*

Secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.

A Christmas Carol. Stave I.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.
A Christmas Carol. Stave 2.

He's tough, ma'am, — tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly. *Dombey and Son. Chap. vii.*

When found, make a note of. *Chap. xv.*

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. *Chap. xxiii.*

Oh, Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what lays before us! *Martin Chuzzlewit. Chap. i.*

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that. *Chap. v.*

Not to put too fine a point upon it.
Bleak House. Chap. xxxii.

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, "the law is a ass, a idiot." *Oliver Twist. Chap. li.*

NORMAN MACLEOD. 1812–1872.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God and do the Right. *Trust in God.*

EDWARD LEAR. 1812–1888.

They went to sea in a sieve, they did:
In a sieve they went to sea;
In spite of all their friends could say.
The Jumblies.

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve. *The Jumblies.*

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said: "It is just as I feared —
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard." *Limerick.*

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
The Owl and The Pussy-Cat.

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong-tree grows. *Ibid.*

In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Two old chairs and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle —
These were all the worldly goods.
The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

When awful darkness and silence reign
Over the great Gromboolian plain,
Through the long, long wintry nights;
The Dong with the luminous Nose.

ROBERT BROWNING. 1812–1889.

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose. *Sordello. Book vi*

That we devote ourselves to God, is seen
In living just as though no God there were.
Paracelsus. Part i

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart. *Ibid.*

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive, — what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.
Paracelsus. Part i.

Truth is within ourselves. *Ibid.*

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver, —
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge. *Ibid.*

God is the perfect poet,
Who in his person acts his own creations. *Part ii.*

Error has no end. *Part iii.*

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride.
Part iv.

Every joy is gain
And gain is gain, however small. *Ibid.*

Jove strikes the Titans down
Not when they set about their mountain-piling
But when another rock would crown the work. *Ibid.*

The peerless cup afloat
Of the lake-lily is an urn some nymph
Swims bearing high above her head. *Ibid*

I give the fight up: let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
I want to be forgotten even by God. *Part v.*

Progress is
The law of life: man is not Man as yet. *Ibid.*

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
Costs it more pain that this ye call
A "great event" should come to pass
From that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!

Pippa Passes. Introduction.

God's in his heaven:
All's right with the world.[1] *Ibid. Part i.*

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas, —
Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas. *Part ii.*

In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now. *Part iii.*

All service ranks the same with God, —
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first. *Part iv*

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God, — the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures.
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, — Nature's good
And God's. *A Soul's Tragedy. Act. i.*

I judge people by what they might be, — not are, nor will be. *Ibid. Act ii.*

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. Act i. Sc. iii.*

When is man strong until he feels alone?[2]

Colombe's Birthday. Act iii.

[1] See Holmes, page 691.

[2] Ibsen: *The Enemy of the People.* The strongest man on earth is he who stands alone.

When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

Men and Women. Bishop Blougram's Apology.

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea. *Cleon.*

And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again. *Ibid.*

Rafael made a century of sonnets. *One Word more. ii.*

Other heights in other lives, God willing. *xii*

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, — one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her! *xvii.*

Oh their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it;
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom! *xix.*

The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

Count Gismond. xiii

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world. *xix*

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So, I was afraid! *Instans Tyrannus. vii.*

Oh never star
Was lost here but it rose afar. *Waring. ii.*

Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride.

The last Ride together. vii.

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin?

The Flight of the Duchess. xvi.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one, —
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That has the world here — should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him. *A Grammarian's Funeral.*

Lofty designs must close in like effects. *Ibid.*

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
The Statue and the Bust.

Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.
Childe Roland to the dark Tower came. **xxxiii.**

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.
The lost Leader. **i.**

We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Ibid. **ii.**

They are perfect; how else? — they shall never change:
We are faulty; why not? — we have time in store.
Old Pictures in Florence. **xvi.**

What's come to perfection perishes.
Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven;
Works done least rapidly Art most cherishes. **xvii.**

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me
(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais):
"Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy.'" *De Gustibus. ii.*

That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
Home-Thoughts from Abroad. ii.

God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here. *Saul. vi.*

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
ix.

'T is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do. *xviii.*

O woman-country![1] wooed not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead. *By the Fireside. vi.*

That great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it.
By the Fireside. xxiii.

If two lives join, there is oft a scar.
They are one and one, with a shadowy third;
One near one is too far. *xlvi.*

Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn. *Two in the Campagna. xii.*

[1] Italy.

Round and round, like a dance of snow
In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
Floating the women faded for ages,
Sculptured in stone on the poet's pages.

Women and Roses.

How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can.
And absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both strike
On his senses alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change. *After.*

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new! *Memorabilia. i.*

He who did well in war just earns the right
To begin doing well in peace. *Luria. Act ii.*

And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,
Is quick and transient, — comes, and lo! is gone,
While Northern thought is slow and durable. *Act v.*

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all. *Ibid.*

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on. *In a Balcony.*

Was there nought better than to enjoy?
No feat which, done, would make time break,
And let us pent-up creatures through
Into eternity, our due?
No forcing earth teach heaven's employ?

Dis aliter visum; or, Le Byron de nos Jours.

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live
as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good
more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
round. *Abt Vogler. ix.*

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe! *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me. *Ibid.*

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure. *Ibid.*

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear (believe the aged friend),
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love, —
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.
A Death in the Desert.

The body sprang
At once to the height, and stayed; but the soul, — no!
Ibid.

What? Was man made a wheel-work to wind up,
And be discharged, and straight wound up anew?
No! grown, his growth lasts; taught, he ne'er forgets:
May learn a thousand things, not twice the same. *Ibid.*

For I say this is death and the sole death, —
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest. *Ibid.*

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are;
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

A Death in the Desert.

The ultimate, angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing! *Ibid.*

How sad and bad and mad it was![1]
But then, how it was sweet! *Confessions. ix.*

So may a glory from defect arise. *Deaf and Dumb.*

This could but have happened once, —
And we missed it, lost it forever.

Youth and Art. xvii.

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face.

. . . . . .

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old;
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold. *Prospice.*

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.

Apparent Failure. vii.

[1] A. C. Swinburne: *A Ballad of François Villon;*
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name.

In the great right of an excessive wrong.

The Ring and the Book. The other Half-Rome. Line 1055.

Was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

Ibid. Pompilia. Line 357.

The curious crime, the fine
Felicity and flower of wickedness.

Ibid. The Pope. Line 590.

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature. *Line 1073.*

Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph? *Line 1185.*

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's business being just the terrible choice. *Line 1236*

It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, — to mouths like mine, at least.

Ibid. The Book and the Ring. Line 842

Thy [1] rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy. *Line 873.*

But how carve way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past?

Balaustion's Adventure.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed, —
As, God be thanked! I do not. *The Inn Album. iv.*

[1] Mrs. Browning.

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.

At the "Mermaid." Stanza 10.

"With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart" [1] once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

House. x.

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
Rests never on the track until it reach
Delinquency.[2] *Cenciaja.*

Good, to forgive;
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.

Dedication to La Saisiaz.

Can we love but on condition that the thing we love must die? *La Saisiaz.*

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star! *The two Poets of Croisic.*

As if true pride
Were not also humble! *In an Album.*

Wanting is — what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
Where is the blot? *Wanting — is what?*

[1] See Wordsworth, page 485. [2] See Herbert, page 206.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!

Never the Time and the Place.

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.

Why I am a Liberal.

There is no truer truth obtainable [1]
By Man than comes of music. *Charles Avison.*

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS. 1813–1845.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.

The Welcome.

The starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river. *Ibid.*

EPES SARGENT. 1813–1881.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore:
Oh give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

The cold blast at the casement beats;
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets;
It is a dreary night! *The Heart's Summer.*

[1] See BAILEY, page 722: Music tells no truths.

When the night-wind bewaileth the fall of the year,
And sweeps from the forest the leaves that are sere;
I wake from my slumber and list to the roar
And it saith to my spirit, "No more, never more!"

When the Night-wind bewaileth.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. 1813–1892.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught. *Stanzas.*

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen. *Ibid.*

No night so wild but brings the constant sun
With love and power untold;
No time so dark but through its woof there run
Some blessed threads of gold.

Oh Love supreme.

O Light divine! we need no fuller test
That all is ordered well;
We know enough to trust that all is best
Where Love and Wisdom dwell. *Ibid.*

JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER. 1813———.

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their low, lone song?

What are the wild Waves saying?

Yes! but there's something greater
That speaks to the heart alone:
'T is the voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone.

What are the wild Waves saying? Refrain.

MICHAEL J. BARRY. *Circa* 1813——.

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

The Dublin Nation, Sept. 28, 1844, Vol. ii. p. 809.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. 1813–1893.

Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Rest.[1] *Stanza 1.*

Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere. *Stanza 4.*

'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life. *Stanza 5.*

'T is loving and serving
The Highest and Best!
'T is onwards! unswerving,
And that is true rest. *Stanza 7.*

[1] See Cowper, page 415: Absence of occupation is not rest. This poem is often attributed to Goethe

Work, and thou wilt bless the day
  Ere the toil be done;
They that work not, can not pray,
  Can not feel the sun.
God is living, working still,
  All things work and move;
Work, or lose the power to will,
  Lose the power to love. *Working.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1814–1863.

For right is right, since God is God,[1]
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin. *The Right must win.*

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong.
The sorrowful World.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan. *Ibid.*

O majesty unspeakable and dread!
  Wert thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord, too great for our belief,
  Too little for our heart. *The Greatness of God.*

Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
  O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
  Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The Pilgrims of the Night.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
  Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
  Where they that love are blest? *Paradise*

[1] See Crabbe, page 444.

The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold? *Paradise*

CHARLES MACKAY. 1814–1889.

Cleon hath a million acres, — ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, — in a cottage I. *Cleon and I.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;.
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done. *Eternal Justice. Stanza 4.*

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men! *Clear the Way.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free. *Some love to roam.*

There's a good time coming, boys!
A good time coming. *The good Time coming.*

Cannon-balls may aid the truth
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battles by its aid,
Wait a little longer. *Ibid.*

The smallest effort is not lost,
Each wavelet on the ocean tost
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow;
Each struggle lessens human woe.
The Old and the New.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young *Tubal Cain.*

The king can drink the best of wine —
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine —
So have I;
And can not order rain or shine —
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference — let me see —
Betwixt my lord the king and me? *Differences.*

If happy I and wretched he,
Perhaps the king would change with me. *Ibid.*

—•—

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. 1816–1841.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.[1]
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee. *Life a Duty.*

—•—

JOHN GODFREY SAXE. 1816–1887.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing — yes, —
I'm growing old! *I'm growing old.*

[1] William Maccall (c. 1830):
Straight is the line of Duty,
Curved is the line of Beauty,
Follow the straight line, thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I. *Early Rising.*

I like the lad, who when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught
Cried, "Served him right! It's not at all surprising
The worm was punished, Sir, for early rising!" [1] *Ibid.*

He takes the strangest liberties —
But never takes his leave! *My Familiar.*

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher —
It does not put him out! *Ibid.*

I asked of Echo 't other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plainly, — "Matter-o'-money." *Echo.*

'T is wise to learn; 't is God-like to create. *The Library.*

And he was rich and she was poor
And so it might not be. *The Way of the World.*

Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the Rail. *Hymn of the Rail.*

SAMUEL SMILES. 1816–1904.

No laws, however stringent, can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident, or the drunken sober.

Self-Help.

[1] FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON:
The healthy-wealthy-wise affirm
That early birds obtain the worm —
(The worm rose early too!)

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. *Self-Help.*

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816–1905.

Evil and good are God's right hand and left. *Festus. Proem.*

Art is man's nature; nature is God's art. *Ibid.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him. *Ibid.*

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. *Scene iv. A Mountain. Sunrise.*[1]

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.
Scene v. A Country Town.

Who never doubted never half believed [2]
Where doubt there truth is — 't is her shadow.
Ibid.

America thou half-brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.
Scene x. Earth's Surface.

[1] J. R. Lowell: *Biglow Papers, II, ii. St. 9.*
The surest plan to make a man
Is to think him so.

[2] Tennyson: There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Music tells no truths. *Festus. Scene xi. A Village Feast.*[1]

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
Scene xvi. The Hesperian Sphere.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU. 1817–1862.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go. *The Fisher's Boy.*

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. *Solitude.*

Whate'er we leave to God, God does
And blesses us. *Inspiration.*

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light. *Ibid.*

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart. *Ibid.*

Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. *Walden.*

It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising; but, doubt not; it was of the last importance only to be present at it.[2] *Ibid.*

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms and did my duty faithfully. *Ibid.*

[1] BROWNING: *Charles Avison*, page 714.
[2] ROSTAND: *Chantecler. Hymn to the Sun*, page 998.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. 1817–1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.[1] *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye. *Saturday Afternoon.*

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses. *The Month of June.*

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high:
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.
The Death of Harrison.

Wisdom sits alone
Topmost in Heaven. *The Scholar of Thibet.*

The sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed alway. *Unseen Spirits.*

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS. 1817–1881.

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
The Owl-Critic.

"I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day."
And the barber kept on shaving. *Ibid.*

[1] See Haliburton, page 586.

Oh, to be home again, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill!

In a strange Land.

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Hauled on his boots and roared at Marden —
"Nantucket 's sunk and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

The Nantucket Skipper.

Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?

The Tempest.

ELIZA COOK. 1817–1889.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

The old Arm-Chair.

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!

Old Dobbin.

Better build schoolrooms for "the boy"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man."

A Song for ragged Schools.

On what strange stuff Ambition feeds!

Thomas Hood.

SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. 1817–1894.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.[1]

Speech in Parliament, Jan. 15, 1855.[2]

[1] See Sydney Smith, page 461.

[2] This speech is reported in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, vol. cxxxviii. p. 2077.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 1817–1901.

I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me;
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea. *A Poet's Hope*

I sing New England, as she lights her fire
In every Prairie's midst; and where the bright
Enchanting stars shine pure through Southern night,
She still is there, the guardian on the tower,
To open for the world a purer hour. *New England.*

Most joyful let the Poet be;
It is through him that all men see.
The Poet of the old and new Times.

My highway is unfeatured air,
My consorts are the sleepless stars,
And men my giant arms upbear —
My arms unstained and free from scars.
Hymn of the Earth.

A wail in the wind is all I hear;
A voice of woe for a lover's loss. *Tears in Spring.*

EMILY BRONTË. 1818–1848.

Still, as I mused, the naked room,
The alien firelight died away;
And from the midst of cheerless gloom
I passed to bright, unclouded day.
A little While.

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air;
And, deepening still the dreamlike charm,
Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere. *Ibid.*

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1818–1895.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.

The Burial of Moses.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men. *Ibid.*

JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS, DUKE OF RUTLAND. 1818–1906.

No: by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage,
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poictiers;
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

England's Trust. Part iii. Line 227.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. 1819–1861.

How pleasant it is to have money! *Spectator ab Extra.*

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

Say not the Struggle Naught availeth.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in, the main.

Say not the Struggle Naught availeth.

Grace is given of God but knowledge is bought in the market. *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our battalions;
Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our stations. *Ibid.*

A world where nothing is had for nothing. *Ibid.*

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried. [1]

As ships becalmed.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. 1819–1875.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee! *The Sands of Dee.*

The cruel crawling foam. *Ibid.*

Men must work, and women must weep.
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
And the harbor bar is moaning. *The three Fishers.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song. *A Farewell.*

[1] LONGFELLOW: *Ships that Pass in the Night*, page 644.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again. *Dolcino to Margaret.*

Toil is the true knight's pastime.
The Saint's Tragedy. Act i. Sc. ii.

Oh that we two were Maying. *Act ii. Sc. ix.*

Would that we two were lying
Beneath the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest in the green earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God. *Ibid.*

Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell. *The World's Age.*

Pain is no evil,
Unless it conquer us. *St. Maura.*

Are gods more ruthless than mortals?
Have they no mercy for youth? no love for the souls who have loved them? *Andromeda.*

Sad, sad to think that the year is all but done.
The Starlings.

In the light of fuller day,
Of purer science, holier laws.[1]
On the Death of a certain Journal.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Water Babies. Song ii.

[1] See Tennyson: Sweeter manners, purer laws, page 676.

Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among: —
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young!

Water Babies. Song ii.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue. *Health and Education.*

—♦—

MARIAN EVANS CROSS ("GEORGE ELIOT"). 1819–1880.

Creeds of terror. *Spanish Gypsy. Book i.*

A serious ape whom none take seriously,
Obliged in this fool's world to earn his nuts
By hard buffoonery. *Ibid.*

His smile is sweetened by his gravity. *Ibid.*

Certain winds will make men's temper bad. *Ibid.*

Sad as a wasted passion. *Ibid.*

Knightly love is blent with reverence
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue. *Ibid.*

Inclination snatches arguments
To make indulgence seem judicious choice. *Ibid.*

Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summers dead,
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not. *Ibid.*

Who can prove
Wit to be witty when with deeper ground
Dulness intuitive declares wit dull?

A College Breakfast-party.

Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.
Poems: Oh may I join the Choir invisible.

It's but little good you'll do watering last year's crops.
Adam Bede. Chap. xviii.

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.[1] *Chap. xxxiii.*

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. *Romola. Book iii. Chap. xvii.*

Men's men: gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness.
Daniel Deronda. Book iv. Chap. xxxi.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. 1819–1881.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round. *Gradatim.*

He could see naught but vanity in beauty
And naught but weakness in a fond caress
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness. *Daniel Gray.*

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking. *Wanted.*

[1] ROSTAND: *Chantecler: Hymn to the Sun*, page 998.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. 1819–1881.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

What rules the World?

—◆—

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL. 1819–1889.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful all round thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Why thus longing?

Poor indeed must thou be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw — *Ibid.*

—◆—

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1819–1891.

Earth's noblest thing, — a woman perfected. *Irené.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. *Sonnet iv.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of eternity. *Sonnet vi.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxv.*

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies, —
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.

Sonnet xxxiv. (Ed. 1844).

Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart.

L'Envoi.

His words were simple words enough
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Shepherd of King Admetus.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul.

An Incident in a Railroad Car.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century. *Ibid.*

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

A Glance behind the Curtain.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.

. . . . . .

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts. *Columbus.*

One day with life and heart
Is more than time enough to find a world. *Ibid.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side; *The present Crisis.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.[1] *Ibid.*

[1] DRYDEN: *Art of Poetry*, line 376: Showed Worth on foot and rascals in the coach. J. G. HOLLAND: *Wanted;* Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps

He's true to God who's true to man. *The present Crisis.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. *Ibid.*

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees.
An Indian-Summer Reverie.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst.
Interview with Miles Standish

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.
To the Dandelion.

This child is not mine as the first was;
I can not sing it to rest;
I can not lift it up fatherly,
And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment. *Longing.*

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise. *My Love. iv.*

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;

Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. Prelude to Part First.

'T is heaven alone that is given away;
'T is only God may be had for the asking. *Ibid.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. *Ibid.*

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it. *Ibid.*

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how. *Ibid*

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

Part Second. viii.

A reading-machine, always wound up and going,
He mastered whatever was not worth the knowing.

A Fable for Critics.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on;
Whose prose is grand verse while his verse the Lord knows
Is some of it pr — No, 't is not even prose! *Ibid.*

Nature fits all her children with something to do *Ibid.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

. . . . . .

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

The Biglow Papers. First Series. No

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

The Biglow Papers. First Series. No. i.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur.[1]

No. ii.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man;
He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —
He 's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself. *Ibid.*

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.

No. iii.

But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ibid.*

A marciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller. *No. iv.*

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudent course is steadied;
I scent which pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded. *No. vi.*

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh I *du* in interest. *Ibid.*

Of my merit
On thet pint you yourself may jedge;
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I haint never signed no pledge. *No. vii.*

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort. *Ibid.*

[1] See Moore, page 519: Go where glory waits thee!

God makes sech nights, all white and still,
Fur'z you can look or listen.
Biglow Papers. Second Series. The Courtin'.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender. *Ibid.*

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'. *Ibid.*

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur. *Ibid.*

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher. *Ibid.*

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity-Zekle. *Ibid*

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be persumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.[1] *Ibid.*

He stood a spell on one foot fust
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther. *Ibid.*

All kin' o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes. *Ibid.*

[1] Mrs. Browning: *The Lady's "Yes"*:

'Yes,' I answered you last night
'No,' this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day. . . .

Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

Biglow Papers. Second Series. The Courtin'.

My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow:
Don't never prophesy — onless ye know. *Ibid.*

It 's 'most enough to make a deacon swear. *Ibid.*

The one thet fust gits mad 's 'most ollers wrong. *Ibid.*

Ef you want peace, the thing you 've gut tu du
Is jes' to show you 're up to fightin', tu. *Ibid.*

No, never say nothin' without you 're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu. *Ibid.*

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood. *No. vi.*

Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shows sof'ness in the upper story. *No. vii.*

Earth's biggest country 's gut her soul,
An' risen up earth's greatest nation. *Ibid.*

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented. *No. x.*

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle? *Ibid.*

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature. *Festina Lente. Moral.*

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.[1] *For an Autograph.*

[1] See Emerson, page 621.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.

Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

What men call treasure and the Gods call dross. *Ibid.*

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

Ibid.

Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
But surely God endures forever. *Villa Franca.*

Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past. *The Cathedral.*

The one thing finished in this hasty world. *Ibid.*

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
FitzGerald strung them on an English thread.

In a Copy of Omar Khayyam.

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many — honored by the Few;
To count as naught in World or Church or State;
But inwardly in secret to be great.

Sonnet. Jeffries Wyman.

The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below.

To George William Curtis

But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet;
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

For me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
A nature sloping to the southern side;
I thank her for it, though when clouds arise
Such natures double-darken gloomy skies.

To George William Curtis.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"? *Epigram.*

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

Motto of the American Copyright League.
(Written Nov. 20, 1885).

God, give us Peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap.

The Washers of the Shroud.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.

Among my Books. First Series. Dryden.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.

Shakespeare once more.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning. *Ibid.*

Aspiration sees only one side of every question; possession many.

Among my Books. First Series. New England two Centuries ago.

Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men; but there is no gulf-stream setting forever in one direction. *Ibid.*

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than business.

Among my Books. First Series. New England two Centuries ago.

Puritanism, believing itself quick with the seed of religious liberty, laid, without knowing it, the egg of democracy. *Ibid.*

It was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled. *Ibid.*

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is. *Rousseau and the Sentimentalists.*

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not sooner or later responded. *Ibid.*

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action. *Ibid.*

Sentiment is intellectualized emotion, — emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by the fancy. *Ibid.*

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself. *Ibid.*

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers, is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.

My Study Windows. Abraham Lincoln, 1864.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested. *Ibid.*

What a sense of security in an old book which Time has criticised for us! *Library of Old Authors.*

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. *Democracy and Addresses.*

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. *Ibid.*

The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in. *Garfield.*

If I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book, — and that is a book honestly come by.

Before the U. S. Senate Committee on Patents, Jan. 29, 1886.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. 1819–1892.

Sorrow and scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather:
Ah me, this glory and this grief
Agree not well together! *A Song for September.*

No dream his life was — but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite? *On a Bust of Dante.*

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own
The only righteous judge art thou! *Ibid.*

WALT WHITMAN. 1819–1892.

I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love.

Starting from Paumanok. 6.

I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake. *Ibid. 7.*

None has begun to think how divine he himself is and how certain the future is. *Starting from Paumanok. No. 7.*

I say the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion. *Ibid.*

Nothing can happen more beautiful than death. *Ibid. 12.*

I loafe and invite my soul. *Song of Myself. 1.*

I have no mockings or arguments; I witness and wait. *Ibid. 4.*

In the faces of men and women I see God. *Ibid. 48.*

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world *Ibid. 52*

I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-beloved, saying to the people, "Do not weep for me,
This is not my true country, I have lived banished from my true country — I now go back there,
I return to the celestial sphere where every one goes in his turn." *Salut au Monde. 6.*

Each of us inevitable;
Each of us limitless — each of us with his or her right upon the earth. *Ibid. 11.*

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman. *Song of the Broad-Axe.*

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. *Song of the Universal. 1.*

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all. *Ibid. 4.*

Youth, large, lusty, loving — Youth, full of grace, force, fascination!
Do you know that Old Age may come after you, with equal grace, force, fascination?

Youth, Day, Old Age and Night.

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
And the vast that is evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead. *Roaming in Thought.*[1]

Thunder on! Stride on! Democracy. Strike with vengeful stroke!

Drum-Taps. Rise O Days from your fathomless Deep. 3.

O Banner!
Not houses of peace are you, nor any nor all of their prosperity; if need be you shall have every one of those houses to destroy them;
You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort, built with money;
May they stand fast then? Not an hour, unless you, above them and all, stand fast.

Ibid. Song of the Banner at Daybreak.

Over all the sky — the sky! far, far out of reach, studded with the eternal stars.

Ibid. Bivouac on a Mountain-side.

Give me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-dazzling! *Ibid. Give me the splendid Silent Sun.*

Lo! the moon ascending!
Up from the East, the silvery round moon;
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;
Immense and silent moon. *Ibid. Dirge for Two Veterans.*

[1] See Herbert Spencer, page 773.

Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage, must in
time be utterly lost;
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
softly wash again and ever again, this soiled world.
Drum-Taps. Reconciliation.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the
night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Memories of President Lincoln. 1.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death. *Ibid. 14.*

Praised be the fathomless universe
For life and joy and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — But praise! O praise and
praise
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.
Ibid.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting.
Ibid. O Captain! my Captain!

Liberty is to be subserved, whatever occurs.
To a Foiled European Revolutionaire.

Peace is always beautiful. *The Sleepers. 7.*

What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk
free and own no superior? *Laws for Creations.*

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle. *Miracles.*

I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what the not-day exhibited;
I was thinking this globe enough, till there sprang out so noiseless around me myriads of other globes.

Night on the Prairies.

I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death.

Ibid.

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!

To think of Time. 9.

The paths to the house I seek to make,
But leave to those to come the house itself.

Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood. 1.

Society waits unformed and is between things ended and things begun. *Thoughts. 1.*

Now obey thy cherished secret wish,
Embrace thy friends — leave all in order;
To port and hawser's tie no more returning,
Depart upon thy endless cruise, old Sailor!

Now Finalè to the Shore. (*To Tennyson*).

I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed;
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,
And I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation. *So Long!*

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. 1819–1895.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,[1] —
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife . . . .

[1] WHITMAN: *To a Foiled European Revolutionaire;* Now it seems to me, when it can not be helped that defeat is great.

The hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part. *Io Victis.*

And all but their faith overthrown. *Ibid.*

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight —
if need be, to die. *Ibid.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression that which can not be expressed.
The Unexpressed.

Ah me! the vision has vanished,
The music has died away! *Cleopatra.*

JOHN RUSKIN. 1819–1900.

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.
Modern Painters. Vol. i. Part i. Chap. ii. Sect. 9.

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
Vol. iv. Part v. Chap. xxii.

You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased with them, or too grasping to care for what you can not turn to other account than mere delight.
Stones of Venice. Vol. i. Chap. ii. Sect. 2.

He who has truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.
Vol. ii. Chap. iv. Sect. 99, Chap. xcix

That treacherous phantom which men call Liberty.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. Chap. vii. Sect. 21.

Work first and then rest. *Ibid. The Lamp of Beauty.*

The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure. *Sesame and Lilies. Part i. iii.*

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness of fools. *Crown of Wild Olive. War.*

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head and the heart go together. *The Two Paths. Lecture ii.*

Engraving is, in brief terms, the Art of Scratch.

Ariadne.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. 1819–1902.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown! *Ben Bolt.*

Your eyes were filled with love, Kate Vane;
Ah, would that we were young again! *Kate Vane.*

JULIA WARD HOWE. 1819–1910.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights. *Our Orders.*

The flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wrath and greed,
Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed:
'T was red with the blood of freemen and white with the fear of the foe;
And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its symbols know. *The Flag.*

ALICE CARY. 1820–1871.

My soul is full of whispered song, —
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are full of life and light. *Dying Hymn.*

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. 1820–1872.

Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral! *The River Fight.*

You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell.[1] *Ibid*

[1] Remark attributed to General William Tecumseh Sherman (1820–1891) War is hell. Henry van Dyke: *On the St. Gaudens Statue of Sherman*: —

This is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that "war is hell."

Since what unnumbered year
Hast thou kept watch and ward
And o'er the buried Land of Fear
So grimly held thy guard?

The Sphynx.

JEAN INGELOW. 1820–1897.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over.
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Divided.

But two are walking apart forever
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

Ibid.

A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

Afterthought.

How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful! *The Mariner's Cave.*

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch and then to lose,
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews.

Songs of Seven. Seven times Six.

FRANCES JANES VAN ALSTYNE CROSBY.
1820——.

"Give," said the little stream,
"Give, oh give, give, oh give,"
As it hurried down the hill.
"I am small, I know, but wherever I go
The fields grow greener still."

"Give," said the little Stream.

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE. 1821–1878.

When you sleep in your cloak there 's no lodging to pay.

Boots and Saddles.

For everything created
In the bounds of earth and sky
Has such longing to be mated,
It must couple or must die. *Like to Like.*

Ah, better to love in the lowliest cot
Than pine in a palace alone. *Chastelar.*

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON. 1821–1895.

And this was your Cradle? Why, surely, my Jenny,
Such cozy dimensions go clearly to show
You were an exceedingly small pickaninny,
Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

The old Cradle.

"Vanitas vanitatum" has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair.

What an arm — what a waist
For an arm! *To My Grandmother.*

The world 's as ugly, ay, as Sin, —
And almost as delightful. *The Jester's Plea.*

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. 1822–1872.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
The closing Scene. Sc. i.

My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay. *Drifting.*

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise. *Ibid.*

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
Yon happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun. *Ibid.*

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
Dewy as the morning and colored like the dawn.
The new pastoral Book.

O Night! most beautiful and rare!
Thou givest the heavens their holiest hue,
And through the azure fields of air
Bring'st down the gentle dew. *Night.*

The terrible rumble, grumble and roar
Telling the battle was on once more —
And Sheridan twenty miles away! *Sheridan's Ride.*

ULYSSES S. GRANT. 1822–1885.

No other terms than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.

I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer. *Despatch to Washington. Before Spottsylvania Court House. May 11, 1864.*

Let us have peace.

Accepting a Nomination for the Presidency, May 29, 1868.

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict construction.

From the Inaugural Address, March 4, 1869.

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring, July 29, 1875.

They [the Pilgrim Fathers] fell upon an ungenial climate, where there were nine months of winter and three months of cold weather and that called out the best energies of the men, and of the women too, to get a mere subsistence out of the soil, with such a climate. In their efforts to do that they cultivated industry and frugality at the same time — which is the real foundation of the greatness of the Pilgrims.

Speech at New England Society Dinner, Dec. 22, 1880.

—•—

MATTHEW ARNOLD. 1822–1888.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. *Shakespeare.*

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too! *Requiescat.*

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man. *Growing old.*

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Memorial Verses.

Wandering between two worlds, — one dead,
The other powerless to be born.
Stanzas from the grande Chartreuse.

The kings of modern thought are dumb. *Ibid.*

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a place of thine,
Man did not make, and can not mar.
Lines written in Kensington Gardens.

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign.
Stanzas in Memory of the Author of "Obermann."

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night. *Dover Beach.*

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 't were done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern. *Morality.*

This strange disease of modern life.

The Scholar Gypsy.

Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
By contemplation of diviner things. *Mycerinus.*

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered Fate.

Resignation.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans and swans are geese! *The last Word.*

The same heart beats in every human breast.

The buried Life.

To thee only God granted
A heart ever new:
To all always open;
To all always true. *Switzerland. Parting.*

Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of Hope ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow. *Rugby Chapel.*

Peace, peace is what I seek and public calm,
Endless extinction of unhappy hates. *Merope.*

With women the heart argues, not the mind. *Ibid.*

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That Chance will bring us through.

Empedocles on Etna.

The will is free;
Strong is the soul, and wise and beautiful;
The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!

Written in Emerson's Essays.

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

From Culture and Anarchy.

The pursuit of the perfect, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. *Ibid.*

There is no better motto which it [culture] can have than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason and the will of God prevail." *Ibid.*

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the children of the light.

Essays in Criticism. Heinrich Heine.

The vast Mississippi of falsehood. *History.*

Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery. *Self-Dependence.*

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES. 1822–1893.

He serves his party best who serves the country best.[1]

Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877.

The only road, the sure road — to unquestioned credit and a sound financial condition is the exact and punctual fulfilment of every pecuniary obligation, public and private, according to its letter and spirit.

Speech at N. E. Society Dinner, Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1880.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ. 1823–1859.

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night. *To a Lily.*

[1] See Pope, page 339.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: so she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea. *To a Lily.*

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING. 1823–1863.

We meet neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
'T is all we have left to prize.
A cup to the dead already, —
Hurrah for the next that dies![1]
The Revel: Time of the Famine and Plague in India.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more? *Ibid.*

GEORGE HENRY BOKER. 1823–1890.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry, —
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
The Black Regiment.

Love is that orbit of the restless soul
Whose circle grazes the confines of space,
Bounding within the limits of its race
Utmost extremes. *Sonnet. Love.*

[1] Often attributed to Alfred Domett.

COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON PATMORE.
1823–1896.

The sunshine dreaming upon Salmon's height
Is not so sweet and white
As the most heretofore sin-spotted Soul
That darts to its delight
Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight. *Peace.*

Life is not life at all without delight. *Victory in Defeat.*

To have nought
Is to have all things without care or thought!
Legem Tuam Dilexi.

For want of me the world's course will not fail;
When all its work is done the lie shall rot;
The truth is great and shall prevail
When none cares whether it prevail or not.
Magna est Veritas.

None thrives for long upon the happiest dream.
Tired Memory.

The flower of olden sanctities. *1867.*

EDWARD HAZEN PARKER, M.D. 1823–1896.

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest.
Funeral Ode on James A. Garfield.

PHOEBE CARY. 1824–1871.

And though hard be the task,
"Keep a stiff upper lip."

Keep a stiff upper Lip.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown. *Nearer Home.*

Her washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all its state
Illumed the Eastern skies,
She passed about the kitchen grate
And went to making pies. *The Wife.*[1]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. 1824–1892.

I walked beside the evening sea
And dreamed a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore
Said only: "Dreamer, dream no more!"

Ebb and Flow.

While we read history we make history.

The Call of Freedom.

[1] JAMES ALDRICH: *A death-bed*, page 694.

Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they can not conquer.

The Call of Freedom.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. 1824–1903.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?

Hans Breitmann's Party.

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from the train. *The Masher.*

The brave deserve the lovely — every woman may be won.

Ibid.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.

The World and the World.

GEORGE MACDONALD. 1824–1905.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again. *Phantastes.*

Where did you come from baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Baby. (*Song in At the Back of the North Wind*).

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through. *Ibid.*

We must do the thing we *must*
Before the thing we *may;*
We are unfit for any trust
Till we can and do obey. *Willie's Question.*

You would not think any duty small,
If you yourself were great. *Ibid.*

The man that feareth, Lord, to doubt,
In that fear doubteth thee. *The Disciple.*

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.
The Marquess of Lossie.

A true friend is forever a friend. *Ibid.*

JULIA A. FLETCHER CARNEY. 1824–1908.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
So the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
Little Things,[1] *1845.*

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy like the heaven above.
Ibid.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. 1825–1864.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road. *Per Pacem ad Lucem.*

I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet. *Ibid.*

[1] This poem has been variously attributed to Ebenezer Cobham Brewer (1810–1897); to Daniel Clement Colesworthy (1810–1893), and to Mrs. Frances S. Osgood (1811–1850).

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, — till perfect Day shall shine
Through Peace to Light. *Per Pacem ad Lucem.*

Dreams grow holy put in action; work grows fair through starry dreaming,
But where each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless and in vain. *Philip and Mildred.*

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys. *A lost Chord.*

It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life. *Ibid.*

BAYARD TAYLOR. 1825–1878.

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Bedouin Song.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Lawrie.
The Song of the Camp.

The bravest are the tenderest, —
The loving are the daring. *Ibid.*

Shelved round us lie
The mummied authors.
The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. 1825–1895.

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. *Materialism and Idealism.*

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is a man who has so much as to be out of danger? *Science and Culture.*

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.

The coming Age of the Origin of Species.

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions. *Ibid.*

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men. *Animal Automatism.*

Veracity is the heart of morality.

Universities actual and ideal.

The great end of life is not knowledge but action.

Technical Education.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 1825–1897.

Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth and rust in rust.

A Danish Barrow.

Let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they. *Ibid.*

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1825–1902.

No record of her high descent
  There needs, nor memory of her name;
Enough that Raphael's colors blent
  To give her features deathless fame.

Incognita of Raphael.

Really and truly — I've nothing to wear.

Nothing to Wear.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. 1825–1903.

We have two lives about us,
  Two worlds in which we dwell,
Within us and without us,
  Alternate Heaven and Hell: —
Without, the somber Real,
Within, our hearts of hearts, the beautiful Ideal.

The Castle in the Air.

Silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above. *Speech of Love.*

Pale in her fading bowers the Summer stands,
Like a new Niobe with claspèd hands,
Silent above the flowers, her children lost,
Slain by the arrows of the early Frost. *Ode.*

There are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain.

The Flight of Youth.

Joy may be a miser,
  But Sorrow's purse is free. *Persian Song.*

Not what we would, but what we must
  Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
  In taking and in giving. *The Country Life.*

A face at the window,
A tap on the pane;
Who is it that wants me
To-night in the rain?

The Messenger at Night.

It beckons, I follow.
Good-by to the light,
I am going, O whither?
Out into the night. *Ibid.*

JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY) DORR. 1825–1913.

O golden Silence, bid our souls be still,
And on the foolish fretting of our care
Lay thy soft touch of healing unaware! *Silence.*

Come, blessed Darkness, come and bring thy balm
For eyes grown weary of the garish day!
Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
Thy veiling shadows, bearing in thy palm
The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm. *Darkness.*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. 1826–1864.

Old dog Tray 's ever faithful;
Grief can not drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind —
I shall never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray!

Old Dog Tray. Chorus.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

My old Kentucky Home.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK. 1826–1887.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;[1]
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won. *Now and Afterwards.*

Immortality alone could teach this mortal how to die.
Looking Death in the Face.

Never was owl more blind than a lover.
Magnus and Morna.

Silence sweeter is than speech. *Ibid.*

LUCY LARCOM. 1826–1893.

Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.
Hannah binding Shoes.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine. *A Strip of Blue.*

MORTIMER COLLINS. 1827–1876.

Just take a trifling handful, O philosopher!
Of magic matter: give it a slight toss over
The ambient ether — and I don't see why
You should n't make a sky.
Sky-Making. (*To Professor Tyndall*).

Life and the Universe show spontaneity;
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are lost in the mists;
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.
The Positivists.

[1] Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. — *Russian Proverb.*

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.[1] 1827–1879.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket 's off duty forever.

All quiet along the Potomac.

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH. 1827–1899.

'T is but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
'T will bring me back one golden hour,
Through many a weary year.

'T is but a little, faded Flower.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH. 1827–1907.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet; —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day; —
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

The Blue and the Gray.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. 1827———.

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty,
And all my ways are dewy wet
With pleasant duty.

Service.

[1] Claimed also by Lamar Fontaine (1829–).

Darius was clearly of the opinion
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late
Shall navigate
The azure, as now we sail the sea.

Darius Green and his Flying-Machine.

Of nothing comes nothing: springs rise not above
Their source in the far-hidden heart of the mountains:
Whence then have descended the Wisdom and Love
That in man leap to light in intelligent fountains?

The missing Leaf.

If you will observe, it does n't take
A man of giant mould to make
A giant shadow on the wall;
And he who in our daily sight
Seems but a figure mean and small,
Outlined in Fame's illusive light,
May stalk, a silhouette sublime,
Across the canvas of his time. *Authors' Night.*

Men are polished, through act and speech,
Each by each,
As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach.

A Home Idyl.

Our days, our deeds, all we achieve or are,
Lay folded in our infancy; the things
Of good or ill we choose while yet unborn.

Sonnet. Nativity.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies. *Twoscore and Ten.*

I keep some portion of my early gleam;
Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
It lights my life, a far illusive dream,
Moves as I move, and leads me on forever. *Ibid.*

With years a richer life begins,
The spirit mellows:
Ripe age gives tone to violins,
Wine, and good fellows. *Three Worlds.*

The all-enclosing freehold of Content. *Guy Vernon.*

ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH. 1828–1860.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more.
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
Her Majesty's councils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
And what are his qualifications? — ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.
My Lord Tomnoddy.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY. 1828–1876.

Man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best!
The Jester's Sermon.

The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
Ibid.

See Gay, page 350: Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
Life 's but a series of trifles at best. *Anonymous.*
Life is an empty dream. ROBERT BROWNING. *Paracelsus, ii.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 1828–1886.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

The blessed Damozel.

And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames. *Ibid.*

If God in his wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie. *The King's Tragedy.*

I have been here before,
But when or how I can not tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

Sudden Light.

Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The Cloud Confines.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach
And listen at its lips: [1] they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech. *The Sea-Limits.*

Look in my face: my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

Sonnet. A Superscription.

[1] Charles Henry Webb: *With a Nantucket Shell*, page 793.

Was it a friend or foe that spread these lies?
Nay, who but infants question in such wise,
'T was one of my most intimate enemies. *Fragment.*

If the light is
It is because God said 'Let there be light.' *At Sunrise.*

Thou fill'st from the wingèd chalice of the soul
Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-wingèd to its goal.
Mnemosyne.

—•—

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. 1828–1889.

Winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep. *Ruined Chapel.*

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt.
Autumnal Sonnet.

Autumn's the mellow time. *The Winter Pear.*

Oh, bring again my heart's content,
Thou Spirit of the Summer-time! *Song.*

Scarcely a tear to shed;
Hardly a word to say;
The end of a Summer's day;
Sweet Love is dead. *An Evening.*

Tantarrara! the joyous Book of Spring
Lies open, writ in blossoms. *Daffodil.*

Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song that took my heart away.
Lovely Mary Donnelly.

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed
To lay me down in sorrow.
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."
Barbara Allen's Cruelty from "Ballad Book."

(THOMAS) GERALD MASSEY. 1828–1907.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares. *Babe Cristabel.*

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
There's no Dearth of Kindness.

The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.
The kingliest Kings.

The time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother.
Hope on, hope ever.

One sharp stern struggle and the slaves of centuries are free. *The Patriot.*

GEORGE MEREDITH. 1828–1913.

All wisdom's armory this man could wield.
The Sage enamored.

The actors are, it seems, the usual three:
Husband and wife and lover. *Ibid.*

How many a thing which we cast to the ground,
When others pick it up, becomes a gem![1] *Ibid.*

First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill.
Phoebus with Admetus.

[1] Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed TENNYSON: *The Flower.*

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won.

Love in the Valley.

But O the truth, the truth! the many eyes
That look on it! the diverse things they see!

A Ballad of fair Ladies in Revolt.

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two. *Juggling Jerry.*

With patient inattention hear him prate.

Bellerophon.

Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Love in the Valley.

God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.

Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. *Ibid.*

Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too.

Diana of the Crossways.

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by. *Ibid.*

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.

Ibid.

The well of true wit is truth itself. *Ibid.*

HERBERT SPENCER. 1829–1903.

We too often forget that not only is there "a soul of goodness in things evil," [1] but very generally a soul of truth in things erroneous. *First Principles.*

The fact disclosed by a survey of the past that majorities have been wrong must not blind us to the complementary fact that majorities have usually not been entirely wrong. *Ibid.*

Volumes might be written upon the impiety of the pious. *Ibid.*

We have unmistakable proof that throughout all past time, there has been a ceaseless devouring of the weak by the strong. *Ibid.*

Survival of the fittest. *Ibid.*

With a higher moral nature will come a restriction on the multiplication of the inferior. *Ibid.*

Evil perpetually tends to disappear.[2]

The Evanescence of Evil.

Morality knows nothing of geographical boundaries or distinctions of race. *Ibid.*

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy. *Ibid.*

The Republican form of government is the highest form of government: but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature — a type nowhere at present existing. *The Americans.*

[1] SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V, act iv. sc. i.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.

[2] WALT WHITMAN: *Roaming in Thought.*

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools.

State Tamperings with Money Banks.

If a single cell, under appropriate conditions, becomes a man in the space of a few years, there can surely be no difficulty in understanding how, under appropriate conditions, a cell may, in the course of untold millions of years, give origin to the human race.[1]

Principles of Biology.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL. 1829–1908.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose — easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught, only to be cherished in slimy waters.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL. 1829–1914.

Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dreamland
Are thine for a day. *Dreamland.*

Death 's but one more to-morrow,

Of one who seemed to have failed.

When youth as lord of my unchallenged fate,[2]
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertained certain guests of state —
The great of older days.

On a Boy's first Reading of "King Henry V."

[1] TENNYSON: *Maud.*
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man.

[2] See Henley, page 829.

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830–1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

A Life Drama. Sc. 2.

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*

Some books are drenchèd sands
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy. *Ibid.*

The saddest thing that befalls a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman. *Sc. 12.*

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,[1]
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! And then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
To meet no more. *Part iv.*

We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

Unrest and Childhood.

The soul of man is like the rolling world,
One half in day, the other dipt in night;
The one has music and the flying cloud,
The other, silence and the wakeful stars. *Horton.*

[1] LONGFELLOW: *The Theologian's Tale: Elizabeth*, page 644. THOMAS MOORE *The Meeting of the Ships*, page 644, note. EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON: *A Lament*, page 631.

Each time we love,
We turn a nearer and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
City Poem: A Boy's Dream.

Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine.
Dreamthorpe.

The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of his soul is not likely to lose it in any other. *Ibid.*

Death is the ugly fact which Nature has to hide, and she hides it well. *Ibid. The Fear of Dying.*

Everything is sweetened by risk. *Ibid.*

In life there is nothing more unexpected and surprising than the arrivals and departures of pleasure. If we find it in one place to-day, it is vain to seek it there to-morrow. You can not lay a trap for it. *Ibid.*

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE. 1830–1886.

I think, ofttimes, that lives of men may be
Likened to wandering winds that come and go
Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee. *A Comparison.*

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service. *My Study.*

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. 1830–1894.

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth,
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight.
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.
Hope is like a Harebell.

My heart is like a singing bird. *A Birthday.*

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad. *Ibid.*

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.
Sonnet. Remember.

All earth's full rivers can not fill
The sea that drinking thirsteth still. *By the Sea.*

One day in the country
Is worth a month in town. *Summer.*

Silence more musical than any song. *Sonnet. Rest.*

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN. 1830–1897.

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school of Peace; and yet the fool contends that God is not —
Not God! in Gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'T is very sure God walks in mine. *My Garden.*

CHARLES HAMILTON AÏDÉ. 1830–1906.

I sit beside my lonely fire
And pray for wisdom yet:
For calmness to remember
Or courage to forget.
Remember or Forget.

Do you recall that night in June
Upon the Danube River;
We listened to the ländler-tune,
We watched the moonbeams quiver.

The Danube River.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY. 1831–1884.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit! *Ode to Tobacco.*

I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of a Dun.

In the Gloaming.

I can not sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'T is that I can't remember how
They go. *Changed.*

O my own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
To be young once more and bite my thumb
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
Give no inconsiderable sum. *First Love.*

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
That wholly consisted of lines like these. *Ballad.*

'T was ever thus from childhood's hour!
My fondest hopes would not decay:
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away.[1] *Disaster.*

Forever; 't is a single word!
Our rude forefathers deemed it two:
Can you imagine so absurd
A view? *Forever.*

[1] See THOMAS MOORE. *The Fire Worshippers.* Page 526.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON. 1831–1885.

All lost things are in the angels' keeping, Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping, Love.
At last.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days:
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind no more I ask. *Spinning.*

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead. *Coronation.*

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
How I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun. *A last Prayer.*

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine
Sweet May! *May.*

EDWARD LYTTON, EARL OF LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH). 1831–1891.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling, where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day. *Changes.*

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.

He may live without books, — what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope, — what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

Lucile. Part i. Canto ii.

Those true eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.[1]

Part ii. Canto ii.

The man who seeks one thing in life and but one
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets. *Ibid.*

Thought alone is eternal. *Canto vi.*

Let any man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark and 't will fly at his heels:
Let him fearlessly face it, 't will leave him alone:
But 't will fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

Canto vii.

The world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings.
Grasp it firmly, it stings not.[2] *Part iii. Canto ii.*

Art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God. *The Artist.*

The things which must be must be for the best.

Imperfection.

Oh, moment of sweet peril, perilous sweet!
When woman joins herself to man.

The Wanderer. Prologue. Stanza 1.

[1] Eyes so transparent that through them the soul is seen. (*Ils sont si transparents qu'ils laissent voir votre âme.*)
THEOPHILE GAUTIER: *The Two Beautiful Eyes.*

[2] See AARON HILL, page 313.

The ages roll
Forward; and forward with them draw my soul
Into Time's infinite sea.
And to be glad or sad I care no more;
But to have done and to have been before
I cease to do and be!

The Wanderer. Book iv. Stanza 9.

Genius does what it must, talent does what it can.

Last Words.

NORA PERRY. 1832–1896.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within. *The Love-knot.*

Who knows the thoughts of a child? *Who Knows?*

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done. *After the Ball*

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL). 1832–1898.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

Alice in Wonderland. Chap. v.

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything 's got a moral if only you can find it." *Chap. viii*

Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves. *Alice in Wonderland. Chap. ix.*

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied, "and the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." *Chap. x.*

'T was brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.
Through the Looking-glass. Chap. i.

He chortled in his joy. *Ibid.*

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
  Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
  And whether pigs have wings. *Chap. iii.*

As large as life and twice as natural. *Chap. vii.*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. 1832–1904.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends: —
Faithful friends! It lies I know
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, 'Abdallah's dead!'
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine — it is not I. *After Death in Arabia.*

What good I see humbly I seek to do
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come and must come will come well.
The Light of Asia.

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.
The Deva's Song.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. 1832–1911.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain!
Take them, and give me my childhood again! *Ibid.*

Behold, we live through all things, — famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, — but we can not die,
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn, —
Lo, all things can be borne! *Endurance.*

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (LIONEL GORDON). 1833–1870.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone: —
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own.
Ye weary Wayfarer. Finis Exoptatus

ISAAC H. BROMLEY. 1833–1898.

Listen! John A. Logan is the Head Center, the Hub, the King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul and Mugwump of the final plot by which partisanship was installed in the Commission. *Editorial in New York Tribune, Feb. 16, 1877.*

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL. 1833–1899.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. *Memorial Day Vision.*

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud — and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the night of Death Hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing. *At his Brother's Grave.*

An honest God is the noblest work of man. *Epigram.*

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light? [1]
We cannot say. *Declaration of the Free.*

[1] *The Rubaiyat, stanza 64,* "the door of Darkness."

JOHN JAMES INGALLS. 1833–1900.

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

Epigram.

Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he can not pass.

Eulogy on Benjamin Hill, United States Senate, Jan. 23, 1882.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. 1833–1908.

I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years.

The Discoverer.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,
Slipped from my hold — thus plenty comes and goes.
One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand
(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

The World well lost.

Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear!

Mors Benefica.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS. 1833–1907.

The wind that sighs before the dawn
Chases the gloom of night,
The curtains of the East are drawn,
And suddenly — 't is light. *Le Vent de l'Esprit.*

The love of the Right, tho' cast down, the hate of victorious Ill,
All are sparks from the central fire of a boundless beneficent will. *A new Orphic Hymn.*

Sound, jocund strains; on pipe and viol sound,
Young voices sing;
Wreathe every door with snow-white voices round,
For lo! 't is Spring!
Winter has passed with its sad funeral train,
And Love revives again. *Life-Music.*

Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.
The Ode of perfect Years.

The victories of Right
Are born of strife.
There were no Day were there no Night,
Nor, without dying, Life. *The Ode of Evil.*

The world still needs
Its champion as of old, and finds him still.
The Epic of Hades. Herakles.

Call no faith false which e'er hath brought
Relief to any laden life,
Cessation to the pain of thought,
Refreshment mid the dust of strife. *Tolerance.*

Rest springs from strife and dissonant chords beget
Divinest harmonies. *Love's Suicide.*

The passionate love of Right, the burning hate of Wrong.
The Diamond Jubilee.

GEORGE ARNOLD. 1834–1865.

"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
The jolly old Pedagogue.

"The living need charity more than the dead." *Ibid.*

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE (ARTEMUS WARD).
1834–1868.

My pollertics, like my religion, being of an exceedin' accommodatin' character. *The Crisis.*

The fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us. *Ibid.*

I am not a politician, and my other habits are good. *Fourth of July Oration.*

The prevailin' weakness of most public men is to Slop over. G. Washington never slopt over. *Ibid.*

I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am. *Artemus Ward's Lecture.*

N. B. This is rote Sarcastikul. *A Visit to Brigham Young.*

Did you ever have the measels, and if so, how many? *The Census.*

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness? *Moses, the Sassy.*

Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with. *Natural History.*

The sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen. *A Morman Romance, IV.*

He is dreadfully married. "He's the most married man I ever saw in my life." *Moses, the Sassy.*

RICHARD REALF. 1834–1878.

His eyes
All radiant with glad surprise,
Looked forward through the Centuries
And saw the seeds which sages cast
In the world's soil in cycles past
Spring up and blossom at the last;
Saw how the souls of men had grown,
And where the scythes of Truth had mown
Clear space for Liberty's white throne;
Saw how, by sorrow tried and proved,
The blackening stains had been removed
Forever from the land he loved;
Saw Treason crushed and Freedom crowned,
And clamorous Faction, gagged and bound,
Gasping its life out on the ground.

Apocalypse.

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL. 1834–1894.

With whisper of her mellowing grain,
With treble of brook and bud and tree,
Earth joys for ever to sustain
The bass eternal of the sea. *Beatrice.*

Ah! what if some unshamed iconoclast
Crumbling old fetish raiments of the past,
Rises from dead cerements the Christ at last?
What if men take to following where He leads,
Weary of mumbling Athanasian creeds?

The red Flag

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER. 1834–1896.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going — and so good-day![1]

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing — and so, good-night.

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing — and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing — and so — good-bye!

Trilby.

—◆—

WILLIAM MORRIS. 1834–1896.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
The idle singer of an empty day.

An Apology.

[1] Ah, brief is Life,
Love's short sweet way,
With dreamings rife,
And then — Good-day!

And Life is vain —
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then — Good-night.

Montenaeken (Translated by Louise Chandler Moulton). The original is as follows:

PEU DE CHOSE

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis — Bonjour!

La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rève
Et puis — Bon soir!

Masters, I have to tell a tale of woe,
A tale of folly and of wasted life,
Hope against hope, the bitter dregs of strife,
Ending, where all things end, in death at last.

The Earthly Paradise. Prologue.

Slayer of the Winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the Summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.

Ibid. March.

Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.
Within a little time must ye go by.
Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give! *Ibid.*

Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain;
In some wise may come ending to my pain;
It may be yet the Gods will have me glad!
Yet, Love, I would that thee and pain I had!

Ibid. The Death of Paris.

Earth, left silent by the wind of night,
Seems shrunken 'neath the gray unmeasured height.

Ibid. December.

Late February days; and now, at last,
Might you have thought that Winter's woe was past;
So fair the sky was and so soft the air. *Ibid. February.*

A world made to be lost, —
A bitter life 'twixt pain and nothing tost.

Ibid. The Hill of Venus.

To happy folk
All heaviest words no more of meaning bear
Than far-off bells saddening the Summer air. *Ibid.*

But boundless risk must pay for boundless gain.[1]

Ibid. The Wanderers.

[1] Naught venture, naught have. THOMAS TUSSER. (See Heywood, page 15).

Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,
Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such.

Life and Death of Jason. Book ix.

The majesty
That from man's soul looks through his eager eyes.

Book xiii.

Now such an one for daughter Creon had
As maketh wise men fools and young men mad. *Book xvii.*

O thrush, your song is passing sweet
But never a song that you have sung,
Is half so sweet as thrushes sang
When my dear Love and I were young.

Other Days.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise:
"It is the meaner part that dies." *Comfort.*

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE. 1834–1903.

The enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth.

John Inglesant.

All creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result of chance and temperament. *Ibid.*

Nothing but the infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life. *Ibid.*

PHILLIPS BROOKS. 1835–1893.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O little Town of Bethlehem.

Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues.

Literature and Life.

CELIA THAXTER. 1835–1894.

The summer day was spoiled with fitful storm;
At night the wind died and the soft rain dropped;
With lulling murmur, and the air was warm,
And all the tumult and the trouble stopped.

The Nestling Swallows.

Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

The Sunrise never failed us yet.

Already the dandelions
Are changed into vanishing ghosts. *Already.*

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I;

The Sand-piper.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB (JOHN PAUL). 1834–1905.

Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung:
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all, they died in bed.
In bed they died and I'll not go
Where all my friends have perished so.

Dum vivimus vigilamus.

I send thee a shell from the ocean-beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
Hold to thine ear
And plain thou'lt hear [1]
Tales of ships. *With a Nantucket Shell.*

Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea. *Ibid.*

RICHARD GARNETT. 1835–1906.

The three eldest children of Necessity: God, the World and love. *De Flagello myrteo.*

Love is God's essence; Power but his attribute: therefore is his love greater than his power. *iv.*

Thou canst not pray to God without praying to Love, but mayest pray to Love without praying to God. *xiii.*

When Silence speaks for Love she has much to say. *lxxiii.*

Sweet are the words of Love, sweeter his thoughts:
Sweetest of all what Love nor says nor thinks. *clxv.*

Were Love exempt from the militations of Necessity, he were greater than God and the World. *ccxxv.*

THEODORE TILTON. 1835–1907.

I won a noble fame;
But with a sudden frown,
The people snatched my crown,
And, in the mire, trod down
My lofty name.
Sir Marmaduke's Musings.

[1] D. G. Rossetti: *The Sea Hints.* Page 769. Eugene Lee-Hamilton: Page 824.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crost —
All loves and honors lost, —
To gain the heavens, at cost
Of losing earth. *Sir Marmaduke's Musings.*

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill, —
Henceforth in me instil,
O God, a sweet good-will
To all mankind. *Ibid.*

"What is wealth?" the king would say,
"Even this shall pass away."
All Things shall pass away.

"Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away." *Ibid.*

"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away." *Ibid.*

"What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay —
Even this shall pass away." *Ibid.*

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 1835–1908.

Bend low, O dusky Night,
And give my spirit rest,
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possest,
When Love was loveliest. *To-night.*

I hied me off to Arcady —
The month it was the month of May,
And all along the pleasant way,
The morning birds were mad with glee,
And all the flowers sprang up to see,
As I went on to Arcady.[1] *The Secret of Arcady.*

This Life is a fleeting breath,
And whither and how shall I go,
When I wander away with Death
By a path that I do not know?

When I wander away with Death.

BISHOP HENRY CODMAN POTTER. 1835–1908.

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was in truth only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity.

Address at the Washington Centennial Service in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, April 30, 1889.

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent, — a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue. *Ibid.*

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN). 1835–1910.

This is petrified truth. *A Complaint about Correspondents.*

This poor little one-horse town. *The Undertaker's Story.*

[1] See Henry C. Bunner, page 834.

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.

The Innocents Abroad.

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare:
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

Chorus:
Punch, brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Punch, Brothers, punch.

He is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

Henry Ward Beecher's Farm.

Barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

A mysterious Visit.

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar. *My military Campaign.*

When I'm playful, I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the Atlantic ocean for whales. I scratch my head with the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the thunder.

Life on the Mississippi.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in Spring than in any other season. In the Spring I have counted one

hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours.

New England Weather (*Speech at dinner of New England Society. New York, Dec. 22, 1876.*)

Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning. *Ibid.*

ALFRED AUSTIN. 1835–1913.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right.

Is Life worth living.

So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still. *Ibid.*

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. 1835——.

The awful phantom of the hungry poor.

Sonnet. A Winter's Night.

Ah, happy world, where all things live
Creatures of one great law, indeed;
Bound by strong roots, the splendid flower, —
Swept by great seas, the drifting seed!

The Story of the Flower.

A place of dream, the Holy Land
Hangs midway between earth and heaven.
The Holy Land.

Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals. *Evanescence.*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 1836–1907.

Somewhere — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night." *Identity.*

So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins! *Broken Music.*

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land . . .
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of Fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of Freedom. *Unguarded Gates.*

Here is woe, a self and not the mask of woe. *Andromeda.*

That was indeed to live —
At one bold swoop to wrest
From darkling death the best
That Death to Life can give!

Shaw. Memorial Ode.

What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open-wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and blue-birds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last Spring. In Summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round. *Miss Mehitabel's Son.*

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. 1836–1914.

London is the clearing-house of the world.

Speech. Guildhall, London, Jan. 19, 1904.

The day of small nations has passed away; the day of Empires has come. *Speech. Birmingham, May 13, 1904.*

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT. 1836–1911.

You have a daughter, Captain Reese,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters and an aunt or two.

Now, somehow, Sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be
If you united of them to
Unmarried members of the crew. *Captain Reese.*

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.[1]

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

Roll on, thou ball, roll on
Through pathless realms of space,
Roll on! *To the Terrestrial Globe.*

It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!
(*It rolls on.*) *Ibid.*

He is an Englishman!
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he's an Englishman!

For he might have been a Rooshian
A French or Turk or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an.
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman. *The Englishman.*

I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man
And I can't think why! *The disagreeable Man*

[1] There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.
There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

W. M. THACKERAY: *Little Billee.*

Ah, take one consideration with another
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!

The Policeman's Lot.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found
I 've got a little list — I 've got a little list.
Of social offenders who might well be under ground
And who never would be missed — who never would be missed.

They 'll none of them be missed.

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never never use a big, big D.

The first Lord's Song.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
If your soul is n't fettered to an office stool
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
Stick close to your desks and *never go to sea*
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee.

Ibid.

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the Law.

The Lord Chancellor's Song.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream.

H. M. S. Pinafore.

On a tree by a river a little tomtit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?'

"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh, Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

The Suicide's Grave.

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time —
To let the punishment fit the crime.

The humane Mikado.

Life's a pudding full of plums;
Care's a canker that benumbs,
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes! *The tangled Skein.*

Man is nature's sole mistake. *Princess Ida.*

As innocent as a new-laid egg. *Engaged.*

WILLIAM WINTER. 1836——.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
And all their music passed away,
What Nature wishes should be said
She'll find the rightful voice to say.

The golden Silence.

When will the dead world cease to dream,
When will the morning break? *The Night Watch.*

White sail upon the ocean verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
Thy happy homeward course to run
And winged hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire. *Arthur*

The golden time of Long Ago. *I. H. Bromley*

His love was like the liberal air, —
Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
And every grief that mortals share
Found pity in his tenderness. *Ibid.*

Fierce for the right, he bore his part
In strife with many a valiant foe;
But Laughter winged his polished dart,
And kindness tempered every blow. *Ibid.*

SARAH MORGAN BRYANT PIATT. 1836——.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know."
The Witch in the Glass.

This was your butterfly, you see —
His fine wings made him vain:
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain. —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!" *After Wings.*

HENRY MILLS ALDEN. 1836——.

The Angel of Death is the invisible Angel of Life.
A Study of Death.

RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE. 1837–1892.

Only a little while now and we shall be again together and with us those other noble and well-beloved souls gone before. I am sure I shall meet you and them; that you and I shall talk of a thousand things and of that unforgettable day and of all that followed it; and that we shall clearly see that all were parts of an infinite plan which was wholly wise and good.

From Dedication of Cosmic Consciousness.

GROVER CLEVELAND. 1837–1908.

Honor lies in honest toil.

Letter Accepting Nomination for Presidency, Aug. 18, 1884.

After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth.

Message, March 1, 1886.

It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory.[1]

Annual Message, 1887.

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honor. *Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, July 5, 1888.*

Party honesty is party expediency.

Interview in New York Commercial Advertiser, Sept. 19, 1889.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. 1837–1909.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran,

[1] See Disraeli, page 624.

Pleasure with pain for leaven,
Summer with flowers that fell,
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And Madness risen from hell,
Strength without hands to smite,
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

Atalanta in Calydon. *Chorus.*

His speech is a burning fire. *Ibid.*

His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep. *Ibid.*

At the door of life by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death.

The Triumph of Time.

And lo, between the sundawn and the sun
His day's work and his night's work are undone:
And lo, between the nightfall and the light,
He is not, and none knoweth of such an one.

Laus Veneris.

Ah, yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea. *Ibid.*

Marvellous mercies and infinite love. *Les Noyades.*

Forget that I remember
And dream that I forget. *Rococo.*

Our way is where God knows
And Love knows where:
We are in Love's hand to-day. *Love at Sea.*

Despair the twin-born of devotion. *Dolores.*

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The Garden of Proserpine.

For in the days we know not of
Did fate begin
Weaving the web of days that wove
Your doom. *Faustine.*

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted
And knew we should both forget.

An Interlude.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame,
If you have forgotten my kisses
And I have forgotten your name. *Ibid.*

Change lays not her hand upon truth.

Dedication.

Stately, kindly, lordly friend
Condescend
Here to sit by me. *To a Cat.*

Not with dreams, but with blood and with iron,
Shall a nation be moulded at last.

A Word for the Country.

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Such light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from Paradise?

A Baby's Death.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet. *Etude réalistique.*

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet. *Ibid.*

The sweetest flowers in all the world —
A baby's hands. *Ibid.*

Though our works
Find righteous or unrighteous judgment, this
At least is ours, to make them righteous.
Marini Faliero. Act iii. Sc. 1.

My loss may shine yet goodlier than your gain
When Time and God give judgment. *Act. v. Sc. 2.*

Is not Precedent indeed a King of men?
A Word from the Psalmist.

Fear that makes faith may break faith.
Bothwell. Act i. Sc. 3.

There grows
No herb of help to heal a coward heart.
Act ii. Sc. 13.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain. *A forsaken Garden.*

Though one were fair as roses
His beauty clouds and closes.
The Garden of Proserpine.

Gone deeper than all plummets sound. *Félise.*

Ah that such sweet things should be fleet,
Such fleet things sweet! *Ibid.*

Those eyes the greenest of things blue
The bluest of things grey. *Félise.*

It is long since Mr. Carlyle expressed his opinion that if any poet or other literary creature could really be "killed off by one critique" or many, the sooner he was so despatched the better; a sentiment in which I for one humbly but heartily concur. *Under the Microscope.*

A blatant Bassarid of Boston, a rampant Maenad of Massachusetts. *Ibid.*

To wipe off the froth of falsehood from the foaming lips of inebriated virtue, when fresh from the sexless orgies of morality and reeling from the delirious riot of religion, may doubtless be a charitable office. *Ibid.*

The more congenial page of some tenth-rate poeticule worn out with failure after failure and now squat in his hole like the tailless fox, he is curled up to snarl and whimper beneath the inaccessible vine of song. *Ibid.*

The tadpole poet will never grow into anything bigger than a frog; not though in that stage of development he should puff and blow himself till he bursts with windy adulation at the heels of the laureled ox. *Ibid.*

MARY GARDINER BRAINARD. 1837–1905.

I see not a step before me as I tread on another year;
But I 've left the Past in God's keeping, — the Future
His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I
draw near. *Not knowing.*

I would rather walk with God in the dark than go alone
in the light. *Ibid.*

That which we look on with unselfish love
And true humility is surely ours,
Even as a lake looks at the stars above
And makes within itself a heaven of stars. *Ownership.*

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND. 1837——.

It 's no matter what you do
If your heart be only true,
And his heart *was* true to Poll. *True to Poll.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. 1837——.

We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.
The Mulberries.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept. *Thanksgiving.*

Her mouth is a honey-blossom,
No doubt, as the poet sings;
But within her lips, the petals,
Lurks a cruel bee that stings. *The sarcastic Fair.*

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (GAIL HAMILTON). 1838–1896.

Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word.
Country Living and Country Thinking. Preface.

The total depravity of inanimate things. *Epigram.*

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY
1838–1903.

Whence has come thy lasting power.

On an old Song.

The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore;
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of Time. *Ibid.*

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MARY MAPES DODGE. 1838–1905.

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-by!
Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way. *Snowflakes.*

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts — "How warm and soft the day!"
"'T is summer!" and it melts away. *Ibid.*

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

The two Mysteries.

But I believe that God is overhead
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead. *Ibid.*

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JOHN HAY. 1838–1905.

He never funked and he never lied
I reckon he never knowed how. *Jim Bludso.*

He were n't no saint — but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim.
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing —
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men. *Jim Bludso.*

At my door the Pale Horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

The Stirrup Cup.

The people will come to their own at last, —
God is not mocked forever.

The Sphynx of the Tuileries.

I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.

Little Breeches.

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER. 1838–1912.

I know — yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Are the Children at Home.

Never yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the southwind, sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow. *Awakening.*

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY. 1838——.

Evolution is not a force but a process; not a cause but a law. *On Compromise.*

It is not enough to do good; one must do it the right way. *Ibid.*

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. *Ibid.*

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. *Address on Aphorisms. 1887.*

Those who would treat politics and morality apart will never understand the one or the other. *Rousseau.*

You can not demonstrate an emotion or prove an aspiration. *Ibid.*

Literature — the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions. *Burke.*

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character. *Robespierre.*

A great interpreter of life ought not himself to need interpretation. *Emerson.*

The most frightful idea that has ever corroded human nature — the idea of eternal punishment. *Vauvenargues.*

Where it is a duty to worship the sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat. *Voltaire.*

Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect. *Life of Gladstone.*

Every man of us has all the centuries in him. *Ibid.*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1839–1902.

Which I wish to remark, —
And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

Plain Language from truthful James.

Ah Sin was his name. *Ibid.*

With the smile that was childlike and bland. *Ibid.*

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor. *Ibid.*

He smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The Society upon the Stanislaus.

With unpronounceable awful names. *The Tale of a Pony.*

For there be women, fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Mrs. Judge Jenkins.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL. 1839–1908.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple-door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland! *My Maryland.*

Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death
Our young Marcellus sleeps. *John Pelham.*

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt —
The Champion of the Truth —
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth. *John Pelham.*

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT. 1839–1911.

Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accent of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. 'T was the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks.

Speech on the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill, Jan. 27, 1871.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 1840–1893.

No seed shall perish which the soul hath sown.
Sonnet. Versöhnung. A Belief.

Gods fade; but God abides and in man's heart
Speaks with the clear unconquerable cry
Of energies and hopes that can not die.
Sonnet. On the Sacro Monte.

She smiled, and the shadows departed;
She shone, and the snows were rain;
And he who was frozen-hearted
Bloomed up into love again. *Eyebright.*

EDMUND GOSSE. 1840——.

The wizard silence of the hours of dew. *The white Thrust.*

Canst thou not wait for Love one flying hour
O heart of little faith? *Sonnet. Dejection and Delay.*

The Past is like a funeral gone by,
The Future comes like an unwelcome guest.

Sonnet. May-Day.

Where are the cities of old time?

The Ballade of dead Cities.

If I could read you like a book
Or like a wizard's glass of old
I might discover why you look so cold. *The Cast.*

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON. 1840——.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever
Their red it never dies:
But Phillida, my Phillida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, —
It wavers to a rose.

At the Sign of the Lyre.

THOMAS HARDY. 1840——.

When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye. *Between us now.*

Whence comes solace? Not from seeing,
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting Life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream
And in gazing at the Gleam
Whereby gray things golden seem.

On a fine Morning.

Why doth IT so and so, and ever so,
This viewless, voiceless Turner of the Wheel?
The Dynasts. Fore Scene. Spirit of the Pities.

A local thing called Christianity.
Spirit of the Years. Sc. 6.

Aggressive Fancy working spells
Upon a mind o'erwrought. *Act i. Sc. 6. Napoleon.*

Ere systemed suns were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ.
Act ii. Sc. 5. Semichorus.

My argument is that War makes rattling good history; but Peace is poor reading. *Ibid. Spirit sinister.*

A nice unparticular man. *Far from the madding Crowd.*

A little one-eyed blinking sort of place.
Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Like the British Constitution, she owes her success in practice to her inconsistencies in principle.
The Hand of Ethelberta.

A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all. *Ibid.*

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ROBERT WILLIAM BUCHANAN. 1841–1901.

Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be sought. *To David in Heaven.*

I saw the starry Tree
Eternity
Put forth the blossom Time. *Proteus.*

Full of a sweet indifference. *Charmian.*

I say the world is lovely
And that loveliness is enough. *Artist and Model.*

Believing hath a core of unbelieving. *Songs of Seeking.*

A race that binds
Its body in chains and calls them Liberty,
And calls each fresh link Progress.
Political Mystics. *Titan and Avatar.*

Their hearts and sentiments were free, their appetites were hearty. *City of the Saints.*

All that is beautiful shall abide,
All that is base shall die. *Balder the Beautiful.*

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER (JOAQUIN MILLER). 1841–1912.

I saw the lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write upon the sky
The awful autograph of God. *The Ship in the Desert.*

The very clouds have wept and died
And only God is in the sky. *Ibid.*

SIDNEY LANIER. 1842–1881.

Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn. *The Marshes of Glynn.*

The sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West. *Ibid.*

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

The Marshes of Glynn.

The incalculable Up-and-Down of Time. *Clover.*

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT (PELEG ARKWRIGHT). 1842–1897.

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
And scared him some.
His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him —
He had a tail. *Prehistoric Smith.*

Nature abhors imperfect work
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man. *Ibid.*

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS. 1842——.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot comes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As ever you dit see.
He runs und schumps and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

Leedle Yawcob Strauss.

SARAH DOUDNEY. 1843——.

The pure, the beautiful, the bright,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes, —
These things can never die.

Things that never die.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS. 1843——.

Look when the clouds are blowing
And all the winds are free:
In fury of their going
They fall upon the sea.
But though the blast is frantic,
And though the tempest raves,
The deep immense Atlantic
Is still beneath the waves.[1]

Wind, Moon and Tides.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY. 1844–1881.

We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams; —

[1] HARRIET BEECHER STOWE:
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean. Page 700.

World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
We are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever it seems. *Ode.*

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown:
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down. *Ibid.*

Each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth. *Ibid.*

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 1844–1890.

Though it lash the shallows that line the beach,
Afar from the great sea-deeps,
There is never a storm whose might can reach
Where the vast leviathan sleeps.
Like a mighty thought in a mighty mind
In the clear cold depths he swims;
Whilst above him the pettiest form of his kind
With a dash o'er the surface skims.

Prelude to the amber whale.

They who see the Flying Dutchman never, never reach the shore. *The Flying Dutchman.*

Doubt is brother-devil to Despair. *Prometheus.*

The world is large when weary leagues two loving hearts divide
But the world is small when your enemy is loose on the other side. *Distance.*

Be silent and safe — silence never betrays you.

Rules of the Road.

I 'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

Bohemia.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON. 1844–1901.

When Spring is old, and dewy winds
Blow from the south, with odors sweet,
I see my love, in shadowy groves,
Speed down dark aisles on shining feet.

Atalanta's Race.

She throws a kiss, and bids me run
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I can not win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death. *Ibid.*

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream
Like an old tune through a dream.

In Haunts of Bass and Bream.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. 1844–1909.

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me. *Song.*

Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day! *After-song.*

I am a woman — therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not. *A Woman's Thought.*

O white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly crystal flood:
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath —
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!

The celestial Passion.

ANDREW LANG. 1844–1912.

There's a joy without canker or cark,
  There's a pleasure eternally new,
'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark
  Of china that's ancient and blue.

Ballade of blue China.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park
  In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
  Lived, died and were changed into two
  Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang;
  'T is a tale was undoubtedly true
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang. *Ibid.*

The windy lights of Autumn flare;
  I watch the moonlit sails go by;
I marvel how men toil and fare,
  The weary business that they play!
  Their voyaging is vanity,
And fairy gold is all their gain,
  And all the winds of winter cry,
"My Love returns no more again."

Ballade of Autumn.

ROBERT BRIDGES. 1844–1930.

Beneath the crisp and wintry carpet hid
  A million buds but stay their blossoming
  And trustful birds have built their nests amid
The shuddering boughs, and only wait to sing
  Till one soft shower from the south shall bid
  And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of Spring.

The Growth of Love. Sonnet vi.

I live on hope and that I think do all
Who come into this world. *Sonnet lxxiii.*

Scatter the clouds that hide
The face of heaven, and show
Where sweet peace doth abide,
Where Truth and Beauty grow.

Morning Hymn

Behind the western bars
The shrouded day retreats,
And unperceived the stars
Steal to their sovran seats.

And whiter grows the foam,
The small moon lightens more;
And as I turn me home,
My shadow walks before.

The Clouds have left the Sky

JOHN HENRY BONER. 1845–1903.

Gather leaves and grasses,
Love, to-day;
For the Autumn passes
Soon away.
Chilling winds are blowing.
It will soon be snowing.

Gather Leaves and Grasses.

Ah, we fondly cherish
Faded things
That had better perish.
Memory clings
To each leaf it saves.
Chilly winds are blowing.
It will soon be snowing
On our graves. *Ibid.*

"I love you because
You're a sweet little fool!"

The sweet little Fool (The Sequel).

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (SUSAN COOLIDGE). 1845–1905.

The Autumn seems to cry for thee,
Best lover of the Autumn-days! *Helen*

The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed.
New every Morning.

These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them.
Secrets.

Men die but sorrow never dies.
The cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON. 1845–1907.

The hollow sea-shell, which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent, and we hear
The faint, far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea.[1] The Sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near.
Sonnet. Sea-shell Murmurs.

JOHN BANISTER TABB. 1845–1909.

Why should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I,
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss nor gain nor change in me is found, —
A life-complete in death-complete to die. *The Bubble.*

[1] See Dante Gabriel Rossetti, page 769, and Charles Henry Webb, page 793.

WILL CARLETON. 1845–1912.

Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.
Out of the old House, Nancy.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human bein' — a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands. *Ibid.*

Things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out.
Betsy and I are out.

I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree.
Ibid.

Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own. *Ibid.*

The more we arg'ed the question the more we did n't agree. *Ibid.*

I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.
Ibid.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way. *Over the Hill to the Poor-house.*

To appreciate heaven well
'T is good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.
Gone with a handsomer Man.

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE. 1845——.

Good Will is the mightiest practical force in the universe.
Cleveland Address.

The Golden Rule works like gravitation. *Ibid.*

When the first just and friendly man appeared on the earth, from that day a fatal Waterloo was visible for all the men of pride and fraud and blood.
The coming People.

It is absurd to suppose, if this is God's world, that men must always be selfish barbarians. *Ibid.*

The truly civilized man has no enemies.
The Smoke and the Flame.

Religion is as healthy and normal as life itself.
The coming Religion.

Democracy is on trial in the world, on a more colossal scale than ever before. *The Spirit of Democracy.*

It is a world of startling possibilities.
The Hope of Immortality (Ingersoll Lecture, 1906).

Golden hours of vision come to us in this present life, when we are at our best, and our faculties work together in harmony. *Ibid.*

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. 1847–1908.

A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.
Sir Hugo's Choice.

The love of man and woman is as fire
To warm, to light, but surely to consume
And self-consuming die . . .
But comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
Glowing more fervent, it doth bind more fast;
And melting both but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt — till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one and strong and pure.

My Comrade

I 'd rather be handsome than homely;
I 'd rather be youthful than old;
If I can't have a bushel of silver
I'll do with a barrel of gold. *Contentment.*

All loved Art in a seemly way
With an earnest soul and a capital A. *The V-a-s-e.*

GEORGE ROBERT SIMS. 1847——.

Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with, the first man found that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on earth'll be lost.

Dagonet Ballads. Moll Jarvis o' Morley.

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBERY. 1847——.

Few speeches which have produced an electrical effect on an audience can bear the colorless photography of a printed record. *Life of Pitt.*

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs. *Rectorial Address. Glasgow. Nov. 16, 1900.*

GEORGE BARLOW. 1847——.

What men have done can still be done
And shall be done to-day. *The Song of Abu Klea.*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. 1848–1908.

Brer Fox, he lay low. *Legends of the old Plantation.*

Ez soshubble ez a baskit er kittens. *Ibid.*

Lazy fokes's stummucks don't git tired.
Plantation Proverbs.

Jay-bird don't rob his own nes'. *Ibid.*

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it gits loose from de jug.
Ibid.

Hungry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum. *Ibid.*

Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke? *Ibid.*

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. 1848——.

The energies of our system will decay; the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit and all his thoughts will perish. *The Foundations of Belief.*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. 1849–1903.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul. *To R. T. H. B.*

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.[1] *To R. T. H. B.*

Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame.
In Hospital.

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly. *Ibid*

From the winter's gray despair,
From the summer's golden languor,
Death, the lover of Life,
Frees us for ever. *Ibid.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 1850–1894.

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask: the heaven above
And the road below me. *The Vagabond.*

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day. *Bed in Summer.*

The pleasant Land of Counterpane.
The Land of Counterpane.

Youth now flees on feathered foot.
To Will H. Low.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
Couplet.

[1] Arise, O Soul, and gird thee up anew,
Though the black camel Death kneel at thy gate;
No beggar thou that thou for alms shouldst sue:
Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.
JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Requiem (and Epitaph).

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Old and young we are all on our last cruise.

Crabbed Age and Youth.

For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself. *Ibid.*

Youth is wholly experimental.

A Letter to a young Gentleman.

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man. *Prince Otto.*

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers.

The Master of Ballantrae.

EUGENE FIELD. 1850–1895.

A little peach in an orchard grew, —
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew. *The little Peach.*

We twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts. *Dibdin's Ghost.*

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew. *Wynken, Blynken and Nod.*

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
And, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go. *In the Firelight.*

The little toy-dog is covered with dust
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy-soldier is red with rust
And his musket moulds in his hands;
Time was when the little toy-dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there *Little Boy Blue.*

—♦—

THEOPHILE MARZIALS. 1850——.

And also there's a little star
So white a virgin's it must be: —
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me. *Song.*

"Ahoy! and Oho, and it's who's for the ferry?"
(The brier's in bud and the sun going down:)
"And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town.
Twickenham Ferry.

—♦—

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE. 1850——.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day:

And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair, —
He with footsteps slow and weary; she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night." *Curfew must not ring To-night.*

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. 1851–1898.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
(O still celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
Oh, let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee.

The Sunshine of thine Eyes.

MARY AUGUSTA (ARNOLD) WARD. 1851——.

One may as well preach a respectable mythology as anything else. *Robert Elsmere.*

This Laodicean cant of tolerance. *Book ii. Chap. xii.*

All things change, creeds and philosophies and outward systems — but God remains. *Book iv. Chap. xxv.*

Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system. *Book vi. Chap. xxxviii.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. 1852——.

The ripest peach is highest on the tree. *The ripest Peach.*

O'er folded blooms
On swirls of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk. *The Beetle.*

One naked star has waded through
The purple shadows of the night,
And faltering as falls the dew
It drips its misty light. *Ibid.*

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you don't watch out. *Little Orphant Annie.*

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON. 1852——.

The Night has a thousand eyes,
And the Day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done. *Light.*

EDWIN MARKHAM. 1852——.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood. *Brotherhood.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
The Man with the Hoe.

HENRY VAN DYKE. 1852——.

Men have dulled their eyes with sin,
And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
And built their temple-walls to shut thee in,
And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.

God of the open Air

Often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal. *Reliance.*

The blessing of earth is toil. *The Toiling of Felix*

He that planteth a tree is the servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

The friendly Trees.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER. 1855–1896.

Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady.
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare —
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in.

The Way to Arcady.[1]

Ah woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name and great men's praise;
But Love, ah! Love I have it not. *Ibid.*

[1] See LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *The Secret of Arcady* Page 795.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS.
1855——.

Life is a voyage. The winds of life come strong
From every point; yet each will speed thy course along,
If thou with steady hand when tempests blow
Canst keep thy course aright and never once let go.

The Voyage of Life.

Death is an angel with two faces:
To us he turns
A face of terror, blighting all things fair;
The other burns
With glory of the stars, and love is there.

A Thanatopsis.

GEORGE MOORE. 1855——.

After all there is but one race — humanity.

The Bending of the Bough. Act iii.

The difficulty in life is the choice. *Act iv.*

The wrong way always seems the more reasonable. *Ibid.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 1855——.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

The Way of the World.

No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Settle the Question Right.

OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILDE.

1856–1900.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long. *Ibid.*

The vilest deeds like poison-weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate
And the Warder is Despair. *Ibid.*

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

The Picture of Dorian Gray.

He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. *Ibid.*

As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular. *The Critic as Artist.*

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.

De Profundis.

It is through Art and through Art only that we can realize our perfection; through Art and Art only that we can shield ourselves from the sordid perils of actual existence. *Art*

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA McLEOD). 1856–1905.

Across the silent stream
Where the dream-shadows go,
From the dim blue Hill of Dream
I have heard the west wind blow.

From the Hills of Dream.

Love is a beautiful dream. *Cor Cordium.*

Ah, the strange, sweet, lonely delight
Of the Valleys of Dream. *Dream Fantasy.*

Down beyond the haven the tide comes with a shout.

An old Tale of Three.

The desire of love, Joy:
The desire of life, Peace:
The desire of the soul, Heaven:
The desire of God . . . a flame-white secret forever. *Desire.*

The gray silence, the gray waves, the gray wastes of the sea. *Longing.*

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places.

Little Children of the Wind.

AGNES M. F. R. DARMESTETER. 1857——.

You hail from Dream-land, Dragon-fly?
A stranger hither? So am I,
And (sooth to say) I wonder why
We either of us came! *To a Dragon-fly.*

INGRAM CROCKETT. 1856——.

The splendor of Silence, — of snow-jeweled hills and of ice. *Orion.*

The way of the Wind is a strange, wild way. *The Wind.*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. 1856——.

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On.

Mrs. Warren's Profession.

A lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it: it would be hell on earth. *Man and Superman. Act i.*

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. *Ibid.*

You think that you are Ann's suitor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued; that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool: it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry, the destined prey. *Act. ii.*

Marry Ann and at the end of a week you'll find no more inspiration in her than in a plate of muffins. *Ibid.*

Kings are not born: they are made by universal hallucination. *The Revolutionist's Handbook.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KING, JR. 1857–1894.

If I should die to-night [1]
And you should come in deepest grief and woe —
And say: — "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?" *If I should die.*

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude. *The Pessimist.*

[1] **Parody on:**

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair.

BELLE E. SMITH.

JOHN DAVIDSON. 1857–1909.

That minister of ministers,
Imagination, gathers up
The undiscovered Universe,
Like jewels in a jasper cup.

There is a Dish to hold the Sea.

My feet are heavy now but on I go,
My head erect beneath the tragic years.

I felt the World a-spinning on its Nave.

SAM WALTER FOSS. 1858–1911.

We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his throne.

The volunteer Organist.

The sweet mellifluous milking of the cow.

The Milking of the Cow.

He had a startling genius, but somehow it did n't emerge;
Always on the evolution of things that would n't evolve;
Always verging toward some climax, but he never reached the verge;
Always nearing the solution of some theme he could not solve.

The Inventor.

There are purple grapes in the Land of Git-Thare.

The Land of Git-Thare.

I say the very things that make the greatest Stir
An' the most interestin' things, are things that did n't occur.[1]

Things that did n't occur.

Strew gladness on the paths of men —
You will not pass this way again.

I shall not pass this Way again.[2]

[1] DISRAELI: *Henrietta Temple.*
What we anticipate seldom occurs. LOWELL. Page 741.

[2] A saying of William Penn.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead;
They followed still his crooked way
And lost a hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

The Calf-Path

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 1858——.

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency. *The strenuous Life.*

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

Speech. Springfield (Illinois). July 4, 1903.

I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.

Speech before the Hamilton Club, Chicago. April 10, 1899.

WILLIAM WATSON. 1858-·—.

Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness —

England to Ireland.

Best they honor thee
Who honor in thee only what is best.

The true Patriotism.

And though circuitous and obscure
The feet of Nemesis how sure! *Europe at the Play.*

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.

Hymn to the Sea. Part iii 8.

Deemest thou labor
Only is earnest?
Grave is all beauty,
Solemn is joy. *England my Mother. Part iv.*

Empires dissolve and peoples disappear,
Song passes not away. *Lacrymae Musarum.*

In this world with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease? *World-Strangeness.*

On from room to room I stray,
Yet mine Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day,
Whether guest or captive I. *Ibid.*

FRANCIS THOMPSON. 1859–1907.

I fear to love you, Sweet, because
Love's the ambassador of loss. *To Olivia.*

The hills look over on the South,
And Southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she. *Daisy.*

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel to be
Out of Heaven and just like me? *Ex Ore Infantum.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
The Hound of Heaven

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN. 1859——.

Now, of my three score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy years a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

Loveliest of Trees.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say:
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away."

A Shropshire Lad.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high, we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

To an Athlete dying young.

—•—

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. 1859——.

You shall not change, but a nobler race of men
Shall walk beneath the stars and wander by the shore;
I can not guess their glory, but I think the sky and sea
Will bring to them more gladness than they brought to us of yore.

Man in Nature.

—•—

NIXON WATERMAN. 1859——.

No man can feel himself alone
The while he bravely stands
Between the best friends ever known
His two good, honest hands.

Interludes.

Though life is made up of mere bubbles,
'T is better than many aver,
For while we've a whole lot of troubles,
The most of them never occur.[1]

Shreds and Patches.

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

A Rose to the Living.

CHARLOTTE P. S. GILMAN. 1860——.

A million million worlds that move in peace;
A million mighty laws that never cease;
And one small ant-heap, hidden by small weeds,
Rich with eggs, slaves and store of millet-seeds.
They sleep beneath the sod
And trust in God. *A common Inference.*

Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot,
Those wings are made to fly!"

A Conservative.

"I do not want to be a fly,
I want to be a worm!" *Ibid.*

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. 1860——.

The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of Error.

Speech at the National Democratic Convention. Chicago, 1896.

[1] See Disraeli, page 628, Lowell, page 741, and Foss, page 830.

You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorn. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

Speech of the National Democratic Convention. Chicago, 1896.

MARY E. COLERIDGE. 1861–1907.

Breathe slumbrous music round me, sweet and slow,
To honied phrases set!
Into the land of dreams I long to go.
Bid me forget! *Mandragora.*

Where is delight? and what are pleasures now? —
Moths that a garment fret.
The world is turned memorial, crying, "Thou
Shalt not forget!" *Ibid*

Is this wide world not large enough to fill thee,
Nor Nature, nor that deep man's Nature, Art?
Are they too thin, too weak and poor to still thee,
Thou little heart? *Self-Question.*

BLISS CARMAN. 1861——.

Here's to the day when it is May
And care as light as a feather,
When your little shoes and my big boots
Go tramping over the heather. *A Toast.*

There paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind,
With mystery before,
And reticence behind. *At the granite Gate.*

The glad indomitable sea,
The strong white sun. *A Sea Child.*

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON. 1861——.

Everything has an ending: there will be
An ending one sad day for you and me,
And ending of the days we had together,
The good companionship, all kinds of weather.

Everything has an Ending.

OWEN SEAMAN. 1861——.

Whene'er I walk the public ways,
How many poor that lack ablution
Do probe my heart with pensive gaze,
And beg a trivial contribution![1]

The bitter Cry of the great Unpaid.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. 1862——.

To-day, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy.

The Word.

Whate'er there be of Sorrow
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes, why then
'T will be To-day and Joy again. *Ibid*

For me, my craft is sailing on,
Through mists to-day, clear seas anon.
Whate'er the final harbor be
'T is good to sail upon the sea! *The Voyage.*

[1] See the anonymous travesty.

Whene'er I walk this beauteous earth.
How many poor I see,
But as I never speaks to them,
They never speaks to me.

HENRY J. NEWBOLT. 1862——.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize.
The Island Race. Clifton Chapel.

The work of the world must still be done,
And minds are many though truth be one. *The Echo.*

Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.
Craven.

RICHARD HOVEY. 1864–1900.

In all climes we pitch out tents,
Cronies of the elements,
With the secret lords of birth
Intimate and free. *The Wander-lovers.*

The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might.
The Call of the Bugles.

The great white cold walks abroad!
Dartmouth Winter-song.

Nor love they least
Who strike with right good will
To vanquish ill
And fight God's battle upward from the beast.
Bugles.

Who would not rather founder in the fight
Than not have known the glory of the fray?
Two and Fate.

Praise be to you, O hills, that you can breathe
Into our souls the secret of your power! *Comrades.*

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new! *Spring.*

For 't is always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

Spring.

The East and the West in the spring of the world shall blend [1]
As a man and a woman that plight
Their troth in the warm spring night. *Ibid.*

How loving is the Lord God and how strong withal!

Benzaquen.

Shall the iron argue with the smith what it would be?
Or, shall the wrought iron reason with the monger
To whom it would be sold? *Ibid.*

Love seeks a guerdon; friendship is as God,
Who gives and asks no payment.

The Marriage of Guenevere. Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair weather weddings make fair weather lives.

Sc. 3.

There is no sorrow like a love denied
Nor any joy like love that has its will. *Ibid.*

There are worser ills to face
Than foemen in the fray;
And many a man has fought because —
He feared to run away. *Act. iv. Sc. 3.*

I have need of the sky,
I have business with the grass;
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass.
I will get me away to the woods. *I have Need of the Sky.*

[1] Rudyard Kipling: Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 1864——.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is —
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad symphony,
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress.

How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But, oh, the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes —
One touch and what a world,
New-born in loveliness! *Blind Children.*

What a dark world — who knows? —
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe! *Ibid.*

Oh, for the simple life,
For tents and starry skies! *Aspiration.*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. 1865.——.

The land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.
Land of Heart's Desire.

Life moves out of a red flare of dreams
Into a common light of common hours,
Until old age bring the red flare again. *Ibid.*

I would mould a world of fire and dew [1]
With no one bitter, grave, or over wise,
And nothing marred or old to do you wrong.
Land of Heart's Desire.

Land of Heart's Desire,
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song. *Ibid.*

ALFRED COCHRANE. 1865——.

Her reasoning is full of tricks
And butterfly suggestions,
I know no point to which she sticks;
She begs the simplest questions,
And, when her premises are strong
She always draws her inference wrong.
Upon Lebia Arguing.

I once admitted — to my shame —
That football was a brutal game.
Because She hates it. *To Anthea.*

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN. 1865——.

At daybreak Morn shall come to me
In raiment of the white winds spun. *Quiet.*

Some shall reap that never sow
And some shall toil and not attain. *Success.*

A moonlight traveler in Fancy's land. *Unqualified.*

[1] See FITZGERALD: Omar Khayyám. *Rubaiyat, lxxiii.*

Ah Love! could Thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Into the sunset's turquoise marge
The moon dips, like a pearly barge;
Enchantment sails through magic seas,
To fairyland Hesperides,
Over the hills and away. *At Sunset. Stanza. 1*

What magic shall solve us the secret
Of beauty that's born for an hour? *Interpreted.*

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. 1866——.

Yea, howso we dream,
Or how bravely we do;
The end is the same,
Be we traitor or true:
And after the bloom
And the passion is past
Death comes at last.
An old Man's Song.

Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill.
Time flies.

There's too much beauty upon this earth
For lonely men to bear.
A Ballad of too much Beauty.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. 1869–1910.

Time softly there
Laughs through the abyss of radiance with the gods.
The Fire-Bringer. Act i.

The gods despise enforcèd offerings.
When the heart brings its dearest and its last
Then only will they hear — if then, if then! *Act ii.*

Hark, below, the many-voiced earth,
The chanting of the old religious trees,
Rustle of far-off waters, woven sounds
Of small and multitudinous lives awake,
Peopling the grasses and the pools with joy,
Uttering their meaning to the mystic night!

The Fire-Bringer. Act ii.

Passion is power,
And, kindly tempered, saves. All things declare
Struggle hath deeper peace than sleep can bring.

The Masque of Judgment. Act iii. Sc. 2.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. 1869——.

He was himself and he had lost the speed
He started with, and he was left behind.

Captain Craig.

You have made
The cement of your churches out of tears
And ashes, and the fabric will not stand. *Ibid.*

The gods are growing old;
The stars are singing Golden hair to gray
Green leaf to yellow leaf, — or chlorophyl
To xanthophyl, to be more scientific. *Ibid.*

We are young
And we are friends of time. *Ibid.*

RUDYARD KIPLING. 1865——.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead. *Ibid.*

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair.
The Vampire

The tumult and the shouting dies, —
The Captains and the Kings depart, —
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. *Recessional.*

Lest we forget — lest we forget! *Ibid.*

Oh the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin'-fishes play
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay! *Mandalay.*

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ar'n't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst. *Ibid.*

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat. *Ballad of East and West.*

It's Tommy this an' Tommy that an' "Chuck 'im out, the brute"
But it's "Savior of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot. *Tommy.*

Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.
Ibid

It's clever, but is it art? *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the morning.
Danny Deever

But he could n't lie if you paid him and he'd starve before he stole. *The Mary Gloster.*

Take up the White Man's burden.

The White Man's Burden.

Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.

The Islanders.

Daughter am I in my mother's house;
But mistress in my own. *Our Lady of the Snows.*

When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took — the same as we!

Barrack-Room Ballads. Introduction.

For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under their skins. *Ibid.*

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide —
It never done no good to me
But I can't drop it if I tried. *For to admire.*

An' I learned about women from 'er. *The Ladies.*

And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke. *The Betrothed.*

But that's another story. *Mulvaney. Soldiers Three.*

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it — lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew! *L' Envoi.*

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are! *L'Envoi.*

ALFRED NOYES. 1880——.

Enough of dreams! No longer mock
The burdened hearts of men!
Not on the cloud, but on the rock. *The secret Inn.*

There was music all about us, we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-town. *Forty singing Seamen.*

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets the sky. *Ibid.*

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it is n't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonder-land;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it is n't far from London!)
The Barrel-organ.

Ye that follow the vision
Of the world's weal afar,
Have ye met with derision
And the red laugh of war?
Yet the thunder shall not hurt you
Nor the battle storms dismay;
Tho' the sun in heaven desert you
"Love will find out the way."
Love will find out the Way.

HENRY HOWARTH BASHFORD. 1880——.

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
As I came down the Highgate Hill [1]
I met the sun's bravado,
And saw below me, fold on fold,
Grey to pearl and pearl to gold,
This London like a land of old,
The land of Eldorado. *Romance.*

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.").

Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
Our eyes could never see.
The unknown God.

Ah, to think how thin the veil that lies
Between the pain of hell and paradise! *Janus.*

Oh, I am so old, meseems
I am next of kin to Time.
The Grey Eros.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave ethereal eyes;
Ensouled by ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.
Forgiveness.

Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast.
Refuge.

We are in the calm and proud possession of eternal things.
Babylon.

[1] Alfred Noyes: *Go down to Kew in Lilac-time.*

MATTHIAS BARR.

Only a baby small,[1]
Dropt from the skies;
Small, but how dear to us
God knoweth best.

Only a Baby Small.

ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER. 1863——.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stept into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face,
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doft his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt, 't was Casey at the bat. *Casey at the Bat.*

"Strike one" the Umpire said.
From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore,
"Kill him! Kill the Umpire!" shouted some one from the stand —
And it 's likely they 'd have done it had not Casey raised his hand. *Ibid.*

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has "struck out." *Ibid.*

[1] Also attributed to Addie Layton.

MARGARET WITTER FULLER.

I am immortal! I know it! I feel it!
Hope floods my heart with delight!
Running on air, mad with life, dizzy, reeling,
Upward I mount — faith is sight, life is feeling,
Hope is the day-star of might!

Dryad Song. Stanza 1

It was thy kiss, Love, that made me immortal [1]

Ibid. Stanza 2.

Chance cannot touch me! Time cannot hush me!
Fear, hope, and longing, at strife,
Sink as I rise, on, on, upward forever,
Gathering strength, gaining breath, — naught can sever
Me from the Spirit of Life! *Ibid. Stanza 4.*

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

"O star on the breast of the river!
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?"

"Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness,
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river,
I win my glory and grace,
White souls fall not, O my poet,
They rise to the sweetest place."

The Water Lily.

[1] See MARLOWE, page 40. Make me immortal with a kiss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

JOHN KEPLER (1571–1630). *Martyrs of Science (Brewster). P. 197*

Needle in a bottle of hay.

FIELD (—— –1641): *A Woman's a Weathercock. (Reprint, 1612, p. 20.)*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

SAMUEL TUKE (——–1673): *Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. Sc. 3*

Laugh and be fat.

JOHN TAYLOR (1580 ?–1684). Title of a Tract, 1630.

Diamond cut diamond.

JOHN FORD (1586–1639): *The Lover's Melancholy. Act i. Sc. 1*

A liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest.

JOHN WINTHROP (1588–1649): *Life and Letters. Vol. ii. p. 341.*

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615–1691): *Love breathing Thanks and Praise*

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616–1704): *Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*

And there 's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

STEPHEN HARVEY (*circa* 1627): *Juvenal, Satire ix.*

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

WALTER POPE (1630–1714): *The Old Man's Wish.*

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.

CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701): *Reasons for Constancy*

The real Simon Pure.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE (1667–1723): *A bold Stroke for a Wife.*

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

GEORGE SEWELL (——–1726): *The Suicide.*

Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS (1671–1749): *From Holland to a Friend in England.*

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!),
A horrid chasm disclosed.

JOHN PHILIPS (1676–1708): *The Splendid Shilling. Line 121.*

For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.

WILLIAM PULTENEY (1682–1764): *The Honest Jury.*

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I hae mony days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686–1758): *Lochaber no More.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696–1761): *On a Fly drinking out of a Cup of Ale.*

Thus Raleigh, thus immortal Sidney shone
(Illustrious names!) in great Eliza's days.

THOMAS EDWARDS (1699–1757): *Canons of Criticism.*

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703–1764): *The Parting Kiss*

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky. CHARLES WESLEY: *Christian Fidelity*

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down. *Divine Love.*

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
JOHN ARMSTRONG (1709–1779): *The Art of Preserving Health. Book iv. Line 301.*

Gentle shepherd, tell me where. SAMUEL HOWARD (1710–1782).

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue!
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment 's weak the prejudice is strong. KANE O'HARA (——–1782): *Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
ROBERT LOWTH (1710–1787): *Choice of Hercules, i.*

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
—— DYER (published in the early part of the reign of George I.).

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!
RICHARD GRAVES (1715–1804): *The Festoon* (1767).

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen all, to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
GEORGE A. STEVENS (1720–1784): *The Storm.*

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank, —
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
THOMAS GIBBONS (1720–1785): *When Jesus dwelt*

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

RICHARD HURD (1720–1808): *Sermons. Vol. ii. p. 287.*

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

JAMES WOLFE (1726–1759): *Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759.*

Kathleen mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

ANNE CRAWFORD (1734–1801): *Kathleen Mavourneen.*

Who can refute a sneer?

WILLIAM PALEY (1743–1805): *Moral Philosophy. Vol. ii. Book v. Chap. 9.*

Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?

ROWLAND HILL (1744–1833).

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey?
And why does thy nose look so blue?

THOMAS HOLCROFT (1745–1809): *Gaffer Grey.*

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY (1746–1825), — when Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747–1794): *The Siller Croun.*

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we 're all good fellows together.

JOHN O'KEEFE (1747–1833): *Sprigs of Laurel. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.

JOHN LOWE (1750–——): *Mary's Dream.*

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817): *Columbia.*

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope, and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

ROBERT HAWKER (1753–1827): *Benediction.*

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

ANNE GRANT (1755–1838): *Roy's Wife.*

Bounding billows, cease your motion,
Bear me not so swiftly o'er.

MARY ROBINSON (1758–1799): *Bounding Billows.*

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827): *Trust in Providence.*

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES (1762–1837): *Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note
Soft moves the dipping oar.

JOANNA BAILLIE (1762–1857): *Oh swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat.*

'T was whisper'd in heaven, 't was mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE (1764–1834): *Enigma. The letter H.*

Oh, it 's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island.

THOMAS DIBDIN (1771–1841): *The snug little Island.*

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1772–1811): *Adams and Liberty*

They [the blacks] had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.

ROGER B. TANEY (1777–1864): *The Dred Scott Case* (Howard Rep. 19, p. 407).

To make a mountain of a mole-hill.

HENRY ELLIS (1777–1869): *Original Letters. Second Series, p. 312.*

March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us.

B. E. O'MEARA (1778–1836): *March to the Battle-Field.*

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

STEPHEN DECATUR (1779–1820): *Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.*

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

JOSEPH STORY (1779–1845): *Motto of the "Salem Register."* (Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.)

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

ROBERT EMMET (1780–1803): *Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, September, 1803.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

C. C. COLTON (1780–1832): *The Lacon.*

Behold how brightly breaks the morning!
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

JAMES KENNEY (1780–1849): *Behold how brightly breaks*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung.

PRINCESS AMELIA (1783–1810)

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784–1862) *Virginius, Act v. Sc. 2*

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.

OLIVER H. PERRY (1785–1820): *Letter to General Harrison* (dated "United States Brig Niagara. Off the Western Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.").

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

EATON S. BARRETT (1785–1820): *Woman, Part i.* (ed. 1822).

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.

WILLIAM L. MARCY (1786–1857): *Speech in the United States Senate, January, 1832.*

Say to the seceded States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

WINFIELD SCOTT (1786–1861): *Letter to W. H. Seward, March 3, 1861.*

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep.

EMMA WILLARD (1787–1870): *The Cradle of the Deep.*

Right as a trivet.

R. H. BARHAM (1788–1845) *The Ingoldsby Legends. Auto-da-fe.*

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground — to die.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE (1789–1847) : *My Life is like the Summer Rose.*

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

CHARLES PHILLIPS (1789–1859): *The Character of Napoleon.*

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay your golden cushion down;
Rise up! come to the window, and gaze with all the town

JOHN G. LOCKHART (1794–1854): *The Bridal of Andalla.*

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters
Dwelt a youth, whose fond heart, night and day,
For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters
In a dream of love melted away.

CHARLES DANCE (1794–1863): *Fair Zurich's Waters.*

Oh, leave the gay and festive scenes,
The halls of dazzling light.

H. S. VANDYK (1798–1828): *The Light Guitar.*

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

JOHN A. DIX (1798–1879): *An Official Despatch, Jan. 29, 1861.*

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem:
There 's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

LAMAN BLANCHARD (1803–1845): *Sonnet. Hidden Joys.*

Fifty-four forty or fight.

WILLIAM ALLEN (1806–1879), — in the United States Senate during the Presidential election of 1844.

I envy them, those monks of old;
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

G. P. R. James (1801–1860): *The Monks of Old*

To have a thing is nothing if you 've not the chance to show it,
And to know a thing is nothing, unless others know you know it.

Lord Nancy.

We are swinging round the circle.

Andrew Johnson (1808–1875): *On the Presidential Reconstruction Tour, August, 1866.*

All we ask is to be let alone.

Jefferson Davis (1808–1889): *First Message to the Confederate Congress, March, 1861.*

We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

Samuel D. Burchard (1812–1891), — one of the deputation visiting Mr. Blaine.

Well, General, we have not had many dead cavalrymen lying about lately.

Joseph Hooker (1813–1879): *A Remark to General Averill, November, 1862.*

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?

John K. Ingram (1820–——): *The Dublin Nation, April 1, 1843. Vol. ii. p. 339.*

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Theodore O'Hara (1820–1867): *The Bivouac of the Dead.* (August, 1847.)

Oh the heart is a free and a fetterless thing, —
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!

JULIA PARDOE (1816–1862): *The Captive Greek Girl.*

Hold the fort! I am coming!

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN (1820–1891). — signalled to General Corse in Allatoona from the top of Kenesaw, Oct. 5, 1864.

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We 've got the ships, we 've got the men, we 've got the money too.
We 've fought the Bear before and while we 're Britons true,
The Russians shall not have Constantinople.[1]

G. W. HUNT.

When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.

J. K. STEPHEN: *Lapsus Calami.*

For every wave with dimpled face
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY (1821–1852): *Musings. Stanza 4.*

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822–1909): *Rule of the "Harry Wadsworth Club"* (from "Ten Times One is Ten," 1870).

A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.

HORACE PORTER (1837– ——), — a *bon-mot* in the Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884.

[1] Sung by "the great Macdermott" in 1878; it added the term "Jingo" to the political vocabulary.

When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny came hame.

HOGG, JAMES (1770–1835): *The Queen's Wake.*

After the verb "To Love," "To Help" is the most beautiful verb in the world!

BARONESS VON SUTTNER (1848–1914).

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

RICHARD RUMBOLD, *on the scaffold, 1685. History of England (Macaulay), Chap. 1.*

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have render'd me free.

FANNY STEERS: *Song.*

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie.

G. W. BELLAMY: *Simon the Cellarer.*

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

SCROPE DAVIES: *Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.*

She 's all my fancy painted her;
She 's lovely, she 's divine.

WILLIAM MEE: *Alice Gray.*

Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace

KATE FRANKLIN: *Life at Olympus, Lady's Book. Vol. xxiii. p. 33.*

When the sun's last rays are fading
Into twilight soft and dim.

THEODORE L. BARKER: *Thou wilt think of me again.*

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
And cherish'd thine image for years;
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
In secret, in silence, and tears.

MRS (DAVID) PORTER: *Thou hast wounded the Spirit.*

Speak gently! 't is a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD: *Speak gently.*

Hope tells a flattering tale,[1]
Delusive, vain, and hollow.
Ah! let not hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.

Miss —— WROTHER: *The Universal Songster. Vol. ii. p. 86.*

Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

RAVENSCROFT: *Deuteromela, Song No. 7.*[2] (1609.)

The mother said to her daughter, "Daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

GEORGE HAKEWILL: *Apologie. Book iii. Chap. v. Sect. 9.*[3]

[1] Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return;
Ah! naught my sighs avail,
For Love is doomed to mourn.

ANONYMOUS (air by Giovanni Paisiello, 1741–1816): *Universal Songster, vol. i. p. 320.*

[2] BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, act i. sc 3.*

[3] Hakewill translated this from the "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," vol. iii.

Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I ask'd; mercy I found.[1] WILLIAM CAMDEN: *Remains*

Begone, dull Care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone, dull Care! thou and I shall never agree.
PLAYFORD: *Musical Companion.* (1687.)

Much of a muchness.
VANBRUGH: *The Provoked Husband, Act i. Sc. 1.*

Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,
The bed be blest that I lye on.
THOMAS ADY: *A Candle in the Dark, p. 58.* (London, 1656.)

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.
WILLIAM HARRISON: *Description of Britain* (prefixed to Holinshed's "Chronicle," 1577).

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.
RICHARD GRAFTON: *Chronicles of England.* (1590.)

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Excepting leap year, — that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.
The Return from Parnassus. (London, 1606.)

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
Common in the New England States.

[1] Altered by Johnson (1783), —
Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy ask'd; I mercy found.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Penn., among the Friends.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames. "Play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."[1]

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies show;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.
There cherries hang that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

An Howres Recreation in Musike. (1606. Set to music by Richard Alison. Oliphant's "La Messa Madrigalesca," p. 229.)

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow. *Ibid.*

A vest as admired Voltiger had on,
Which from this Island's foes his grandsire won,
Whose artful colour pass'd the Tyrian dye,
Obliged to triumph in this legacy.[2]

The British Princes, p. 96. (1669.)

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Lines used by John Ball in Wat Tyler's Rebellion.[3]

[1] I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out. — *2 Esdras xiv. 25.*

[2] The oft-quoted lines, —

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won,

have been ascribed to Blackmore, but suppressed in the later editions of his poems.

[3] Hume: *History of England, vol. i. chap xvii. note 8.*

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf, and Eve span.[1]

MS. of the Fifteenth Century (British Museum).

Use three Physicians, —
Still-first Dr. Quiet;
Next Dr. Mery-man,
And Dr. Dyet.[2]

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum (edition of 1607).

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North.[3]

From The New England Primer.[4]

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.

Young Obadias,
David, Josias, —
All were pious.

Peter denyed
His Lord, and cryed.

[1] The same proverb existed in German: —

So Adam reutte, und Eva span,
Wer war da ein eddelman?

AGRICOLA: *Proverbs, No. 254.*

[2] See Swift, page 293.

[3] A quarto tract printed in London in 1642, p. 3. This is called "Old Tarlton's Song."

[4] As early as 1691, Benjamin Harris, of Boston, advertised as in press the second impression of the New England Primer. The oldest copy known to be extant is 1737.

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,[1]
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

His wife, with nine small children and one at the breast, following him to the stake.

Martyrdom of John Rogers. Burned at Smithfield, Feb. 14, 1554.[2]

And shall Trelawny die?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.[3]

1 It is said that in the earliest edition of the New England Primer this prayer is given as above, which is copied from the reprint of 1777. In the edition of 1784 it is altered to "Now I lay me down to sleep." In the edition of 1814 the second line of the prayer reads, "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

2 The true date of his death is Feb. 4, 1555.

3 Robert Stephen Hawker incorporated these lines into "The Song of the Western Men," written by him in 1825. It was praised by Sir Walter Scott and Macaulay under the impression that it was the ancient song. It has been a popular proverb throughout Cornwall ever since the imprisonment by James II. of the seven bishops, — one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny.

Mater ait natæ, dic natæ, natam
Ut moneat natæ, plangere filiolam.

The mother to her daughter spake:
"Daughter," said she, "arise!
Thy daughter to her daughter take,
Whose daughter's daughter cries."

A Distich, according to Zwingler, on a Lady of the Dalburg Family who saw her descendants to the sixth generation

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done.

Poem spoken by Mr. Eusden at a Cambridge Commencement.[1]

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.[2]

Author unknown.[3]

The gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration.[4] *Letters of Junius. Letter vii. To Sir W. Draper.*

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter. *Letter xii. To the Duke of Grafton.*

The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.[5] *Letter xxxv.*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.[6]

Letter xxxvii. City Address, and the King's Answer.

[1] It was printed for the second time, in London, 1714.

[2] In the Preface to Mr. Nichols's work on Autographs, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with James Bobart's autograph (Dec. 8, 1697) and the verses, —

Virtus sui gloria.

"Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name. The verses are given as an early instance of their use.

[3] This is found in Staniford's "Art of Reading," third edition, p. 27 (Boston, 1803).

[4] See Burke, page 412.

[5] See Choate, page 598.

[6] See Clarendon, page 255.

Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

Letters of Junius. Letter xlii. Affair of the Falkland Islands.

'T is well to be merry and wise,
'T is well to be honest and true;
'T is well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.

Lines used by Maturin as the motto to "Bertram," produced at Drury Lane, 1816.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, — that I dearly love thee still.

Opera of La Sonnambula

Happy am I; from care I 'm free!
Why ar' n't they all contented like me?

Opera of La Bayadère.

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

Epitaph on a child who died at the age of three weeks (Cheltenham Churchyard).

An Austrian army, awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce furious fray.
Gen'rals 'gainst gen'rals grapple, — gracious God!
How honors Heav'n heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, murd'rous mines.

Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;
Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!
Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter" quest;
Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds!
Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train!
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome won
Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon?
Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell!
Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal
Again attract; arts against arms appeal.
All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!
Et cætera, et cætera, et cæterā.

Alliteration, or the Siege of Belgrade: a Rondeau.[1]

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I 'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway, —
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way.

Attributed to Shakespeare.

I had a hat. It was not all a hat, —
Part of the brim was gone;
Yet still I wore it on.[2]

[1] These lines having been incorrectly printed in a London publication, we have been favoured by the author with an authentic copy of them. — *Wheeler's Magazine, vol. i. p. 244.* (Winchester, England, 1828.)

[2] A parody on Byron's "Darkness," the first line of which is, "I had a dream which was not all a dream." — *Author unknown.*

TRANSLATIONS.

PILPAY (OR BIDPAI.)[1]

We ought to do our neighbour all the good we can. If you do good, good will be done to you; but if you do evil, the same will be measured back to you again.[2]

Dabschelim and Pilpay. Chap. i.

It has been the providence of Nature to give this creature [the cat] nine lives instead of one.[3]

The Greedy and Ambitious Cat. Fable iii.

There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns.[4] *The Two Travellers. Chap. ii. Fable vi.*

Wise men say that there are three sorts of persons who are wholly deprived of judgment, — they who are ambitious of preferments in the courts of princes; they who make use of poison to show their skill in curing it; and they who intrust women with their secrets. *Ibid.*

Men are used as they use others.

The King who became Just. Fable ix.

What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.[5] *The Two Fishermen. Fabl xiv.*

Guilty consciences always make people cowards.[6]

The Prince and his Minister. Chap. iii. Fable iii.

[1] Pilpay is supposed to have been a Brahmin gymnosophist, and to have lived several centuries before Christ. The earliest form in which his Fables appear is in the Pancha-tantra and Hitopadesa of the Sanskrit. The first translation was into the Pehlvi language, and thence into the Arabic, about the seventh century. The first English translation appeared in 1570.

[2] And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. — *Matthew vii. 2.*

[3] See Heywood page 16.

[4] See Herrick, page 203.

[5] See Heywood, page 19.

[6] See Shakespeare, page 136.

Whoever . . . prefers the service of princes before his duty to his Creator, will be sure, early or late, to repent in vain. *The Prince and his Minister. Chap. iii. Fable iii.*

There are some who bear a grudge even to those that do them good. *A Religious Doctor. Fable vi*

There was once, in a remote part of the East, a man who was altogether void of knowledge and experience, yet presumed to call himself a physician.
The Ignorant Physician. Fable viii.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.[1] *Ibid.*

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us. *Choice of Friends. Chap. iv*

That possession was the strongest tenure of the law.[2]
The Cat and the two Birds. Chap. v. Fable ii

HESIOD. *Circa* 720 (?) B. C.

(*Translation by J. Banks, M. A., with a few alterations.*[3])

We know to tell many fictions like to truths, and we know, when we will, to speak what is true.
The Theogony. Line 27.

On the tongue of such an one they shed a honeyed dew,[4] and from his lips drop gentle words. *Line 82*

Night, having Sleep, the brother of Death.[5] *Line 754*

[1] See Butler, page 214.
[2] See Cibber, page 296.
[3] Bohn's Classical Library.
[4] See Coleridge, page 500
[5] See Shelley, page 567

From whose eyelids also as they gazed dropped love.[1]
The Theogony. Line 910.

Both potter is jealous of potter and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet.[2] *Works and Days. Line 25.*

Fools! they know not how much half exceeds the whole.[3]
Line 40.

For full indeed is earth of woes, and full the sea; and in the day as well as night diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men, for all-wise Zeus hath taken from them their voice. So utterly impossible is it to escape the will of Zeus. *Line 101.*

They died, as if o'ercome by sleep. *Line 116.*

Oft hath even a whole city reaped the evil fruit of a bad man.[4] *Line 240.*

For himself doth a man work evil in working evils for another. *Line 265.*

Badness, look you, you may choose easily in a heap: level is the path, and right near it dwells. But before Virtue the immortal gods have put the sweat of man's brow; and long and steep is the way to it, and rugged at the first. *Line 287.*

This man, I say, is most perfect who shall have understood everything for himself, after having devised what may be best afterward and unto the end. *Line 293.*

Let it please thee to keep in order a moderate-sized farm, that so thy garners may be full of fruits in their season. *Line 304.*

[1] See Milton, page 246.

[2] See Gay, page 349.

[3] Pittacus said that half was more than the whole. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pittacus, ii.*

[4] One man's wickedness may easily become all men's curse. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 463.*

Invite the man that loves thee to a feast, but let alone thine enemy. *Works and Days. Line 342.*

A bad neighbour is as great a misfortune as a good one is a great blessing. *Line 346.*

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses. *Line 353.*

If thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little, and shouldst do this often, soon would even this become great. *Line 360*

At the beginning of the cask and at the end take thy fill, but be saving in the middle; for at the bottom saving comes too late. Let the price fixed with a friend be sufficient, and even dealing with a brother call in witnesses, but laughingly. *Line 366.*

Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil. A dilatory man wrestles with losses. *Line 412.*

The morn, look you, furthers a man on his road, and furthers him too in his work. *Line 579.*

Observe moderation. In all, the fitting season is best. *Line 694.*

Neither make thy friend equal to a brother; but if thou shalt have made him so, be not the first to do him wrong. *Line 707*

THEOGNIS. 570 (?)–490 (?) B. C.

Wine is wont to show the mind of man. *Maxims. Line 500.*

No one goes to Hades with all his immense wealth.[1] *Line 725.*

[1] For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away, his glory shall not descend after him. — *Psalm xlix. 17.*

[These selections from the most famous gnomic sayings of the great tragic writers of Greece — Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides — are chiefly from the fragments and not from their complete plays. The numbers of the fragments refer to the edition of Nauck. They are selected and translated by M. H. Morgan, Ph. D., of Harvard University.]

ÆSCHYLUS. 525–456 B. C.

I would far rather be ignorant than wise in the foreboding of evil.[1] *Suppliants, 453.*

"Honour thy father and thy mother" stands written among the three laws of most revered righteousness.[2] *707.*

Words are the physicians of a mind diseased.[3] *Prometheus, 378.*

Time as he grows old teaches many lessons. *981.*

God's mouth knows not to utter falsehood, but he will perform each word.[4] *1032.*

Learning is ever in the freshness of its youth, even for the old.[5] *Agamemnon, 584.*

Few men have the natural strength to honour a friend's success without envy. . . . I well know that mirror of friendship, shadow of a shade. *832.*

Exiles feed on hope. *1668.*

Success is man's god. *Choephoræ, 59.*

[1] See Gray, page 382.

[2] The three great laws ascribed to Triptolemus are referred to, — namely, to honour parents; to worship the gods with the fruits of the earth; to hurt no living creature. The first two laws are also ascribed to the centaur Cheiron.

[3] Apt words have power to suage
The tumours of a troubl'd mind.
MILTON: *Samson Agonistes.*

[4] God is not a man that he should lie; . . . hath he said, and shall he not do it? — *Numbers xxiii. 19.*

[5] See Shakespeare, page 64.

So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
Are we now smitten."[1] *Frag. 135* (trans. by Plumptre)

Of all the gods, Death only craves not gifts:
Nor sacrifice, nor yet drink-offering poured
Avails; no altars hath he, nor is soothed
By hymns of praise. From him alone of all
The powers of heaven Persuasion holds aloof.
Frag. 146 (trans. by Plumptre)

O Death the Healer, scorn thou not, I pray,
To come to me: of cureless ills thou art
The one physician. Pain lays not its touch
Upon a corpse. *Frag. 250* (trans. by Plumptre).

A prosperous fool is a grievous burden. *Frag. 383.*

Bronze is the mirror of the form; wine, of the heart.
Frag. 384.

It is not the oath that makes us believe the man, but the man the oath. *Frag. 385.*

SOPHOCLES. 496–406 B. C.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right. *Antigone, 706.*

Death is not the worst evil, but rather when we wish to die and cannot. *Electra, 1007.*

There is an ancient saying, famous among men, that thou shouldst not judge fully of a man's life before he dieth, whether it should be called blest or wretched.[2]
Trachiniæ, 1.

In a just cause the weak o'ercome the strong.[3]
Œdipus Coloneus, 880.

[1] See Waller, page 219.

[2] The saying "Call no man happy before he dies" was ascribed to Solon. Herodotus, i. 32.

[3] See Marlowe, page 40.

A lie never lives to be old. *Acrisius. Frag. 59.*

Nobody loves life like an old man. *Frag. 63*

A short saying oft contains much wisdom.[1] *Aletes. Frag. 99.*

Do nothing secretly; for Time sees and hears all things, and discloses all. *Hipponous. Frag. 280.*

It is better not to live at all than to live disgraced. *Peleus. Frag. 445.*

War loves to seek its victims in the young. *Scyrii. Frag. 507.*

If it were possible to heal sorrow by weeping and to raise the dead with tears, gold were less prized than grief. *Frag. 510.*

Children are the anchors that hold a mother to life. *Phædra. Frag. 619.*

The truth is always the strongest argument. *Frag. 737.*

The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily. *Frag. 809.*

Fortune is not on the side of the faint-hearted. *Frag. 842.*

No oath too binding for a lover. *Frag. 848*

Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand. *Frag. 854.*

A wise player ought to accept his throws and score them, not bewail his luck. *Frag. 862.*

If I am Sophocles, I am not mad; and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles. *Vit. Anon. p. 64* (Plumptre's Trans.).

EURIPIDES. 484–406 B. C.

Old men's prayers for death are lying prayers, in which they abuse old age and long extent of life. But when death draws near, not one is willing to die, and age no longer is a burden to them. *Alcestis. 669*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 133.

The gifts of a bad man bring no good with them.
Medea. 615.

Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven. *636.*

I know, indeed, the evil of that I purpose; but my inclination gets the better of my judgment.[1] *1078.*

There is in the worst of fortune the best of chances for a happy change.[2] *Iphigenia in Tauris. 721.*

Slowly but surely withal moveth the might of the gods.[3] *Bacchæ. 882.*

Thou didst bring me forth for all the Greeks in common, not for thyself alone. *Iphigenia in Aulis. 1386.*

Slight not what 's near through aiming at what 's far.[4]
Rhesus. 482.

The company of just and righteous men is better than wealth and a rich estate. *Ægeus. Frag. 7.*

A bad beginning makes a bad ending. *Æolus. Frag. 32.*

Time will explain it all. He is a talker, and needs no questioning before he speaks. *Frag. 38.*

Waste not fresh tears over old griefs.
Alexander. Frag. 44.

The nobly born must nobly meet his fate.[5]
Alcmene. Frag. 100.

Woman is woman's natural ally. *Alope. Frag. 109.*

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.
Antigone. Frag. 164.

Ignorance of one's misfortunes is clear gain.[6]
Antiope. Frag. 204.

1 See Shakespeare, page 60. Also Garth, page 295.
2 The darkest hour is that before the dawn. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs.*
3 See Herbert, page 206.
4 See Heywood, page 15.
5 Noblesse oblige. — BOHN: *Foreign Proverbs.*
6 See Davenant, page 217.

Try first thyself, and after call in God;
For to the worker God himself lends aid.[1]

Hippolytus. Frag. 435.

Second thoughts are ever wiser.[2] *Frag. 436.*

Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame.

Licymnius. Frag. 477.

Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but not in it. *Meleager. Frag. 523.*

A woman should be good for everything at home, but abroad good for nothing. *Frag. 525.*

Silver and gold are not the only coin; virtue too passes current all over the world. *Œdipus. Frag. 546.*

When good men die their goodness does not perish,
But lives though they are gone. As for the bad,
All that was theirs dies and is buried with them.

Temenidæ. Frag. 724.

Every man is like the company he is wont to keep.

Phœnix. Frag. 809.

Who knows but life be that which men call death,[3]
And death what men call life? *Phrixus. Frag. 830.*

Whoso neglects learning in his youth, loses the past and is dead for the future. *Frag. 927.*

The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.

Frag. 970.

MIMNERMUS (Tragedian).

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is dead. *Frag. 1.*

[1] See Herbert, page 206.
[2] See Henry, page 283.
[3] See Diogenes Laertius, page 943

HIPPOCRATES. 460–359 B. C.

Life is short and the art long.[1] *Aphorism i.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.[2] *Ibid.*

DIONYSIUS THE ELDER. 430–367 B. C.

Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent.
Frag. 6

PLAUTUS. 254 (?)–184 B. C.

(*Translated by Henry Thomas Riley, B. A., with a few variations. The references are to the text of Ritschl's second edition.*[3])

What is yours is mine, and all mine is yours.[4]
Trinummus. Act ii. Sc. 2, 48. (*329.*)

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired.
88. (*367.*)

These things are not for the best, nor as I think they ought to be; but still they are better than that which is downright bad. *111.* (*392.*)

He whom the gods favour dies in youth.[5]
Bacchides. Act iv. Sc. 7, 18. (*316.*)

[1] See Chaucer, page 6.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 141.
For a desperate disease a desperate cure. — MONTAIGNE: *Chap. iii The Custom of the Isle of Cea.*
[3] Bohn's Classical Library.
[4] See Shakespeare, page 50.
[5] See Wordsworth, page 479.

You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.[1]

Menæchmi. Act ii. Sc. 1, 22. (247.)

In the one hand he is carrying a stone, while he shows the bread in the other.[2] *Aulularia. Act ii. Sc. 2, 18. (195.)*

I had a regular battle with the dunghill-cock.

Act iii. Sc. 4, 13. (472.)

It was not for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand.[3] *Act iv. Sc. 3, 1. (624.)*

There are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than to make gain.

Captivi. Act ii. Sc. 2, 77. (327.)

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.[4]

Rudens. Act ii. Sc. 5, 71.

If you are wise, be wise; keep what goods the gods provide you. *Act iv. Sc. 7, 3. (1229.)*

Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never entrusts its life to one hole only.[5]

Truculentus. Act iv. Sc. 4, 15. (868.)

Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need.[6] *Epidicus. Act iii. Sc. 3, 44. (425.)*

Things which you do not hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope.[7]

Mostellaria. Act i. Sc. 3, 40. (197.)

To blow and swallow at the same moment is not easy.

Act iii. Sc. 2, 104. (791.)

Each man reaps on his own farm. *112. (799.)*

1 A proverbial expression implying a desire to create doubts and difficulties where there really were none. It occurs in Terence, the "Andria," act v. sc. 4, 38; also in Ennius, "Saturæ," 46.

2 What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? — *Matthew vii. 9.*

3 See Gay, page 349.

4 Patience is a remedy for every sorrow. — Publius Syrus: *Maxim 170*

5 See Chaucer, page 4.

6 A friend in need is a friend indeed. — Hazlitt: *English Proverbs.*

7 The unexpected always happens. — *A common proverb.*

TERENCE. 185–159 B. C.

(From the translation of Henry Thomas Riley, B. A., with occasional corrections. The references are to the text of Umpfenbach.[1]*)*

Do not they bring it to pass by knowing that they know nothing at all? *Andria. The Prologue. 17.*

Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.
Act i. Sc. 1, 45. (72.)

Hence these tears. *99. (126.)*

That is a true proverb which is wont to be commonly quoted, that "all had rather it were well for themselves than for another." *Act ii. Sc. 5, 15. (427.)*

The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.[2]
Act iii. Sc. 3, 23. (555.)

Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests.[3] *Act iv. Sc. 1, 12. (636.)*

In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before. *Eunuchus. The Prologue. 41.*

It is up with you; all is over; you are ruined.
Act i. Sc. 1, 9. (54.)

If I could believe that this was said sincerely, I could put up with anything. *Sc. 2, 96. (176.)*

Immortal gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool! *Act ii. Sc. 2. 1. (232.)*

I have everything, yet have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still of nothing am I in want.[4]
Ibid. 12. (243.)

[1] Bohn's Classical Library.

[2] See Edwards, page 21.

[3] Equivalent to our sayings, "Charity begins at home;" "Take care of Number One."

[4] See Wotton, page 174.

There are vicissitudes in all things.
Eunuchus. Act ii. Sc. 2, 45. (276.)

The very flower of youth. *Sc. 3, 28. (319.)*

I did not care one straw. *Act iii. Sc. 1, 21. (411.)*

Jupiter. now assuredly is the time when I could readily consent to be slain,[1] lest life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster. *Sc. 5, 2. (550.)*

This and a great deal more like it I have had to put up with. *Act iv. Sc. 6, 8. (746.)*

Take care and say this with presence of mind.[2]
Sc. 6, 31. (769.)

It behooves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms. *Sc. 7, 19. (789.)*

I know the disposition of women: when you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination. *42. (812.)*

I took to my heels as fast as I could. *Act v. Sc. 2, 5. (844.)*

Many a time, . . . from a bad beginning great friendships have sprung up. *34. (873.)*

I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper.[3] *Sc. 7, 4. (1028.)*

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.[4]
Heautontimoroumenos. Act i. Sc. 1, 25. (77.)

This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage." *Sc. 2, 36. (210.)*

[1] If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy.
SHAKESPEARE: *Othello, act ii. sc. 1.*

[2] Literally, "with a present mind," — equivalent to Cæsar's *præsentia animi* (De Bello Gallico, v. 43, 4).

[3] According to Lucian, there was a story that Omphale used to beat Hercules with her slipper or sandal.

[4] Cicero quotes this passage in De Officiis, i. 30.

That saying which I hear commonly repeated, — that time assuages sorrow.

Heautontimoroumenos. Act iii. Sc. 1, 12. (421.)

Really, you have seen the old age of an eagle,[1] as the saying is. *Sc. 2, 9. (520.)*

Many a time a man cannot be such as he would be, if circumstances do not admit of it. *Act iv. Sc. 1, 53. (666.)*

Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking. *Sc. 2, 8. (675.)*

What now if the sky were to fall ?[2] *Sc. 3, 41. (719.)*

Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.[3] *Sc. 5, 48. (796.)*

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance. *Sc. 6, 1. (805.)*

How many things, both just and unjust, are sanctioned by custom ! *Sc. 7, 11. (839.)*

Fortune helps the brave.[4] *Phormio. Act i. Sc. 4, 25. (203.)*

It is the duty of all persons, when affairs are the most prosperous,[5] then in especial to reflect within themselves in what way they are to endure adversity.

Act ii. Sc. 1, 11. (241.)

As many men, so many minds; every one his own way.

Sc. 4, 14. (454.)

[1] This was a proverbial expression, signifying a hale and vigorous old age.

[2] See Heywood, page 11.

Some ambassadors from the Celtæ, being asked by Alexander what in the world they dreaded most, answered, that they feared lest the sky should fall upon them. — ARRIANUS: *lib. i. 4.*

[3] Extreme law, extreme injustice, is now become a stale proverb in discourse. — CICERO: *De Officiis, i. 33.*

Une extrême justice est souvent une injure (Extreme justice is often injustice. — RACINE: *Frères Ennemies, act iv. sc. 3.*

Mais l'extrême justice est une extrême injure. — VOLTAIRE: *Œdipus, act iii. sc. 3.*

[4] Pliny the Younger says (book vi. letter xvi.) that Pliny the Elder said this during the eruption of Vesuvius : "Fortune favours the brave."

[5] CICERO : *Tusculan Questions, book iii. 30.*

As the saying is, I have got a wolf by the ears.[1]

Phormio. Act iii. Sc. 2, 21. (*506.*)

I bid him look into the lives of men as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself.

Adelphoe. Act iii. Sc. 3, 61. (*415.*)

According as the man is, so must you humour him.

77. (*431.*)

It is a maxim of old that among themselves all things are common to friends.[2] *Act v. Sc. 3, 18.* (*803.*)

What comes from this quarter, set it down as so much gain. *30.* (*816.*)

It is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our interests.[3] *Sc. 8, 30.* (*953.*)

CICERO. 106–43 B. C.

For as lack of adornment is said to become some women, so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight.[4] *De Oratore. 78.*

Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events.[5]

De Divinatione. i. 118.

He is never less at leisure than when at leisure.[6]

De Officiis. iii. 1.

While the sick man has life there is hope.[7]

Epistolarum ad Atticum. ix. 10, 4.

1 A proverbial expression, which, according to Suetonius, was frequently in the mouth of Tiberius Cæsar.

2 All things are in common among friends. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Diogenes, vi.*

3 Cicero quotes this passage (Tusculan Questions, book iii.), and the maxim was a favourite one with the Stoic philosophers.

4 See Thomson, page 356.

5 See Coleridge, page 504.

6 See Rogers, page 455.

7 See Gay, page 349.

LUCRETIUS. 95–55 B. C.

Continual dropping wears away a stone.[1]
De Rerum Natura. i. 313.

What is food to one man may be fierce poison to others.[2]
iv. 637.

In the midst of the fountain of wit there arises something bitter, which stings in the very flowers.[3] *133.*

HORACE. 65–8 B. C.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.[4]
Odes. iv. 9, 25

In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war.[5] *Satires. ii. 2. (111.)*

You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared-for hide, . . . a hog from Epicurus's herd.[6] *4, 15.*

What the discordant harmony of circumstances would and could effect.[7] *Epistles. i. 12, 19.*

If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief.[8]
Ars Poetica. 102.

The mountains will be in labour; an absurd mouse will be born.[9] *139.*

Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods.[10] *359.*

[1] See Lyly, page 32.
[2] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 199.
[3] See Byron, page 540.
[4] See Byron, page 555.
[5] See Washington, page 425.
[6] See Mason, page 393.
[7] See Burke, page 409.
[8] See Churchill, page 412.
[9] A mountain was in labour, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a mouse — PHÆDRUS: *Fables, iv. 22, 1.*

The old proverb was now made good: "The mountain had brought forth a mouse." — PLUTARCH: *Life of Agesilaus II.*

[10] See Pope, page 323.

OVID. 43 B. C.–18 A. D.

They come to see; they come that they themselves may be seen.[1] *The Art of Love. i. 99.*

Nothing is stronger than custom. *ii. 345.*

Then the omnipotent Father with his thunder made Olympus tremble, and from Ossa hurled Pelion.[2] *Metamorphoses. i*

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immortal soul.[3] *xiii.*

The mind, conscious of rectitude, laughed to scorn the falsehood of report.[4] *Fasti. iv. 311.*

OF UNKNOWN AUTHORSHIP.

Love thyself, and many will hate thee. *Frag. 146.*

Practice in time becomes second nature.[5] *Frag. 227.*

When God is planning ruin for a man, He first deprives him of his reason.[6] *Frag. 379.*

When I am dead let fire destroy the world;
It matters not to me, for I am safe. *Frag. 430.*

Toil does not come to help the idle. *Frag. 440.*

1 See Chaucer, page 3.

2 See Pope, page 344.

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus. — RABELAIS: *Works, book iv. chap. xxxviii.*

3 See Watts, page 303.

4 And the mind conscious of virtue may bring to thee suitable rewards. — VIRGIL: *Æneid, i. 604*

5 Custom is almost a second nature. — PLUTARCH: *Rules for the Preservation of Health, 18.*

6 See Dryden, page 269.

This may have been the original of the well known (but probably post-classical) line, "Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius." Publius Syrus has, "Stultum facit fortuna quem vult perdere."

PUBLIUS SYRUS.[1] 42 B. C..

(Translation by Darius Lyman. The numbers are those of the translator.)

As men, we are all equal in the presence of death. *Maxim 1.*

To do two things at once is to do neither. *Maxim 7.*

We are interested in others when they are interested in us.[2] *Maxim 16.*

Every one excels in something in which another fails. *Maxim 17.*

The anger of lovers renews the strength of love.[3] *Maxim 24.*

A god could hardly love and be wise.[4] *Maxim 25.*

The loss which is unknown is no loss at all.[5] *Maxim 38.*

He sleeps well who knows not that he sleeps ill. *Maxim 77.*

A good reputation is more valuable than money.[6] *Maxim 108.*

It is well to moor your bark with two anchors. *Maxim 119.*

Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid.[7] *Maxim 120.*

An agreeable companion on a journey is as good as a carriage. *Maxim 143.*

Society in shipwreck is a comfort to all.[8] *Maxim 144.*

Many receive advice, few profit by it. *Maxim 149.*

[1] Commonly called Publius, but spelled Publilius by Pliny (Natural History, 35, sect. 199).

[2] We always like those who admire us. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 294.*

[3] See Edwards, page 21.

[4] It is impossible to love and be wise. — BACON: *Of Love* (quoted).

[5] See Shakespeare, page 154.

[6] A good name is better than riches. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. chap. xxxiii.*

[7] The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others. — PLINY: *Natural History, book xviii. sect. 31.*

[8] See Maxim 995.

Patience is a remedy for every sorrow.[1] *Maxim 170.*

While we stop to think, we often miss our opportunity. *Maxim 185.*

Whatever you can lose, you should reckon of no account. *Maxim 191*

Even a single hair casts its shadow. *Maxim 228.*

It is sometimes expedient to forget who we are. *Maxim 233.*

We may with advantage at times forget what we know. *Maxim 234.*

You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot.[2] *Maxim 262.*

What is left when honour is lost? *Maxim 265.*

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation. *Maxim 267.*

Fortune is not satisfied with inflicting one calamity. *Maxim 274.*

When Fortune is on our side, popular favour bears her company. *Maxim 275.*

When Fortune flatters, she does it to betray. *Maxim 277.*

Fortune is like glass, — the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken. *Maxim 280.*

It is more easy to get a favour from fortune than to keep it. *Maxim 282.*

His own character is the arbiter of every one's fortune.[3] *Maxim 283.*

There are some remedies worse than the disease.[4] *Maxim 301*

Powerful indeed is the empire of habit.[5] *Maxim 305.*

Amid a multitude of projects, no plan is devised.[6] *Maxim 319.*

[1] See Plautus, page 887.

[2] See Heywood, page 10.

[3] See Bacon, page 167.

[4] See Bacon, page 165.

Marius said, "I see the cure is not worth the pain." — PLUTARCH: *Life of Caius Marius.*

[5] Habit is second nature. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book iii. chap. x.*

[6] He that hath many irons in the fire, some of them will cool. — HAZLITT *English Proverbs.*

It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another.
Maxim 322.

When two do the same thing, it is not the same thing after all. *Maxim 338.*

A cock has great influence on his own dunghill.[1]
Maxim 357.

Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.[2]
Maxim 358.

No tears are shed when an enemy dies. *Maxim 376.*

The bow too tensely strung is easily broken.
Maxim 388.

Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.
Maxim 402.

No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.[3]
Maxim 406.

The judge is condemned when the criminal is acquitted.[4] *Maxim 407.*

Practice is the best of all instructors.[5] *Maxim 429.*

He who is bent on doing evil can never want occasion.
Maxim 459.

One man's wickedness may easily become all men's curse. *Maxim 463.*

Never find your delight in another's misfortune.
Maxim 467.

It is a bad plan that admits of no modification.
Maxim 469.

It is better to have a little than nothing. *Maxim 484.*

It is an unhappy lot which finds no enemies.
Maxim 499.

[1] See Heywood, page 14.

[2] The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast.
SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. 3.*

[3] See Cowper, page 419.

[4] Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur, — the motto adopted for the "Edinburgh Review."

[5] Practice makes perfect. — *Proverb.*

The fear of death is more to be dreaded than death itself.[1] *Maxim 511.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss.[2] *Maxim 524.*

Never promise more than you can perform. *Maxim 528.*

A wise man never refuses anything to necessity.[3] *Maxim 540*

No one should be judge in his own cause.[4] *Maxim 545.*

Necessity knows no law except to conquer.[5] *Maxim 553.*

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.[6] *Maxim 557.*

We desire nothing so much as what we ought not to have. *Maxim 559.*

It is only the ignorant who despise education. *Maxim 571.*

Do not turn back when you are just at the goal.[7] *Maxim 580.*

It is not every question that deserves an answer. *Maxim 581.*

No man is happy who does not think himself so.[8] *Maxim 584.*

Never thrust your own sickle into another's corn.[9] *Maxim 593.*

You cannot put the same shoe on every foot. *Maxim 596.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 48. [2] See Heywood, page 14.

[3] Yet do I hold that mortal foolish who strives against the stress of necessity. — EURIPIDES: *Hercules Furens, line 281.*

[4] It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause. — PASCAL: *Thoughts, chap. iv. 1.*

[5] See Milton, page 232. [6] See Chaucer, page 3.

[7] When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Training of Children.*

[8] No man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it. — JOHNSON: *The Rambler, p. 150.*

[9] Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes, part ii. Second Weeke.*

Not presuming to put my sickle in another man's corn. — NICHOLAS YONGE: *Musica Transalpini. Epistle Dedicatory. 1588.*

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so. *Maxim 598.*

A guilty conscience never feels secure.[1] *Maxim 617.*

Every day should be passed as if it were to be our last.[2] *Maxim 633.*

Familiarity breeds contempt.[3] *Maxim 640.*

Money alone sets all the world in motion. *Maxim 656.*

He who has plenty of pepper will pepper his cabbage. *Maxim 673.*

You should go to a pear-tree for pears, not to an elm.[4] *Maxim 674.*

It is a very hard undertaking to seek to please everybody. *Maxim 675.*

We should provide in peace what we need in war.[5] *Maxim 709.*

Look for a tough wedge for a tough log. *Maxim 723.*

How happy the life unembarrassed by the cares of business! *Maxim 725.*

They who plough the sea do not carry the winds in their hands.[6] *Maxim 759.*

He gets through too late who goes too fast. *Maxim 767.*

In every enterprise consider where you would come out.[7] *Maxim 777.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 136.

[2] Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last. — MARCUS AURELIUS: *Meditations, ii. 5.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 45.

[4] You may as well expect pears from an elm. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. chap. xl.*

[5] See Washington, page 425.

[6] The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Tranquillity of the Mind.*

[7] In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it. — EPICTETUS: *That everything is to be undertaken with circumspection, chap. xv.*

It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity.
Maxim 780.

The highest condition takes rise in the lowest.
Maxim 781.

It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are. *Maxim 785.*

No one knows what he can do till he tries. *Maxim 786.*

The next day is never so good as the day before.
Maxim 815.

He is truly wise who gains wisdom from another's mishap. *Maxim 825.*

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings. *Maxim 827.*

It matters not how long you live, but how well.
Maxim 829.

It is vain to look for a defence against lightning.[1]
Maxim 835.

No good man ever grew rich all at once.[2] *Maxim 837.*

Everything is worth what its purchaser will pay for it.[3]
Maxim 847.

It is better to learn late than never.[4] *Maxim 864.*

Better be ignorant of a matter than half know it.[5]
Maxim 865.

Better use medicines at the outset than at the last moment. *Maxim 866.*

Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them.
Maxim 872.

Whom Fortune wishes to destroy she first makes mad.[6]
Maxim 911.

Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage.
Maxim 914

He knows not when to be silent who knows not when to speak. *Maxim 930*

1 Syrus was not a contemporary of Franklin.
2 No just man ever became rich all at once. — MENANDER: *Fragment.*
3 See Butler, page 213.
4 See Shakespeare, page 64.
5 See Bacon, page 166.
6 See Dryden, page 269.

You need not hang up the ivy-branch over the wine that will sell.[1] *Maxim 968.*

It is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in misery.[2] *Maxim 995.*

Unless degree is preserved, the first place is safe for no one.[3] *Maxim 1042.*

Confession of our faults is the next thing to innocency. *Maxim 1060.*

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.[4] *Maxim 1070.*

Keep the golden mean[5] between saying too much and too little. *Maxim 1072.*

Speech is a mirror of the soul: as a man speaks, so is he. *Maxim 1073.*

SENECA. 8 B. C.–65 A. D.

Not lost, but gone before.[6] *Epistolæ. 63, 16.*

Whom they have injured they also hate.[7] *De Ira. ii. 33*

Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men.[8] *De Providentia. 5, 9*

There is no great genius without a tincture of madness.[9] *De Tranquillitate Animi. 17*

Do you seek Alcides' equal? None is, except himself.[10] *Hercules Furens. i. 1, 84.*

[1] See Shakespeare page 72.
[2] See Maxim 144.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 102.
[4] Simonides said "that he never repented that he held his tongue, but often that he had spoken." — PLUTARCH: *Rules for the Preservation of Health.*
[5] See Cowper, page 424.
[6] See Rogers, page 455.
[7] See Dryden, page 275
[8] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197
[9] See Dryden, page 267.
[10] See Theobald, page 352.

Successful and fortunate crime is called virtue.[1]

Hercules Furens. 255

A good man possesses a kingdom.[2] *Thyestes. 380.*

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.[3]

On a Happy Life. 2. (L'Estrange's Abstract, Chap. 1.)

PHÆDRUS. 8 A. D.

(Translation by H. T. Riley, B. A.[4])

Submit to the present evil, lest a greater one befall you. *Book i. Fable 2, 31*

He who covets what belongs to another deservedly loses his own. *Fable 4, 1.*

That it is unwise to be heedless ourselves while we are giving advice to others, I will show in a few lines. *Fable 9, 1.*

Whoever has even once become notorious by base fraud, even if he speaks the truth, gains no belief. *Fable 10, 1.*

By this story [The Fox and the Raven] it is shown how much ingenuity avails, and how wisdom is always an overmatch for strength. *Fable 13, 13.*

No one returns with good-will to the place which has done him a mischief. *Fable 18, 1.*

It has been related that dogs drink at the river Nile running along, that they may not be seized by the crocodiles.[5] *Fable 25, 3*

[1] See Harrington, page 39.
[2] See Dyer, page 22.
[3] See Watts, page 303.
[4] Bohn's Classical Library.
[5] Pliny in his "Natural History," book viii, sect. 148, and Ælian in his "Various Histories" relate the same fact as to the dogs drinking from the Nile. "To treat a thing as the dogs do the Nile" was a common proverb with the ancients, signifying to do it superficially.

Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example. *Book i. Fable 26, 12.*

Come of it what may, as Sinon said.

Book iii. The Prologue, 27.

Things are not always what they seem.[1]

Book iv. Fable 2, 5.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of wallets: the one, filled with our own vices, he has placed at our backs; the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.[2] *Fable 10, 1.*

A mountain was in labour, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a mouse.[3] *Fable 23, 1.*

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man, who in endeavouring to crush it gave himself a hard slap. Then said the fly jeeringly, "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?" *Book v. Fable 3, 1.*

"I knew that before you were born." Let him who would instruct a wiser man consider this as said to himself. *Fable 9, 4*

PLINY THE ELDER. 23–79 A. D.

(*Translation by J. Bostock, M. D., and H. T. Riley, B. A., with slight alterations.*[4])

In comparing various authors with one another, I have discovered that some of the gravest and latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making acknowledgment.

Natural History. Book i. Dedication, Sect. 22.

[1] See Longfellow, page 638.

[2] Also alluded to by Horace, Satires. ii. 3, 299; Catullus, 22, 21; and Persius, 4, 24.

[3] See Horace, page 892.

[4] Bohn's Classical Library.

The world, and whatever that be which we call the heavens, by the vault of which all things are enclosed, we must conceive to be a deity, to be eternal, without bounds, neither created nor subject at any time to destruction. To inquire what is beyond it is no concern of man; nor can the human mind form any conjecture concerning it. *Natural History. Book ii. Sect. 1.*

It is ridiculous to suppose that the great head of things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs. *Sect. 20.*

Everything is soothed by oil, and this is the reason why divers send out small quantities of it from their mouths, because it smooths every part which is rough.[1] *Sect. 234.*

It is far from easy to determine whether she [Nature] has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless stepmother.[2] *Book vii. Sect. 1.*

Man alone at the very moment of his birth, cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries and lamentations.[3] *Sect. 2.*

[1] Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves? — PLUTARCH: *Natural Questions, ix.*

The venerable Bede relates that Bishop Adain (A.D. 651) gave to a company about to take a journey by sea "some holy oil, saying, 'I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but do you remember to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately.'" — *Ecclesiastical History, book iii. chap. xiv.*

In Sparks's edition of Franklin's Works, vol. vi. p. 354, there are letters between Franklin, Brownrigg, and Parish on the stilling of waves by means of oil.

[2] To man the earth seems altogether
No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.
DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes, first week, third day.*

[3] He is born naked, and falls a whining at the first. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2, mem. 3, subsect. 10.*

And when I was born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do. — *The Wisdom of Solomon, vii. 3.*

It was the custom among the ancients to place the new-born child upon the ground immediately after its birth.

To laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.[1]

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 2.

Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak nor walk nor eat, and in short he can do nothing at the prompting of nature only, but weep.[2] *Sect. 4.*

With man, most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man.[3] *Sect. 5.*

Indeed, what is there that does not appear marvellous when it comes to our knowledge for the first time?[4] How many things, too, are looked upon as quite impossible until they have been actually effected? *Sect. 6.*

The human features and countenance, although composed of but some ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one another.[5] *Sect. 8.*

All men possess in their bodies a poison which acts upon serpents; and the human saliva, it is said, makes them take to flight, as though they had been touched with boiling water. The same substance, it is said, destroys them the moment it enters their throat.[6] *Sect. 15.*

[1] This term of forty days is mentioned by Aristotle in his Natural History, as also by some modern physiologists.

[2] See Tennyson, page 675.

[3] See Burns, page 446.

[4] Omne ignotum pro magnifico (Everything that is unknown is taken to be grand). — TACITUS: *Agricola*, 30.

[5] See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

[6] Madame d'Abrantes relates that when Bonaparte was in Cairo he sent for a serpent-detecter (Psylli) to remove two serpents that had been seen in his house. He having enticed one of them from his hiding-place, caught it in one hand, just below the jaw-bone, in such a manner as to oblige the mouth to open, when spitting into it, the effect was like magic: the reptile appeared struck with instant death. — *Memoirs, vol. i. chap. lix.*

It has been observed that the height of a man from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot is equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of the two hands when extended in a straight line.

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 77.

When a building is about to fall down, all the mice desert it.[1]

Book viii. Sect. 103.

Bears when first born are shapeless masses of white flesh a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape.[2]

Sect. 126.

It is asserted that the dogs keep running when they drink at the Nile, for fear of becoming a prey to the voracity of the crocodile.[3]

Sect. 148.

It has become quite a common proverb that in wine there is truth.[4]

Book xiv. Sect. 141.

Cincinnatus was ploughing his four jugera of land upon the Vaticanian Hill, — the same that are still known as the Quintian Meadows, — when the messenger brought him the dictatorship, finding him, the tradition says, stripped to the work.

Book xviii. Sect. 20.

The agricultural population, says Cato, produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs. . . . A bad bargain is always a ground for repentance.

Sect. 26.

1 This is alluded to by Cicero in his letters to Atticus, and is mentioned by Ælian (Animated Nature, book vi. chap. 41). It is like our proverb, "Rats leave a sinking ship."

2 See Burton, page 186.

> Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
> In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;
> But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
> And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
> The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
> To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.
>
> Du Bartas: *Divine Weekes and Workes, first week, first day.*

3 See Phædrus, page 901.

4 See Shakespeare, page 152.

The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others.[1]

Natural History. Book xviii. Sect. 31.

Always act in such a way as to secure the love of your neighbour.[2] *Sect. 44.*

It is a maxim universally agreed upon in agriculture, that nothing must be done too late; and again, that everything must be done at its proper season; while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunities lost can never be regained. *Ibid.*

The bird of passage known to us as the cuckoo.

Sect. 249.

Let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration. *Book xix. Sect. 59.*

Why is it that we entertain the belief that for every purpose odd numbers are the most effectual ?[3]

Book xxviii. Sect. 23.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other, — a practice which has now passed into a proverb.[4] It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in his studio, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms. . . . Under these circumstances, they say that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one latchet too few. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks

[1] See Publius Syrus, page 899.

[2] A maxim of Cato.

[3] See Shakespeare, page 46. Also Lover, page 590.

Numero deus impare gaudet (The god delights in odd numbers). — VIRGIL: *Eclogæ, 8, 75.*

[4] Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit. — ERASMUS.

The form generally quoted, "Nulla dies sine linea" (No day without a line), is not attested.

to his advice, began to criticise the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes,[1] — a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying.

Natural History. Book xxxv. Sect. 84.

QUINTILIAN. 42–118 A. D.

We give to necessity the praise of virtue.[2]

Institutiones Oratoriæ. i. 8, 14.

A liar should have a good memory.[3] *iv. 2, 91.*

Vain hopes are often like the dreams of those who wake.[4] *vi. 2, 30.*

Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish.[5] *x. 7, 21.*

JUVENAL. 47–138 A. D.

No man ever became extremely wicked all at once.[6]

Satire ii. 83.

Grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, gymnastic teacher, physician; fortune-teller, rope-dancer, conjuror, — he knew everything.[7] *iii. 76.*

Nobility is the one only virtue.[8] *viii. 20.*

[1] Ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret (Let not a shoemaker judge above his shoe).

[2] See Chaucer, page 3.

[3] See Sidney, page 264.

[4] See Prior, page 288.

[5] See Pope, page 332.

[6] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

[7] See Dryden, page 268.

[8] See Percy, page 406.

MARTIAL. 40–102 A. D.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this only I can say, I do not love thee.[1] *Epigram i. 32.*

The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.[2] *x. 23, 7.*

The bee enclosed and through the amber shown
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.[3]
Book iv. 32

Neither fear, nor wish for, your last day.[4] *x. 47, 13.*

—•—

PLUTARCH. 46 (?)–120 (?) A. D.

(*From Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives, corrected and revised by A. H. Clough.*)

As geographers, Sosius, crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts, and unapproachable bogs.[5] *Life of Theseus.*

From Themistocles began the saying, "He is a second Hercules." *Ibid.*

The most perfect soul, says Heraclitus, is a dry light, which flies out of the body as lightning breaks from a cloud. *Life of Romulus.*

Anacharsis coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." *Life of Solon.*

[1] See Brown, page 286.
[2] See Pope, page 336.
[3] See Bacon, page 168.
[4] See Milton, page 240.
[5] See Swift, page 280.

Themistocles said that he certainly could not make use of any stringed instrument; could only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious. *Life of Themistocles.*

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike, if you will; but hear." [1] *Ibid.*

Themistocles said to Antiphales, "Time, young man, has taught us both a lesson." *Ibid.*

Laughing at his own son, who got his mother, and by his mother's means his father also, to indulge him, he told him that he had the most power of any one in Greece: "For the Athenians command the rest of Greece, I command the Athenians, your mother commands me, and you command your mother." [2] *Ibid.*

"You speak truth," said Themistocles; "I should never have been famous if I had been of Seriphus; [3] nor you, had you been of Athens." *Ibid.*

Themistocles said that a man's discourse was like to a rich Persian carpet, the beautiful figures and patterns of which can be shown only by spreading and extending it out; when it is contracted and folded up, they are obscured and lost.[4] *Ibid.*

1 "Strike," said he, "but hear me." — *Apophegthms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

2 Diophantus, the young son of Themistocles, made his boast often and in many companies, that whatsoever pleased him pleased also all Athens; for whatever he liked, his mother liked; and whatever his mother liked, Themistocles liked; and whatever Themistocles liked, all the Athenians liked. — *Of the Training of Children.*

When the son of Themistocles was a little saucy toward his mother, he said that this boy had more power than all the Grecians; for the Athenians governed Greece, he the Athenians, his wife him, and his son his wife. — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

3 An obscure island.

4 Themistocles said speech was like to tapestry; and like it, when it was spread it showed its figures, but when it was folded up, hid and spoiled them. — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

When he was in great prosperity, and courted by many, seeing himself splendidly served at his table, he turned to his children and said: "Children, we had been undone, if we had not been undone." *Life of Themistocles.*

Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen than it inspires an impulse to practise.
Life of Pericles.

For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty.[1] *Ibid.*

So very difficult a matter is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history. *Ibid*

Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all. *Ibid.*

To conduct great matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature. *Life of Fabius.*

Menenius Agrippa concluded at length with the celebrated fable: "It once happened that all the other members of a man mutinied against the stomach, which they accused as the only idle, uncontributing part in the whole body, while the rest were put to hardships and the expense of much labour to supply and minister to its appetites." *Life of Coriolanus.*

Knowledge of divine things for the most part, as Heraclitus says, is lost to us by incredulity. *Ibid.*

A Roman divorced from his wife, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, "Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Was she not fruitful?" holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me." *Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

The saying of old Antigonus, who when he was to fight at Andros, and one told him, "The enemy's ships

[1] See Chaucer page 3.

are more than ours," replied, "For how many then wilt thou reckon me?" [1] *Life of Pelopidas.*

Archimedes had stated, that given the force, any given weight might be moved; and even boasted that if there were another earth, by going into it he could remove this. *Life of Marcellus.*

It is a difficult task, O citizens, to make speeches to the belly, which has no ears.[2] *Life of Marcus Cato.*

Cato used to assert that wise men profited more by fools than fools by wise men; for that wise men avoided the faults of fools, but that fools would not imitate the good examples of wise men. *Ibid.*

He said that in his whole life he most repented of three things: one was that he had trusted a secret to a woman; another, that he went by water when he might have gone by land; the third, that he had remained one whole day without doing any business of moment. *Ibid.*

Marius said, "I see the cure is not worth the pain." [3] *Life of Caius Marius.*

Extraordinary rains pretty generally fall after great battles.[4] *Ibid.*

Lysander said that the law spoke too softly to be heard in such a noise of war. *Ibid.*

As it is in the proverb, played Cretan against Cretan.[5] *Life of Lysander.*

Did you not know, then, that to-day Lucullus sups with Lucullus? *Life of Lucullus.*

1 The pilot telling Antigonus the enemy outnumbered him in ships, he said, "But how many ships do you reckon my presence to be worth?" *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Antigonus II.*)

2 The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words. — RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. lxvii.*

3 See Bacon, page 165.

4 This has been observed in modern times, and attributed to the effect of gunpowder.

5 Or cheat against cheat. The Cretans were famous as liars.

It is no great wonder if in long process of time, while fortune takes her course hither and thither, numerous coincidences should spontaneously occur. If the number and variety of subjects to be wrought upon be infinite, it is all the more easy for fortune, with such an abundance of material, to effect this similarity of results.[1]

Life of Sertorius.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence; and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Ibid.

Agesilaus being invited once to hear a man who admirably imitated the nightingale, he declined, saying he had heard the nightingale itself.[2] *Life of Agesilaus II.*

It is circumstance and proper measure that give an action its character, and make it either good or bad.

Ibid.

The old proverb was now made good, "the mountain had brought forth a mouse."[3] *Ibid.*

Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.[4] *Life of Pompey.*

[1] 'T is one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book ii. chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

I shall be content if those shall pronounce my History useful who desire to give a view of events as they did really happen, and as they are very likely, in accordance with human nature, to repeat themselves at some future time, — if not exactly the same, yet very similar. — THUCYDIDES: *Historia, i. 2, 2.*

What is this day supported by precedents will hereafter become a precedent. — *Ibid., Annals, xi. 24.*

[2] Agesilaus being exhorted to hear one that imitated the voice of a nightingale, "I have often," said he, "heard nightingales themselves." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Agesilaus.*)

[3] See Horace, page 892.

[4] See Garrick, page 387.

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro in no obscure and indirect terms "with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising." — TACITUS: *Annals, book iv. c. 47, 20.*

When some were saying that if Cæsar should march against the city they could not see what forces there were to resist him, Pompey replied with a smile, bidding them be in no concern, "for whenever I stamp my foot in any part of Italy there will rise up forces enough in an instant, both horse and foot." *Life of Pompey*

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. *Life of Alexander.*

Whenever Alexander heard Philip had taken any town of importance, or won any signal victory, instead of rejoicing at it altogether, he would tell his companions that his father would anticipate everything, and leave him and them no opportunities of performing great and illustrious actions.[1] *Ibid.*

Alexander said, "I assure you I had rather excel others in the knowledge of what is excellent, than in the extent of my power and dominion." *Ibid.*

When Alexander asked Diogenes whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun." *Ibid.*

When asked why he parted with his wife, Cæsar replied, "I wished my wife to be not so much as suspected."[2] *Life of Cæsar.*

For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome.[3] *Ibid.*

Using the proverb frequently in their mouths who enter upon dangerous and bold attempts, "The die is cast," he took the river.[4] *Ibid.*

[1] While Alexander was a boy, Philip had great success in his affairs, at which he did not rejoice, but told the children that were brought up with him, "My father will leave me nothing to do." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Alexander.*)

[2] Cæsar's wife ought to be free from suspicion. — *Roman Apophthegms.* (*Cæsar.*)

[3] I had rather be the first in this town than second in Rome. — *Ibid.*

[4] He passed the river Rubicon, saying, "Let every die be thrown." — *Ibid.*

"And this," said Cæsar, "you know, young man, is more disagreeable for me to say than to do." [1]

Life of Cæsar.

Go on, my friend, and fear nothing; you carry Cæsar and his fortunes in your boat.[2] *Ibid.*

Cæsar said to the soothsayer, "The ides of March are come;" who answered him calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are not past." [3] *Ibid.*

Even a nod from a person who is esteemed is of more force than a thousand arguments or studied sentences from others. *Life of Phocion.*

Demosthenes told Phocion, "The Athenians will kill you some day when they once are in a rage." "And you," said he, "if they are once in their senses." [4]

Ibid.

Pythias once, scoffing at Demosthenes, said that his arguments smelt of the lamp. *Life of Demosthenes.*

Demosthenes overcame and rendered more distinct his inarticulate and stammering pronunciation by speaking with pebbles in his mouth. *Ibid.*

In his house he had a large looking-glass, before which he would stand and go through his exercises. *Ibid.*

Cicero called Aristotle a river of flowing gold, and said of Plato's Dialogues, that if Jupiter were to speak, it would be in language like theirs. *Life of Cicero.*

(*From Plutarch's Morals. Translated by several hands; corrected and revised by W. W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Harvard University.*)

For water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow.[5] *Of the Training of Children.*

[1] Cæsar said to Metellus, "This, young man, is harder for me to say than do." — *Roman Apophthegms.* (*Cæsar.*)

[2] Trust Fortune, and know that you carry Cæsar. — *Ibid.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 112.

[4] Demosthenes the orator told Phocion, "If the Athenians should be mad, they would kill you." "Like enough," said he, — "me if they were mad, but you if they were wise." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Phocion.*)

[5] See Lyly, page 32.

It is a true proverb, that if you live with a lame man you will learn to halt. *Of the Training of Children.*

The very spring and root of honesty and virtue lie in the felicity of lighting on good education. *Ibid.*

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors. *Ibid.*

According to the proverb, the best things are the most difficult. *Ibid.*

To sing the same tune, as the saying is, is in everything cloying and offensive; but men are generally pleased with variety. *Ibid.*

Children are to be won to follow liberal studies by exhortations and rational motives, and on no account to be forced thereto by whipping. *Ibid.*

Nothing made the horse so fat as the king's eye. *Ibid.*

Democritus said, words are but the shadows of actions. *Ibid.*

'T is a wise saying, Drive on your own track. *Ibid.*

It is a point of wisdom to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well. *Ibid.*

Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares.[1] *Ibid.*

Abstain from beans; that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans. *Ibid.*

When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back.[2] *Ibid.*

The whole life of man is but a point of time; let us enjoy it, therefore, while it lasts, and not spend it to no purpose. *Ibid.*

An old doting fool, with one foot already in the grave.[3] *Ibid.*

[1] See Spenser, page 30. [2] See Publius Syrus page 897.
[3] See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

Xenophanes said, "I confess myself the greatest coward in the world, for I dare not do an ill thing."

Of Bashfulness.

One made the observation of the people of Asia that they were all slaves to one man, merely because they could not pronounce that syllable No. *Ibid.*

Euripides was wont to say, "Silence is an answer to a wise man." *Ibid.*

Zeno first started that doctrine that knavery is the best defence against a knave.[1] *Ibid.*

Alexander wept when he heard from Anaxarchus that there was an infinite number of worlds; and his friends asking him if any accident had befallen him, he returns this answer: "Do you not think it a matter worthy of lamentation that when there is such a vast multitude of them, we have not yet conquered one?"

On the Tranquillity of the Mind.

Like the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his step-mother, on which he exclaimed, "Not so bad!" *Ibid.*

Pittacus said, "Every one of you hath his particular plague, and my wife is mine; and he is very happy who hath this only." *Ibid.*

He was a man, which, as Plato saith, is a very inconstant creature.[2] *Ibid.*

The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds.[3] *Ibid.*

I, for my own part, had much rather people should say of me that there neither is nor ever was such a man as Plutarch, than that they should say, "Plutarch is an unsteady, fickle, froward, vindictive, and touchy fellow."

Of Superstition.

[1] Set a thief to catch a thief. — Bohn: *A Hand-book of Proverbs.*

[2] Man in sooth is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject. — Montaigne: *Works, book i. chap. i. That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.*

[3] See Publius Syrus, page 898.

Scilurus on his death-bed, being about to leave fourscore sons surviving, offered a bundle of darts to each of them, and bade them break them. When all refused, drawing out one by one, he easily broke them, — thus teaching them that if they held together, they would continue strong; but if they fell out and were divided, they would become weak.

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.[1] *Scilurus.*

Dionysius the Elder, being asked whether he was at leisure, he replied, "God forbid that it should ever befall me!" *Dionysius.*

A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, "In silence." *Archelaus.*

When Philip had news brought him of divers and eminent successes in one day, "O Fortune!" said he, "for all these so great kindnesses do me some small mischief." *Philip.*

There were two brothers called Both and Either; perceiving Either was a good, understanding, busy fellow, and Both a silly fellow and good for little, Philip said, "Either is both, and Both is neither." *Ibid.*

Philip being arbitrator betwixt two wicked persons, he commanded one to fly out of Macedonia and the other to pursue him. *Ibid.*

Being about to pitch his camp in a likely place, and hearing there was no hay to be had for the cattle, "What a life," said he, "is ours, since we must live according to the convenience of asses!" *Ibid.*

"These Macedonians," said he, "are a rude and clownish people, that call a spade a spade."[2] *Ibid.*

[1] Rejected by some critics as not a genuine work of Plutarch. — EMERSON.

[2] Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων. — ARISTOPHANES, as quoted in Lucian, Quom. Hist. sit conscrib. 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — GOSSON: *Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579).

He made one of Antipater's recommendation a judge; and perceiving afterwards that his hair and beard were coloured, he removed him, saying, "I could not think one that was faithless in his hair could be trusty in his deeds." *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Philip.*

Being nimble and light-footed, his father encouraged him to run in the Olympic race. "Yes," said he, "if there were any kings there to run with me." *Alexander.*

When Darius offered him ten thousand talents, and to divide Asia equally with him, "I would accept it," said Parmenio, "were I Alexander." "And so truly would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." But he answered Darius that the earth could not bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. *Ibid.*

When he was wounded with an arrow in the ankle, and many ran to him that were wont to call him a god, he said smiling, "That is blood, as you see, and not, as Homer saith, 'such humour as distils from blessed gods.'" *Ibid.*

Aristodemus, a friend of Antigonus, supposed to be a cook's son, advised him to moderate his gifts and expenses. "Thy words," said he, "Aristodemus, smell of the apron." *Antigonus I.*

Thrasyllus the Cynic begged a drachm of Antigonus. "That," said he, "is too little for a king to give." "Why, then," said the other, "give me a talent." "And that," said he, "is too much for a Cynic (or, for a dog) to receive." *Ibid.*

Antagoras the poet was boiling a conger, and Antigonus, coming behind him as he was stirring his skillet, said, "Do you think, Antagoras, that Homer boiled congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?" Antagoras replied, "Do you think, O king, that Agamemnon, when he did such exploits, was a peeping in his army to see who boiled congers?" *Ibid.*

Pyrrhus said, "If I should overcome the Romans in another fight, I were undone."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Pyrrhus.

Themistocles being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, said, "Which would you rather be, — a conqueror in the Olympic games, or the crier that proclaims who are conquerors?" *Themistocles.*

He preferred an honest man that wooed his daughter, before a rich man. "I would rather," said Themistocles, "have a man that wants money than money that wants a man." *Ibid.*

Alcibiades had a very handsome dog, that cost him seven thousand drachmas; and he cut off his tail, "that," said he, "the Athenians may have this story to tell of me, and may concern themselves no further with me." *Alcibiades.*

Being summoned by the Athenians out of Sicily to plead for his life, Alcibiades absconded, saying that that criminal was a fool who studied a defence when he might fly for it. *Ibid.*

Lamachus chid a captain for a fault; and when he had said he would do so no more, "Sir," said he, "in war there is no room for a second miscarriage." Said one to Iphicrates, "What are ye afraid of?" "Of all speeches," said he, "none is so dishonourable for a general as 'I should not have thought of it.'" *Iphicrates.*

To Harmodius, descended from the ancient Harmodius, when he reviled Iphicrates [a shoemaker's son] for his mean birth, "My nobility," said he, "begins in me, but yours ends in you."[1] *Ibid.*

Once when Phocion had delivered an opinion which pleased the people, . . . he turned to his friend and said, "Have I not unawares spoken some mischievous thing or other?" *Phocion.*

[1] I am my own ancestor. — Junot, Duc d'Abrantes (when asked as to his ancestry).

Phocion compared the speeches of Leosthenes to cypress-trees. "They are tall," said he, "and comely, but bear no fruit."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Phocion.

Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian brought long hair into fashion among his countrymen, saying that it rendered those that were handsome more beautiful, and those that were deformed more terrible. To one that advised him to set up a democracy in Sparta, "Pray," said Lycurgus, "do you first set up a democracy in your own house."

Lycurgus.

King Agis said, "The Lacedæmonians are not wont to ask how many, but where the enemy are." *Agis*

Lysander said, "Where the lion's skin will not reach, it must be pieced with the fox's." [1] *Lysander*

To one that promised to give him hardy cocks that would die fighting, "Prithee," said Cleomenes, "give me cocks that will kill fighting." *Cleomenes.*

When Eudæmonidas heard a philosopher arguing that only a wise man can be a good general, "This is a wonderful speech," said he; "but he that saith it never heard the sound of trumpets." *Eudæmonidas.*

A soldier told Pelopidas, "We are fallen among the enemies." Said he, "How are we fallen among them more than they among us?" *Pelopidas.*

Cato the elder wondered how that city was preserved wherein a fish was sold for more than an ox.

Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.

Cato instigated the magistrates to punish all offenders, saying that they that did not prevent crimes when they might, encouraged them.[2] Of young men, he liked them that blushed better than those who looked pale. *Ibid.*

[1] Lysander said, "When the lion's skin cannot prevail, a little of the fox's must be used." — *Laconic Apophthegms.* (*Lysander.*)

[2] Pardon one offence, and you encourage the commission of many. — Publius Syrus: *Maxim 750.*

Cato requested old men not to add the disgrace of wickedness to old age, which was accompanied with many other evils. *Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.*

He said they that were serious in ridiculous matters would be ridiculous in serious affairs. *Ibid.*

Cicero said loud-bawling orators were driven by their weakness to noise, as lame men to take horse. *Cicero.*

After the battle in Pharsalia, when Pompey was fled, one Nonius said they had seven eagles left still, and advised to try what they would do. "Your advice," said Cicero, "were good if we were to fight jackdaws." *Ibid.*

After he routed Pharnaces Ponticus at the first assault, he wrote thus to his friends: "I came, I saw, I conquered."[1] *Cæsar.*

As Cæsar was at supper the discourse was of death, — which sort was the best. "That," said he, "which is unexpected." *Ibid.*

As Athenodorus was taking his leave of Cæsar, "Remember," said he, "Cæsar, whenever you are angry, to say or do nothing before you have repeated the four-and-twenty letters to yourself." *Cæsar Augustus.*

"Young men," said Cæsar, "hear an old man to whom old men hearkened when he was young." *Ibid.*

Remember what Simonides said, — that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken.[2] *Rules for the Preservation of Health. 7.*

Custom is almost a second nature.[3] *18.*

Epaminondas is reported wittily to have said of a good man that died about the time of the battle of Leuctra, "How came he to have so much leisure as to die, when there was so much stirring?"

1 Veni, vidi, vici. 2 See Publius Syrus, page 900.
3 See "Of Unknown Authorship," page 893. Also Publius Syrus, page 895.

Have in readiness this saying of Solon, "But we will not give up our virtue in exchange for their wealth."

How to profit by our Enemies.

Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart. *Consolation to Apollonius.*

Diogenes the Cynic, when a little before his death he fell into a slumber, and his physician rousing him out of it asked him whether anything ailed him, wisely answered, "Nothing, sir; only one brother anticipates another, — Sleep before Death." *Ibid.*

About Pontus there are some creatures of such an extempore being that the whole term of their life is confined within the space of a day; for they are brought forth in the morning, are in the prime of their existence at noon, grow old at night, and then die. *Ibid.*

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length. *Ibid.*

For many, as Cranton tells us, and those very wise men, not now but long ago, have deplored the condition of human nature, esteeming life a punishment, and to be born a man the highest pitch of calamity; this, Aristotle tells us, Silenus declared when he was brought captive to Midas.

There are two sentences inscribed upon the Delphic oracle, hugely accommodated to the usages of man's life: "Know thyself,"[1] and "Nothing too much;" and upon these all other precepts depend. *Ibid.*

To one commending an orator for his skill in amplifying petty matters, Agesilaus said, "I do not think that

[1] See Pope, page 317.

Plutarch ascribes this saying to Plato. It is also ascribed to Pythagoras, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, Bias, and Socrates; also to Phemonë, a mythical Greek poetess of the ante-Homeric period. Juvenal (Satire xi. 27) says that this precept descended from heaven.

shoemaker a good workman that makes a great shoe for a little foot." *Laconic Apophthegms. Of Agesilaus the Great.*

"I will show," said Agesilaus, "that it is not the places that grace men, but men the places." *Ibid.*

When one asked him what boys should learn, "That," said he, "which they shall use when men." *Ibid.*

Agesilaus was very fond of his children; and it is reported that once toying with them he got astride upon a reed as upon a horse, and rode about the room; and being seen by one of his friends, he desired him not to speak of it till he had children of his own. *Ibid.*

When Demaratus was asked whether he held his tongue because he was a fool or for want of words, he replied, "A fool cannot hold his tongue." *Of Demaratus.*

Lysander, when Dionysius sent him two gowns, and bade him choose which he would carry to his daughter, said, "She can choose best," and so took both away with him. *Of Lysander.*

A physician, after he had felt the pulse of Pausanias, and considered his constitution, saying, "He ails nothing," "It is because, sir," he replied, "I use none of your physic." *Of Pausanias the Son of Phistoanax.*

And when the physician said, "Sir, you are an old man," "That happens," replied Pausanias, "because you never were my doctor." *Ibid.*

When one told Plistarchus that a notorious railer spoke well of him, "I 'll lay my life," said he, "somebody hath told him I am dead, for he can speak well of no man living." *Of Plistarchus.*

Anacharsis said a man's felicity consists not in the outward and visible favours and blessings of Fortune, but in the inward and unseen perfections and riches of the mind. *The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. 11*

Said Periander, "Hesiod might as well have kept his breath to cool his pottage." [1]

The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. 14.

Socrates said, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live." [2] *How a Young Man ought to hear Poems. 4.*

And Archimedes, as he was washing, thought of a manner of computing the proportion of gold in King Hiero's crown by seeing the water flowing over the bathing-stool. He leaped up as one possessed or inspired, crying, "I have found it! Eureka!"

Pleasure not attainable according to Epicurus. 11.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things." [3] *Of the Love of Wealth.*

That proverbial saying, "Ill news goes quick and far."

Of Inquisitiveness.

A traveller at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedæmonian, "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," said he, "but every goose can."

Remarkable Speeches.

Spintharus, speaking in commendation of Epaminondas, says he scarce ever met with any man who knew more and spoke less. *Of Hearing. 6.*

It is a thing of no great difficulty to raise objections against another man's oration, — nay, it is a very easy matter; but to produce a better in its place is a work extremely troublesome. *Ibid.*

Antiphanes said merrily, that in a certain city the cold was so intense that words were congealed as soon

[1] Spare your breath to cool your porridge. — RABELAIS: *Works, book v. chap. xxviii.*

[2] See Fielding, page 363.

He used to say that other men lived to eat, but that he ate to live. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Socrates, xiv.*

[3] See Holmes, page 692.

as spoken, but that after some time they thawed and became audible; so that the words spoken in winter were articulated next summer.[1] *Of Man's Progress in Virtue.*

As those persons who despair of ever being rich make little account of small expenses, thinking that little added to a little will never make any great sum. *Ibid.*

What is bigger than an elephant? But this also is become man's plaything, and a spectacle at public solemnities; and it learns to skip, dance, and kneel. *Of Fortune.*

No man ever wetted clay and then left it, as if there would be bricks by chance and fortune. *Ibid.*

Alexander was wont to say, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." *Of the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander the Great.*

When the candles are out all women are fair.[2] *Conjugal Precepts.*

Like watermen, who look astern while they row the boat ahead.[3] *Whether 't was rightfully said, Live Concealed.*

Socrates said he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world.[4] *Of Banishment.*

Anaximander says that men were first produced in fishes, and when they were grown up and able to help themselves were thrown up, and so lived upon the land. *Symposiacs. Book. viii. Question viii.*

Athenodorus says hydrophobia, or water-dread, was first discovered in the time of Asclepiades. *Question ix.*

1 In the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (Rudolphe Erich Raspe), stories gathered from various sources, is found the story of sound being frozen for a time in a post-horn, which when thawed gave a variety of tunes. A somewhat similar account is found in Rabelais, book iv. chaps. lv. lvi., referring to Antiphanes.

2 See Heywood, page 11.

3 See Burton, page 186.

4 See Garrison, page 633.

Let us not wonder if something happens which never was before, or if something doth not appear among us with which the ancients were acquainted.

Symposiacs. Book viii. Question ix.

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves?[1]

The great god Pan is dead.[2]

Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.

I am whatever was, or is, or will be; and my veil no mortal ever took up.[3] *Of Isis and Osiris.*

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios, "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."[4] *Ibid.*

There is no debt with so much prejudice put off as that of justice. *Of those whom God is slow to punish.*

It is a difficult thing for a man to resist the natural necessity of mortal passions. *Ibid.*

He is a fool who lets slip a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush.[5] *Of Garrulity.*

[1] See Pliny, page 903.

[2] See Mrs. Browning, page 658.

Plutarch relates (Isis and Osiris) that a ship well laden with passengers drove with the tide near the Isles of Paxi, when a loud voice was heard by most of the passengers calling unto one Thanus. The voice then said aloud to him, "When you are arrived at Palodes, take care to make it known that the great god Pan is dead."

[3] I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the sun. — PROCLUS: *On Plato's Timæus, p. 30 D.* (Inscription in the temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt.)

[4] No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. — MARSHAL CATINAT (1637–1712).

Few men have been admired by their domestics. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book iii. chap. 2.*

This phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet," is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but on the authority of Madame Aissé (Letters, edited by Jules Ravenal, 1853) it really belongs to Madame Cornuel.

[5] See Heywood, page 15.

We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against Nature. *Of Eating of Flesh. Tract 1.*

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of oratory, he answered, "Action;" and which was the second, he replied, "Action;" and which was the third, he still answered, "Action." *Lives of the Ten Orators*

Xenophon says that there is no sound more pleasing than one's own praises.
Whether an Aged Man ought to meddle in State Affairs.

Lampis, the sea commander, being asked how he got his wealth, answered, "My greatest estate I gained easily enough, but the smaller slowly and with much labour." *Ibid.*

The general himself ought to be such a one as can at the same time see both forward and backward. *Ibid.*

Statesmen are not only liable to give an account of what they say or do in public, but there is a busy inquiry made into their very meals, beds, marriages, and every other sportive or serious action. *Political Precepts*

Leo Byzantius said, "What would you do, if you saw my wife, who scarce reaches up to my knees? . . . Yet," went he on, "as little as we are, when we fall out with each other, the city of Byzantium is not big enough to hold us." *Ibid.*

Cato said, "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up, than why it is." *Ibid.*

It was the saying of Bion, that though the boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport but in earnest.[1]
Which are the most crafty, Water or Land Animals? 7.

[1] Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE: *Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*

Both Empedocles and Heraclitus held it for a truth that man could not be altogether cleared from injustice in dealing with beasts as he now does.

Which are the most crafty, Water or Land Animals? 7.

For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human.[1] *Against Colotes.*

Simonides calls painting silent poetry, and poetry speaking painting.

Whether the Athenians were more Warlike or Learned. 3.

As Meander says, "For our mind is God;" and as Heraclitus, "Man's genius is a deity."

Platonic Questions. 8

Pythagoras, when he was asked what time was, answered that it was the soul of this world. *viii.* 4.

EPICTETUS. *Circa* 60 A. D.

(*The translation used here is that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, based on that of Elizabeth Carter* (1866).

To a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable; but everything reasonable may be supported. *Discourses. Chap. ii.*

Yet God hath not only granted these faculties, by which we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it, but like a good prince and a true father, hath placed their exercise above restraint, compulsion, or hindrance, and wholly without our own control.

Chap. vi.

In a word, neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles. *Chap. xi.*

[1] See Pope, page 325.

Reason is not measured by size or height, but by principle. *Discourses. Chap. xii.*

O slavish man! will you not bear with your own brother, who has God for his Father, as being a son from the same stock, and of the same high descent? But if you chance to be placed in some superior station, will you presently set yourself up for a tyrant? *Chap. xiii.*

When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone, for you are not alone; but God is within, and your genius is within, — and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? *Chap. xiv.*

No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen. *Chap. xv.*

Any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence to an humble and grateful mind. *Chap. xvi.*

Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan. *Ibid.*

Since it is Reason which shapes and regulates all other things, it ought not itself to be left in disorder. *Chap. xvii.*

If what the philosophers say be true, — that all men's actions proceed from one source; that as they assent from a persuasion that a thing is so, and dissent from a persuasion that it is not, and suspend their judgment from a persuasion that it is uncertain, — so likewise they seek a thing from a persuasion that it is for their advantage. *Chap. xviii.*

Practise yourself, for heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater. *Ibid.*

Every art and every faculty contemplates certain things as its principal objects. *Discourses. Chap. xx.*

Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod? *Chap. xxi.*

When one maintains his proper attitude in life, he does not long after externals. What would you have, O man? *Ibid.*

Difficulties are things that show what men are. *Chap. xxiv.*

If we are not stupid or insincere when we say that the good or ill of man lies within his own will, and that all beside is nothing to us, why are we still troubled? *Chap. xxv.*

In theory there is nothing to hinder our following what we are taught; but in life there are many things to draw us aside. *Chap. xxvi.*

Appearances to the mind are of four kinds. Things either are what they appear to be; or they neither are, nor appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim in all these cases is the wise man's task. *Chap. xxvii.*

The appearance of things to the mind is the standard of every action to man.
That we ought not to be angry with Mankind. Chap. xxviii.

The essence of good and evil is a certain disposition of the will. *Of Courage. Chap. xxix.*

It is not reasonings that are wanted now; for there are books stuffed full of stoical reasonings. *Ibid.*

For what constitutes a child? — Ignorance. What constitutes a child? — Want of instruction; for they are our equals so far as their degree of knowledge permits.
That Courage is not inconsistent with Caution. Book ii. Chap. i.

Appear to know only this, — never to fail nor fall.

That Courage is not inconsistent with Caution. Book ii. Chap. i.

The materials of action are variable, but the use we make of them should be constant.

How Nobleness of Mind may be consistent with Prudence. Chap. v.

Shall I show you the muscular training of a philosopher? "What muscles are those?" — A will undisappointed; evils avoided; powers daily exercised; careful resolutions; unerring decisions.

Wherein consists the Essence of Good. Chap. viii.

Dare to look up to God and say, "Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt."

That we do not study to make Use of the established Principles concerning Good and Evil. Chap. xvi.

What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows.

How to apply general Principles to particular Cases. Chap. xvii.

Every habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions, — as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running.

How the Semblances of Things are to be combated. Chap. xviii.

Whatever you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else. *Ibid.*

Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. *Ibid.*

Be not hurried away by excitement, but say, "Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent. Let me try you."

How the Semblances of Things are to be combatëd. Chap. xviii.

Things true and evident must of necessity be recognized by those who would contradict them.

Concerning the Epicureans. Chap. xx.

There are some things which men confess with ease, and others with difficulty. *Of Inconsistency. Chap. xxi.*

Who is there whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?

Concerning a Person whom he treated with Disregard. Chap. xxiv.

Two rules we should always have ready, — that there is nothing good or evil save in the will; and that we are not to lead events, but to follow them.

In what Manner we ought to bear Sickness. Book iii. Chap. x.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it.[1]

That Everything is to be undertaken with Circumspection. Chap. xv.

There is a fine circumstance connected with the character of a Cynic, — that he must be beaten like an ass, and yet when beaten must love those who beat him, as the father, as the brother of all.

Of the Cynic Philosophy. Chap. xxii.

First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do.

Concerning such as read and dispute ostentatiously. Chap. xxiii.

Let not another's disobedience to Nature become an ill to you; for you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. And if any is unhappy, remember that he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace.

That we ought not to be affected by Things not in our own Power. Chap. xxiv.

Everything has two handles, — one by which it may be borne; another by which it cannot. *Enchiridion. xliii.*

[1] See Publius Syrus, page 898.

TACITUS. 54–119 A. D.

(*The Oxford Translation. Bohn's Classical Library.*)

The images of twenty of the most illustrious families — the Manlii, the Quinctii, and other names of equal splendour — were carried before it [the bier of Junia]. Those of Brutus and Cassius were not displayed; but for that very reason they shone with pre-eminent lustre.[1]

Annales. iii. 76. 11.

He had talents equal to business, and aspired no higher.[2] *vi. 39, 17.*

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro, in no obscure and indirect terms, "with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising."[3] *52 (46).*

He possessed a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever he said or did.[4] *Historiæ. ii. 80.*

Some might consider him as too fond of fame; for the desire of glory clings even to the best men longer than any other passion.[5] *iv. 6.*

The gods looked with favour on superior courage.[6] *17.*

They make solitude, which they call peace.[7]

Agricola. 30.

Think of your ancestors and your posterity.[8] *32.*

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.[9] *42*

1 Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him ("Conspicuous by his absence") in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, "It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity."

2 See Mathew Henry, page 284.
3 See Plutarch, page 912
4 See Chesterfield, page 353.
5 See Milton, page 247.
6 See Gibbon, page 430
7 See Byron, page 550.
8 See John Quincy Adams, page 458.
9 See Seneca, page 940.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. 61–105 A. D.

(*Translation by William Melmoth. Bohn's Classical Library.*)

Modestus said of Regulus that he was "the biggest rascal that walks upon two legs."

Letters.[1] *Book i. Letter v. 14.*

There is nothing to write about, you say. Well, then, write and let me know just this, — that there *is* nothing to write about; or tell me in the good old style if you are well. That 's right. I am quite well.[2] *Letter xi. 1.*

Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt. *Letter xviii. 5.*

The living voice is that which sways the soul.

Book ii. Letter iii. 9.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit.[3] *Letter xv. 1.*

He [Pliny the Elder] used to say that "no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it."[4]

Book iii. Letter v. 10.

This expression of ours, "Father of a family."

Book v. Letter xix. 2.

That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing.[5]

Book viii. Letter ix. 3.

Objects which are usually the motives of our travels by land and by sea are often overlooked and neglected if they lie under our eye. . . . We put off from time to time going and seeing what we know we have an opportunity of seeing when we please. *Letter xx. 1.*

His only fault is that he has no fault.[6]

Book ix. Letter xxvi. 1.

[1] Book vi. Letter xvi. contains the description of the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, as witnessed by Pliny the Elder.

[2] This comes to inform you that I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are in the same. Ay, that 's the old beginning. — COLMAN: *The Heir at Law, act iii. sc. 2.*

[3] See Goldsmith, page 402.

[4] "There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it." — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. iii.*

[5] Il dolce far niente (The sweet do nothing). — *A well known Italian proverb.*

[6] See Carlyle, page 585.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. 121–180 A. D.

(Translated by M. H. Morgan, Ph. D., of Harvard University.)

This Being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath, and the part which governs.

Meditations. ii. 2.

The ways of the gods are full of providence. 3.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last.[1] 5.

Thou seest how few be the things, the which if a man has at his command his life flows gently on and is divine.

Ibid.

Find time still to be learning somewhat good, and give up being desultory. 7.

No state sorrier than that of the man who keeps up a continual round, and pries into "the secrets of the nether world," as saith the poet, and is curious in conjecture of what is in his neighbour's heart. 13.

Though thou be destined to live three thousand years and as many myriads besides, yet remember that no man loseth other life than that which he liveth, nor liveth other than that which he loseth. 14.

For a man can lose neither the past nor the future; for how can one take from him that which is not his? So remember these two points: first, that each thing is of like form from everlasting and comes round again in its cycle, and that it signifies not whether a man shall look upon the same things for a hundred years or two hundred, or for an infinity of time; second, that the longest lived and the shortest lived man, when they come to die, lose one and the same thing. *Ibid.*

[1] See Publius Syrus, page 897.

A similar saying falls from his lips at another time: "Let every act and speech and purpose be framed as though this moment thou mightest take thy leave of life."

As for life, it is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land; but the fame that comes after is oblivion.
Meditations. *ii. 17.*

Waste not the remnant of thy life in those imaginations touching other folk, whereby thou contributest not to the common weal. *iii. 4.*

The lot assigned to every man is suited to him, and suits him to itself.[1] *Ibid.*

Be not unwilling in what thou doest, neither selfish nor unadvised nor obstinate; let not over-refinement deck out thy thought; be not wordy nor a busybody. *5.*

A man should *be* upright, not be *kept* upright. *Ibid.*

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect. *7.*

Respect the faculty that forms thy judgments. *9.*

Remember that man's life lies all within this present, as 't were but a hair's-breadth of time; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen. Short, therefore, is man's life, and narrow is the corner of the earth wherein he dwells. *10.*

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life. *11.*

As surgeons keep their instruments and knives always at hand for cases requiring immediate treatment, so shouldst thou have thy thoughts ready to understand things divine and human, remembering in thy every act, even the smallest, how close is the bond that unites the two. *13*

The ruling power within, when it is in its natural state, is so related to outer circumstances that it easily

[1] The translator is in doubt about this passage. Commentators differ in regard to it, and the text may be corrupt.

changes to accord with what can be done and what is given it to do. *Meditations. iv. 1.*

Let no act be done at haphazard, nor otherwise than according to the finished rules that govern its kind. *2.*

By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered. *3.*

Think on this doctrine, — that reasoning beings were created for one another's sake; that to be patient is a branch of justice, and that men sin without intending it. *Ibid.*

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it. *3.*

Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing can go back to nothing. *4.*

Death, like generation, is a secret of Nature. *5.*

That which makes the man no worse than he was makes his life no worse: it has no power to harm, without or within. *8.*

Whatever happens at all happens as it should; thou wilt find this true, if thou shouldst watch narrowly. *10.*

Many the lumps of frankincense on the same altar; one falls there early and another late, but it makes no difference. *15.*

Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand: while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good. *17.*

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbour says or does or thinks, but only at what he does himself, to make it just and holy. *18.*

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised. *20.*

Doth perfect beauty stand in need of praise at all? Nay; no more than law, no more than truth, no more than loving kindness, nor than modesty.

Meditations. iv. 20.

All that is harmony for thee, O Universe, is in harmony with me as well. Nothing that comes at the right time for thee is too early or too late for me. Everything is fruit to me that thy seasons bring, O Nature. All things come of thee, have their being in thee, and return to thee. *23.*

"Let thine occupations be few," saith the sage,[1] "if thou wouldst lead a tranquil life." *24.*

Love the little trade which thou hast learned, and be content therewith. *31.*

Remember this, — that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life. *32.*

All is ephemeral, — fame and the famous as well. *35.*

Observe always that everything is the result of a change, and get used to thinking that there is nothing Nature loves so well as to change existing forms and to make new ones like them. *36.*

Search men's governing principles, and consider the wise, what they shun and what they cleave to. *38.*

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away *43.*

All that happens is as usual and familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer. *44.*

That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before. *45.*

[1] Democritus *apud* Senecam: *De Ira, iii. 6; De Animi Tranquillitate, 13.*

Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man, — yesterday in embryo, to-morrow a mummy or ashes. So for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it. *Meditations. iv. 48.*

Deem not life a thing of consequence. For look at the yawning void of the future, and at that other limitless space, the past. *50.*

Always take the short cut; and that is the rational one. Therefore say and do everything according to soundest reason. *51.*

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present; "I am rising to a man's work." *v. 1.*

A man makes no noise over a good deed, but passes on to another as a vine to bear grapes again in season. *6.*

Flinch not, neither give up nor despair, if the achieving of every act in accordance with right principle is not always continuous with thee. *9.*

Nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by nature to bear. *18.*

Prize that which is best in the universe; and this is that which useth everything and ordereth everything. *21.*

Live with the gods. *27.*

Look beneath the surface; let not the several quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee. *vi. 3.*

The controlling Intelligence understands its own nature, and what it does, and whereon it works. *5.*

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee. *19.*

If any man can convince me and bring home to me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who abideth on still in his deception and ignorance. *Meditations. vi. 21.*

Death, — a stopping of impressions through the senses, and of the pulling of the cords of motion, and of the ways of thought, and of service to the flesh. *28.*

Suit thyself to the estate in which thy lot is cast. *39.*

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee. *54.*

How many, once lauded in song, are given over to the forgotten; and how many who sung their praises are clean gone long ago! *vii. 6*

One Universe made up of all that is; and one God in it all, and one principle of Being, and one Law, the Reason, shared by all thinking creatures, and one Truth. *9.*

To a rational being it is the same thing to act according to nature and according to reason. *11.*

Let not thy mind run on what thou lackest as much as on what thou hast already. *27.*

Just as the sand-dunes, heaped one upon another, hide each the first, so in life the former deeds are quickly hidden by those that follow after. *34.*

The art of living is more like wrestling than dancing, in so far as it stands ready against the accidental and the unforeseen, and is not apt to fall. *61.*

Remember this, — that very little is needed to make a happy life. *67.*

Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right, is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before. *viii. 16.*

Look to the essence of a thing, whether it be a point of doctrine, of practice, or of interpretation.

Meditations. viii. 22.

A man's happiness, — to do the things proper to man. *26.*

Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought. *51.*

He that knows not what the world is, knows not where he is himself. He that knows not for what he was made, knows not what he is nor what the world is. *52.*

The nature of the universe is the nature of things that are. Now, things that are have kinship with things that are from the beginning. Further, this nature is styled Truth; and it is the first cause of all that is true. *ix. 1.*

He would be the finer gentleman that should leave the world without having tasted of lying or pretence of any sort, or of wantonness or conceit. *2.*

Think not disdainfully of death, but look on it with favour; for even death is one of the things that Nature wills. *3.*

A wrong-doer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something. *5.*

Blot out vain pomp; check impulse; quench appetite; keep reason under its own control. *7.*

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind. *9.*

All things are the same, — familiar in enterprise, momentary in endurance, coarse in substance. All things now are as they were in the day of those whom we have buried. *14.*

The happiness and unhappiness of the rational, social animal depends not on what he feels but on what he does; just as his virtue and vice consist not in feeling but in doing. *16.*

Everything is in a state of metamorphosis. Thou thyself art in everlasting change and in corruption to correspond; so is the whole universe. *Meditations. ix. 19.*

Forward, as occasion offers. Never look round to see whether any shall note it. . . . Be satisfied with success in even the smallest matter, and think that even such a result is no trifle. *22*

He that dies in extreme old age will be reduced to the same state with him that is cut down untimely. *33.*

Whatever may befall thee, it was preordained for thee from everlasting. *x. 5.*

"The earth loveth the shower," and "the holy ether knoweth what love is."[1] The Universe, too, loves to create whatsoever is destined to be made. *21.*

Remember that what pulls the strings is the force hidden within; there lies the power to persuade, there the life, — there, if one must speak out, the real man. *38.*

No form of Nature is inferior to Art; for the arts merely imitate natural forms. *xi. 10.*

If it is not seemly, do it not; if it is not true, speak it not. *xii. 17.*

TERTULLIAN. 160–240 A. D.

See how these Christians love one another.
Apologeticus. c. 39.

Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.
c. 50.

It is certain because it is impossible.[2]
De Carne Christi. c. 5.

He who flees will fight again.[3]
De Fuga in Persecutione. c. 10.

[1] Fragmenta Euripidis, apud Aristotelem, N. A. viii. 1, 6.

[2] Certum est, quia impossibile est. This is usually misquoted, "Credo quia impossibile" (I believe it because it is impossible).

[3] See Butler, pages 215, 216.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Circa* 200 A. D.

(From "The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers." Translated by C. D. Yonge, B. A., with occasional corrections. Bohn's Classical Library.)

Alcæus mentions Aristodemus in these lines: —

'T is money makes the man; and he who 's none
Is counted neither good nor honourable.

Thales. *vii.*

Thales said there was no difference between life and death. "Why, then," said some one to him, "do not you die?" "Because," said he, "it *does* make no difference." *ix.*

When Thales was asked what was difficult, he said, "To know one's self." And what was easy, "To advise another." *Ibid.*

He said that men ought to remember those friends who were absent as well as those who were present. *Ibid.*

The apophthegm "Know thyself" is his.[1] *xiii.*

Writers differ with respect to the apophthegms of the Seven Sages, attributing the same one to various authors. *xiv.*

Solon used to say that speech was the image of actions; . . . that laws were like cobwebs, — for that if any trifling or powerless thing fell into them, they held it fast; while if it were something weightier, it broke through them and was off. *Solon.* *x.*

Solon gave the following advice: "Consider your honour, as a gentleman, of more weight than an oath. Never tell a lie. Pay attention to matters of importance." *xii.*

As some say, Solon was the author of the apophthegm, "Nothing in excess."[2] *xvi*

[1] See Pope, page 317. Also Plutarch, page 922.

[2] Μηδὲν ἄγαν, *nequid nimis.*

Chilo advised, "not to speak evil of the dead."[1]

Chilo. ii.

Pittacus said that half was more than the whole.[2]

Pittacus. ii.

Heraclitus says that Pittacus, when he had got Alcæus into his power, released him, saying, "Forgiveness is better than revenge."[3] *iii.*

One of his sayings was, "Even the gods cannot strive against necessity."[4] *iv*

Another was, "Watch your opportunity." *vii.*

Bias used to say that men ought to calculate life both as if they were fated to live a long and a short time, and that they ought to love one another as if at a future time they would come to hate one another; for that most men were bad. *Bias. i.*

Ignorance plays the chief part among men, and the multitude of words;[5] but opportunity will prevail.

Cleobulus. iv.

The saying, "Practice is everything," is Periander's.[6]

Periander. vi.

Anarcharsis, on learning that the sides of a ship were four fingers thick, said that "the passengers were just that distance from death."[7] *Anarcharsis. v.*

He used to say that it was better to have one friend of great value than many friends who were good for nothing. *Ibid.*

[1] De mortuis nil nisi bonum (Of the dead be nothing said but what is good.) — *Of unknown authorship.*

[2] See Hesiod, page 879.

[3] Quoted by Epictetus (Fragment lxii.), "Forgiveness is better than punishment; for the one is the proof of a gentle, the other of a savage nature."

[4] See Shakespeare, page 115.

[5] In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. — *Proverbs x. 19.*

[6] See Publius Syrus, page 896.

[7] "How thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be?" "Some two good inches and upward," returned the pilot. "It seems, then, we are within two fingers' breadth of damnation." — RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. xxiii.*

It was a common saying of Myson that men ought not to investigate things from words, but words from things; for that things are not made for the sake of words, but words for things. *Myson. iii.*

Epimenides was sent by his father into the field to look for a sheep, turned out of the road at mid-day and lay down in a certain cave and fell asleep, and slept there fifty-seven years; and after that, when awake, he went on looking for the sheep, thinking that he had been taking a short nap.[1] *Epimenides. ii.*

There are many marvellous stories told of Pherecydes. For it is said that he was walking along the seashore at Samos, and that seeing a ship sailing by with a fair wind, he said that it would soon sink; and presently it sank before his eyes. At another time he was drinking some water which had been drawn up out of a well, and he foretold that within three days there would be an earthquake; and there was one. *Pherecydes. ii.*

Anaximander used to assert that the primary cause ot all things was the Infinite, — not defining exactly whether he meant air or water or anything else.
Anaximander. ii.

Anaxagoras said to a man who was grieving because he was dying in a foreign land, "The descent to Hades is the same from every place." *Anaxagoras. vi.*

Aristophanes turns Socrates into ridicule in his comedies, as making the worse appear the better reason.[2]
Socrates. v.

Often when he was looking on at auctions he would say, "How many things there are which I do not need!"
x.

Socrates said, "Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods." *xi.*

[1] The story of Rip Van Winkle.
[2] See Milton, page 226.

He said that there was one only good, namely, knowledge; and one only evil, namely, ignorance.

Socrates. xiv.

He declared that he knew nothing, except the fact of his ignorance. *xvi.*

Being asked whether it was better to marry or not, he replied, "Whichever you do, you will repent it." *Ibid.*

He used to say that other men lived to eat, but that he ate to live.[1] *Ibid.*

Aristippus being asked what were the most necessary things for well-born boys to learn, said, "Those things which they will put in practice when they become men."

Aristippus. iv.

Aristippus said that a wise man's country was the world.[2] *xiii.*

Like sending owls to Athens, as the proverb goes.

Plato. xxxii.

Plato affirmed that the soul was immortal and clothed in many bodies successively. *xl.*

Time is the image of eternity. *xli.*

That virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness.[3] *xlii.*

That the gods superintend all the affairs of men, and that there are such beings as dæmons. *Ibid.*

There is a written and an unwritten law. The one by which we regulate our constitutions in our cities is the written law; that which arises from custom is the unwritten law. *li.*

Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces."[4] *Xenocrates. iii*

[1] See Plutarch, page 924.

[2] See Garrison, page 633.

[3] See Walton, page 207.
In that [virtue] does happiness consist. — ZENO (page 950).

[4] See Chesterfield, page 353.

Arcesilaus had a peculiar habit while conversing of using the expression, "My opinion is," and "So and so will not agree to this." *Arcesilaus. xii.*

Bion used to say that the way to the shades below was easy; he could go there with his eyes shut. *Bion. iii.*

Once when Bion was at sea in the company of some wicked men, he fell into the hands of pirates; and when the rest said, "We are undone if we are known," — "But I," said he, "am undone if we are not known." *Ibid.*

Of a rich man who was niggardly he said, "That man does not own his estate, but his estate owns him." *Ibid.*

Bion insisted on the principle that "The property of friends is common." [1] *ix.*

Very late in life, when he was studying geometry, some one said to Lacydes, "Is it then a time for you to be learning now?" "If it is not," he replied, "when will it be?" *Lacydes. v.*

Aristotle was once asked what those who tell lies gain by it. Said he, "That when they speak truth they are not believed." *Aristotle. xi.*

The question was put to him, what hope is; and his answer was, "The dream of a waking man." [2] *Ibid.*

He used to say that personal beauty was a better introduction than any letter; [3] but others say that it was Diogenes who gave this description of it, while Aristotle called beauty "the gift of God;" that Socrates called it "a short-lived tyranny;" Theophrastus, "a silent deceit;" Theocritus, "an ivory mischief;" Carneades, "a sovereignty which stood in need of no guards." *Ibid*

[1] All things are in common among friends. — DIOGENES (page 949).
[2] See Prior, page 288.
[3] See Publius Syrus, page 895.

On one occasion Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to those uneducated: "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead." [1]

Aristotle. xi.

It was a saying of his that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity. *Ibid.*

He was once asked what a friend is, and his answer was, "One soul abiding in two bodies." [2] *Ibid.*

Asked what he gained from philosophy, he answered, "To do without being commanded what others do from fear of the laws." *Ibid.*

The question was once put to him, how we ought to behave to our friends; and the answer he gave was, "As we should wish our friends to behave to us." *Ibid.*

He used to define justice as "a virtue of the soul distributing that which each person deserved." *Ibid.*

Another of his sayings was, that education was the best viaticum of old age. *Ibid.*

The chief good he has defined to be the exercise of virtue in a perfect life. xiii.

He used to teach that God is incorporeal, as Plato also asserted, and that his providence extends over all the heavenly bodies. *Ibid.*

It was a favourite expression of Theophrastus that time was the most valuable thing that a man could spend.[3] *Theophrastus.* x.

Antisthenes used to say that envious people were devoured by their own disposition, just as iron is by rust.

Antisthenes. iv.

[1] Quoted with great warmth by Dr. Johnson (Boswell). — LANGTON: *Collectanea.*

[2] See Pope, page 340.

[3] See Franklin, page 361.

When he was praised by some wicked men, he said, "I am sadly afraid that I must have done some wicked thing." [1] *Antisthenes. iv*

When asked what learning was the most necessary, he said, "Not to unlearn what you have learned." *Ibid.*

Diogenes would frequently praise those who were about to marry, and yet did not marry. *Diogenes. iv.*

"Bury me on my face," said Diogenes; and when he was asked why, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down." *vi.*

One of the sayings of Diogenes was that most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad; for if a man walked with his middle finger pointing out, folks would think him mad, but not so if it were his forefinger. *Ibid.*

All things are in common among friends.[2] *Ibid.*

"Be of good cheer," said Diogenes; "I see land." *Ibid.*

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy, and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition, — "With broad flat nails." *Ibid.*

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper, and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can." [3] *Ibid.*

Diogenes lighted a candle in the daytime, and went round saying, "I am looking for a man." [4] *Ibid.*

[1] See Plutarch, page 919.

[2] See Terence, page 891. Also, page 947.

[3] The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has anything to eat. — RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. lxiv.*

[4] The same is told of Æsop.

When asked what he would take to let a man give him a blow on the head, he said, "A helmet."

Diogenes. *vi.*

Once he saw a youth blushing, and addressed him, "Courage, my boy! that is the complexion of virtue." [1]

Ibid.

When asked what wine he liked to drink, he replied, "That which belongs to another." *Ibid.*

Asked from what country he came, he replied, "I am a citizen of the world." [2] *vi.*

When a man reproached him for going into unclean places, he said, "The sun too penetrates into privies, but is not polluted by them." [3] *Ibid.*

Diogenes said once to a person who was showing him a dial, "It is a very useful thing to save a man from being too late for supper." *Menedemus.* *iii.*

When Zeno was asked what a friend was, he replied, "Another I." [4] *Zeno.* *xix.*

They say that the first inclination which an animal has is to protect itself. *lii.*

One ought to seek out virtue for its own sake, without being influenced by fear or hope, or by any external influence. Moreover, that in *that* does happiness consist.[5] *liii.*

The Stoics also teach that God is unity, and that he is called Mind and Fate and Jupiter, and by many other names besides. *lxviii.*

They also say that God is an animal immortal, rational, perfect, and intellectual in his happiness, unsusceptible of any kind of evil, having a foreknowledge of

[1] See Mathew Henry, page 283.
[2] See Garrison, page 633.
[3] See Bacon, page 169.
[4] See page 948.
[5] See page 946.

the universe and of all that is in the universe; however, that he has not the figure of a man; and that he is the creator of the universe, and as it were the Father of all things in common, and that a portion of him pervades everything. *Zeno. lxxii.*

But Chrysippus, Posidonius, Zeno, and Boëthus say, that all things are produced by fate. And fate is a connected cause of existing things, or the reason according to which the world is regulated. *lxxiv.*

Apollodorus says, "If any one were to take away from the books of Chrysippus all the passages which he quotes from other authors, his paper would be left empty." *Chrysippus. iii.*

One of the sophisms of Chrysippus was, "If you have not lost a thing, you have it." *xi.*

Pythagoras used to say that he had received as a gift from Mercury the perpetual transmigration of his soul, so that it was constantly transmigrating and passing into all sorts of plants or animals. *Pythagoras. iv.*

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin.[1] *vi.*

Among what he called his precepts were such as these: Do not stir the fire with a sword. Do not sit down on a bushel. Do not devour thy heart.[2] *xvii.*

In the time of Pythagoras that proverbial phrase "Ipse dixit"[3] was introduced into ordinary life. *xxv.*

Xenophanes was the first person who asserted . . . that the soul is a spirit. *Xenophanes. iii.*

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man. *Ibid.*

Protagoras asserted that there were two sides to every question, exactly opposite to each other. *Protagoras. iii.*

[1] See Hall, page 457. [2] See Spenser, page 30.

[3] Αὐτὸς ἔφα (The master said so).

Nothing can be produced out of nothing.[1] *Diogenes of Apollonia. ii.*

Xenophanes speaks thus: —

And no man knows distinctly anything,
And no man ever will. *Pyrrho. viii.*

Democritus says, "But we know nothing really; for truth lies deep down." *Ibid.*

Euripides says, —

Who knows but that this life is really death,
And whether death is not what men call life? *Ibid.*

The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but seen near at hand, they are rough.[2] *ix.*

If appearances are deceitful, then they do not deserve any confidence when they assert what appears to them to be true. *xi.*

The chief good is the suspension of the judgment, which tranquillity of mind follows like its shadow. *Ibid.*

Epicurus laid down the doctrine that pleasure was the chief good. *Epicurus vi.*

He alludes to the appearance of a face in the orb of the moon. *xxv.*

Fortune is unstable, while our will is free. *xxvii.*

ATHENÆUS. *Circa* 200 A. D.

(*Translation by C. D. Yonge, B. A.*)

It was a saying of Demetrius Phalereus, that "Men having often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had, — being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity."[3] *The Deipnosophists. vi. 23.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 146. [2] See Campbell, page 512.
[3] Said with reference to mining operations.

Every investigation which is guided by principles of Nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach.[1] *The Deipnosophists. vii. 11.*

Dorion, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timotheus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.[2] *viii. 19.*

On one occasion some one put a very little wine into a wine-cooler, and said that it was sixteen years old. "It is very small for its age," said Gnathæna. *xiv. 47.*

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.[3] *xiv. 46.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE. 354–430.

When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday.[4] *Epistle 36. To Casulanus.*

The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light, — although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted.[5] *Works. Vol. iii. In Johannis Evangelum, c. tr. 5, Sect. 15.*

ALI BEN ABOU TALEB.[6] ——–660.

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough.[7]

1 See Johnson, page 371.
2 Tempest in a teapot. — *Proverb.*
3 See Chapman, page 37.
4 See Burton, page 193.
5 See Bacon, page 169.
6 Ali Ben Abou Taleb, son-in-law of Mahomet, and fourth caliph, who was for his courage called "The Lion of God," was murdered A. D. 660. He was the author of a "Hundred Sayings."
7 Translated by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and wrongly called by him a translation from Omar Khayyám.
Found in Dr. Hermann Tolowiez's "Polyglotte der Orientalischen Poesie."
Translated by James Russell Lowell thus: —

> He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
> And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

OMAR KHAYYÁM. ——–1123.

(Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.
Rubáiyát. Stanza xix

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste —
And, Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from. Oh, make haste!
Stanza xlviii.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire. *Stanza lxvii.*

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. *Stanza lxxi.*

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright. *Stanza lxxvii.*

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass.
Stanza ci.

ALPHONSO THE WISE. 1221–1284.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.[1]

[1] Carlyle says, in his "History of Frederick the Great," book ii. chap. vii. that this saying of Alphonso about Ptolemy's astronomy, "that it seemed a crank machine; that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice," is still remembered by mankind, — this and no other of his many sayings.

DANTE. 1265–1321.

(*Cary's Translation.*)

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
Hell. Canto iii. Line 9.

The wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame. *Line 34.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.[1] *Canto v. Line 121*

—•—

FRANÇOIS VILLON. *Circa* 1430–1484.

Where are the snows of last year?[2]
Des Dames du Temps jadis. i.

I know everything except myself. *Autre Ballade.* i.

Good talkers are only found in Paris.
Des Femmes de Paris. ii.

—•—

MICHELANGELO. 1474–1564.

(*Translation by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.*)

As when, O lady mine!
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould.
The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows. *Sonnet*

1 See Longfellow, page 648.

2 But where is last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon, the Parisian poet, took. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xiv.*

MARTIN LUTHER. 1483–1546.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

Psalm. Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott (trans. by Frederic H. Hedge).

Tell your master that if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter.[1]

Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen! *Speech at the Diet of Worms.*

For where God built a church, there the Devil would also build a chapel.[2] *Table-Talk. lxvii.*

A faithful and good servant is a real godsend; but truly 't is a rare bird in the land. *clvi.*

FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495–1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.[3] *Motteux's Life.*

Let down the curtain: the farce is done. *Ibid.*

He left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles as his last will: "I owe much; I have nothing; I give the rest to the poor." *Ibid.*

One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man. *To the Reader.*

[1] On the 16th of April, 1521, Luther entered the imperial city [of Worms]. . . . On his approach . . . the Elector's chancellor entreated him, in the name of his master, not to enter a town where his death was decided. The answer which Luther returned was simply this. — BUNSEN: *Life of Luther.*

I will go, though as many devils aim at me as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses. — RANKE: *History of the Reformation, vol. i. p 533* (Mrs. Austin's translation).

[2] See Burton, page 192.

[3] Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre

To return to our wethers.[1] *Works. Book i. Chap. i. n. 2.*

I drink no more than a sponge. *Chap. v.*

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.[2] *Ibid.*

Thought the moon was made of green cheese. *Chap. xi.*

He always looked a given horse in the mouth.[3] *Ibid.*

By robbing Peter he paid Paul,[4] . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.[5] *Ibid.*

He laid him squat as a flounder. *Chap. xxvii.*

Send them home as merry as crickets. *Chap. xxix.*

Coin is the sinews of war.[6] *Chap. xlvi.*

How shall I be able to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? *Chap. lii.*

Subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called lack of money. *Book ii. Chap. xvi.*

He did not care a button for it. *Ibid.*

How well I feathered my nest. *Chap. xvii.*

So much is a man worth as he esteems himself. *Chap. xxix.*

A good crier of green sauce. *Chap. xxxi.*

Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth. *Chap. xxxii.*

This flea which I have in mine ear. *Book iii. Chap. xxxi.*

You have there hit the nail on the head.[7] *Chap. xxxiv.*

Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. *Book iv. Chap. xix.*

1 "Revenons à nos moutons," — a proverb taken from the French farce of "Pierre Patelin," edition of 1762, p. 96.

2 My appetite comes to me while eating. — MONTAIGNE: *Book iii. chap. ix. Of Vanity.*

3 See Heywood, page 11.

4 See Heywood, page 14.

5 See Heywood, page 11.

6 See page 1002.

7 See Heywood, page 20.

I'll go his halves. *Works. Book iv. Chap. xxiii.*

The Devil was sick, — the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, — the devil a monk was he.
Chap. xxiv.

Do not believe what I tell you here any more than if it were some tale of a tub. *Chap. xxxviii.*

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus.[1] *Ibid.*

Which was performed to a T.[2] *Chap. xli.*

He that has patience may compass anything.
Chap. xlviii.

We will take the good will for the deed.[3] *Chap. xlix.*

You are Christians of the best edition, all picked and culled. *Chap. l.*

Would you damn your precious soul? *Chap. liv.*

Let us fly and save our bacon. *Chap. lv*

Needs must when the Devil drives.[4] *Chap. lvii.*

Scampering as if the Devil drove them. *Chap. lxii.*

He freshly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time. *Chap. lxii.*

The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words.[5] *Ibid.*

Whose cockloft is unfurnished.[6]
The Author's Prologue to the Fifth Book.

Speak the truth and shame the Devil.[7] *Ibid.*

Plain as a nose in a man's face.[8] *Ibid*

1 See Ovid, page 893.
2 See Johnson, page 375.
3 See Swift, page 292.
4 See Heywood, page 18.
5 See Plutarch, page 911.
6 See Bacon, page 170.
7 See Shakespeare, page 85.
8 See Shakespeare, page 44.

Like hearts of oak.[1] *Prologue to the Fifth Book.*

You shall never want rope enough. *Ibid.*

Looking as like . . . as one pea does like another.[2] *Book v. Chap. ii.*

Nothing is so dear and precious as time.[3] *Chap. v.*

And thereby hangs a tale.[4] *Chap. iv.*

It is meat, drink,[5] and cloth to us. *Chap. vii.*

And so on to the end of the chapter. *Chap. x.*

What is got over the Devil's back is spent under the belly.[6] *Chap. xi.*

We have here other fish to fry.[7] *Chap. xii.*

What cannot be cured must be endured.[8] *Chap. xv.*

Thought I to myself, we shall never come off scot-free. *Ibid.*

It is enough to fright you out of your seven senses.[9] *Ibid.*

Necessity has no law.[10] *Ibid.*

Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the high-rope. *Chap. xviii.*

We saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen. *Chap. xxi.*

Others made a virtue of necessity.[11] *Ibid.*

Spare your breath to cool your porridge.[12] *Chap. xxviii.*

I believe he would make three bites of a cherry. *Ibid.*

1 See Garrick, page 388.
2 See Lyly, page 33.
3 See Franklin, page 361. Also Diogenes Laertius, page 948.
4 See Shakespeare, page 68.
5 See Shakespeare, page 71.
6 Isocrates was in the right to insinuate that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly. — LE SAGE: *Gil Blas, book viii. chap. ix.*
7 I have other fish to fry. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. xxv*
8 See Burton, page 190.
9 See Scott, page 493.
10 See Shakespeare, page 115.
11 See Chaucer, page 3
12 See Plutarch, page 924.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. 1533–1592.

(*Works.*[1] *Cotton's translation, revised by Hazlitt and Wight.*)

Man in sooth is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject.[2]

Book i. Chap. i. That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.

All passions that suffer themselves to be relished and digested are but moderate.[3] *Chap. ii. Of Sorrow.*

It is not without good reason said, that he who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.[4] *Chap. ix. Of Liars.*

He who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live.[5]

Chap. xviii. That Men are not to judge of our Happiness till after Death.

The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom. *Chap. xxii. Of Custom.*

Accustom him to everything, that he may not be a Sir Paris, a carpet-knight,[6] but a sinewy, hardy, and vigorous young man. *Chap. xxv. Of the Education of Children.*

We were halves throughout, and to that degree that methinks by outliving him I defraud him of his part.

Chap. xxvii. Of Friendship.

There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.[7] *Chap. xxx. Of Cannibals.*

[1] This book of Montaigne the world has indorsed by translating it into all tongues, and printing seventy-five editions of it in Europe. — EMERSON: *Representative Men. Montaigne.*

[2] See Plutarch, page 916.

[3] See Raleigh, page 25.

Curae leves loquuntur ingentes stupent (Light griefs are loquacious, but the great are dumb). — SENECA: *Hippolytus, ii. 3, 607.*

[4] See Sidney, page 264.

Mendacem memorem esse oportere (To be a liar, memory is necessary). — QUINTILIAN: *iv. 2, 91.*

[5] See Tickell, page 313.

[6] See Burton, page 187

[7] See Bacon, page 171.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.
Book i. Chap. xxxi. Of Divine Ordinances.

A wise man never loses anything, if he has himself
Chap. xxxviii. Of Solitude.

Even opinion is of force enough to make itself to be espoused at the expense of life. *Chap. xl. Of Good and Evil.*

Plato says, "'T is to no purpose for a sober man to knock at the door of the Muses;" and Aristotle says "that no excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly." [1] *Book ii. Chap. ii. Of Drunkenness.*

For a desperate disease a desperate cure.[2]
Chap. iii. The Custom of the Isle of Cea.

And not to serve for a table-talk.[3] *Ibid.*

To which we may add this other Aristotelian consideration, that he who confers a benefit on any one loves him better than he is beloved by him again.[4]
Chap. viii. Of the Affection of Fathers.

The middle sort of historians (of which the most part are) spoil all; they will chew our meat for us.
Chap. x. Of Books.

The only good histories are those that have been written by the persons themselves who commanded in the affairs whereof they write. *Ibid.*

She [virtue] requires a rough and stormy passage; she will have either outward difficulties to wrestle with,[5] . . . or internal difficulties. *Chap. xi. Of Cruelty.*

There is, nevertheless, a certain respect and a general duty of humanity that ties us, not only to beasts that have life and sense, but even to trees and plants. *Ibid.*

[1] See Dryden, page 267.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 141.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 64.
[4] Aristotle: *Ethics, ix. 7.*
[5] See Milton, page 255.

Some impose upon the world that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe.

Book ii. Chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me? *Ibid.*

'T is one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past.[1] *Ibid.*

The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould. . . . The same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbour causes a war betwixt princes. *Ibid.*

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens. *Ibid.*

Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me. I am the darling of Nature! Is it not man that keeps and serves me?"[2] *Ibid.*

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form.[3] *Ibid.*

He that I am reading seems always to have the most force. *Ibid.*

[1] See Plutarch, page 912.
[2] See Pope, page 318.
[3] See Burton, page 186.

Apollo said that every one's true worship was that which he found in use in the place where he chanced to be.[1] *Book ii. Chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

How many worthy men have we seen survive their own reputation![2] *Chap. xvi. Of Glory.*

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true."[3] *Ibid.*

One may be humble out of pride.
Chap. xvii. Of Presumption.

I find that the best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice. *Chap. xx. That we taste nothing pure.*

Saying is one thing, doing another.
Chap. xxxi. Of Anger.

Is it not a noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre?[4]
Chap. xxxvi. Of the most Excellent Men.

Nature forms us for ourselves, not for others; to be, not to seem.
Chap. xxxvii. Of the Resemblance of Children to their Brothers.

There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity.[5]
Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers.

The public weal requires that men should betray and lie and massacre. *Book iii. Chap. i. Of Profit and Honesty.*

Like rowers, who advance backward.[6] *Ibid.*

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older.
Chap ii. Of Repentance.

[1] Xenophon: *Mem. Socratis, i. 3, 1.*
[2] See Bentley, page 284.
[3] Seneca: *Epistle 85.*
[4] See Shakespeare, page 69
[5] See Browne, page 218.
[6] See Burton, page 186.

Few men have been admired by their own domestics.[1]

Book iii. Chap. ii. Of Repentance.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.[2]

Chap. v. Upon some Verses of Virgil.

And to bring in a new word by the head and shoulders, they leave out the old one. *Ibid.*

All the world knows me in my book, and my book in me. *Ibid.*

'T is so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so. The strange lustre that surrounds him conceals and shrouds him from us; our sight is there broken and dissipated, being stopped and filled by the prevailing light.[3] *Chap. vii. Of the Inconveniences of Greatness.*

We are born to inquire after truth; it belongs to a greater power to possess it. It is not, as Democritus said, hid in the bottom of the deeps, but rather elevated to an infinite height in the divine knowledge.[4]

Chap. viii. Of the Art of Conversation.

I moreover affirm that our wisdom itself, and wisest consultations, for the most part commit themselves to the conduct of chance.[5] *Ibid.*

What if he has borrowed the matter and spoiled the form, as it oft falls out?[6] *Ibid.*

The oldest and best known evil was ever more supportable than one that was new and untried.[7]

Chap. ix. Of Vanity

[1] See Plutarch, page 926.

[2] See Davies, page 176.

[3] See Tennyson, page 677.

[4] LACTANTIUS: *Divin. Instit. iii. 28.*

[5] Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of great design as of chance. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 57.*

[6] See Churchill, page 413.

[7] LIVY, *xxiii. 3.*

Not because Socrates said so, . . . I look upon all men as my compatriots. *Book iii. Chap. ix. Of Vanity.*

My appetite comes to me while eating.[1] *Ibid.*

There is no man so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life. *Ibid.*

Saturninus said, "Comrades, you have lost a good captain to make him an ill general." *Ibid.*

A little folly is desirable in him that will not be guilty of stupidity.[2] *Ibid.*

Habit is a second nature.[3] *Chap. x.*

We seek and offer ourselves to be gulled.
Chap. xi. Of Cripples.

I have never seen a greater monster or miracle in the world than myself. *Ibid.*

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand. *Ibid.*

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together. *Chap. xii. Of Physiognomy.*

Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service.[4] *Ibid.*

I am further of opinion that it would be better for us to have [no laws] at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers as we have. *Chap. xiii. Of Experience.*

There is more ado to interpret interpretations than to interpret the things, and more books upon books than upon all other subjects; we do nothing but comment upon one another. *Ibid*

[1] See Rabelais, page 957.
[2] See Walpole, page 389.
[3] See Shakespeare, page 44.
[4] See Churchill, page 413.

For truth itself has not the privilege to be spoken at all times and in all sorts. *Book iii. Chap. xiii. Of Experience.*

The diversity of physical arguments and opinions embraces all sorts of methods. *Ibid.*

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we. *Ibid.*

I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my head. *Ibid.*

I, who have so much and so universally adored this ἄριστον μέτρον, "excellent mediocrity," [1] of ancient times, and who have concluded the most moderate measure the most perfect, shall I pretend to an unreasonable and prodigious old age? *Ibid.*

DU BARTAS. 1544–1590.

(From his "Divine Weekes and Workes," translated by J. Sylvester.)

The world's a stage [2] where God's omnipotence,
His justice, knowledge, love, and providence
Do act the parts. *First Week, First Day.*

And reads, though running,[3] all these needful motions. *Ibid.*

Mercy and justice, marching cheek by joule. *Ibid*

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.[4] *Ibid*

[1] See Cowper, page 424.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 69.
[3] See Cowper, page 422.
[4] See Burton, page 186.

What is well done is done soon enough.
First Week, First Day.

And swans seem whiter if swart crowes be by. *Ibid.*

Night's black mantle covers all alike.[1] *Ibid.*

Hot and cold, and moist and dry.[2] *Second Day.*

Much like the French (or like ourselves, their apes),
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the manners of each other nation.[3] *Ibid.*

With tooth and nail. *Ibid.*

From the foure corners of the worlde doe haste.[4] *Ibid.*

Oft seen in forehead of the frowning skies.[5] *Ibid.*

From north to south, from east to west.[6] *Ibid.*

Bright-flaming, heat-full fire,
The source of motion.[7] *Ibid.*

Not that the earth doth yield
In hill or dale, in forest or in field,
A rarer plant.[8] *Third Day*

'T is what you will, — or will be what you would. *Ibid.*

Or savage beasts upon a thousand hils.[9] *Ibid.*

1 Come, civil night, . . . with thy black mantle. — SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 2.*

2 See Milton, page 229.

3 Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II. act ii. sc. 1.*

4 See Shakespeare, page 80.

5 See Milton, page 248.

6 From north to south, from east to west. — SHAKESPEARE: *Winter's Tale, act i. sc. 2.*

7 Heat considered as a Mode of Motion (title of a treatise, 1863). — JOHN TYNDALL.

8 See Marlowe, page 40.

9 The cattle upon a thousand hills. — *Psalm i. 10.*

To man the earth seems altogether
No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.[1]
First Week, Third Day

For where 's the state beneath the firmament
That doth excel the bees for government ?[2]
Fifth Day, Part i.

A good turn at need,
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed. *Sixth Day.*

There is no theam more plentifull to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.[3] *Ibid.*

These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul.[4] *Ibid.*

Or almost like a spider, who, confin'd
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde,
Moves in an instant if the buzzing flie
Stir but a string of her lawn canapie.[5] *Ibid.*

Even as a surgeon, minding off to cut
Some cureless limb, — before in ure he put
His violent engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a senseless slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by use and art),
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part. *Ibid.*

Two souls in one, two hearts into one heart.[6] *Ibid.*

Which serves for cynosure[7]
To all that sail upon the sea obscure. *Seventh Day.*

[1] See Pliny, page 717.

[2] So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
SHAKESPEARE : *Henry V. act i. sc. 3.*

[3] See Pope, page 903.

[4] Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III act v. sc. 3.*

[5] See Davies, page 176.

[6] See Pope, page 340.

[7] See Milton, page 2[illegible].

Yielding more wholesome food than all the messes
That now taste-curious wanton plenty dresses.[1]
Second Week, First Day, Part i.

Turning our seed-wheat-kennel tares,
To burn-grain thistle, and to-vaporie darnel,
Cockle, wild oats, rough burs, corn-cumbring
Tares.[2] *Part iii.*

In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.[3] *Ibid.*

Dog, ounce, bear, and bull,
Wolfe, lion, horse.[4] *Ibid.*

Apoplexie and lethargie,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy. *Ibid.*

Living from hand to mouth. *Part iv.*

In the jaws of death.[5] *Ibid.*

Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle.[6]
Second Day, Part ii.

Will change the pebbles of our puddly thought
To orient pearls.[7] *Third Day, Part i.*

Soft carpet-knights, all scenting musk and amber.[8] *Ibid.*

The will for deed I doe accept.[9] *Part ii.*

[1] See Milton, page 248.

[2] Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
SHAKESPEARE: *Lear, act iv. sc. 4.*

[3] See Shakespeare, page 48.

[4] Lion, bear, or wolf, or bull. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 1.*

[5] See Shakespeare, page 77.

[6] See Publius Syrus, page 897.

[7] See Milton, page 234.
Orient pearls. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv sc. 1.*

[8] See Burton, page 187.

[9] See Swift, page 292.

Only that he may conform
To tyrant custom.[1] *Second Week, Third Day, Part ii.*

Sweet grave aspect.[2] *Fourth Day, Book i.*

Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him. *Book ii.*

Who well lives, long lives; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.[3]
Ibid.

My lovely living boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.[4] *Ibid.*

Out of the book of Natur's learned brest.[5] *Ibid.*

Flesh of thy flesh, nor yet bone of thy bone. *Ibid.*

Through thick and thin, both over hill and plain.[6]
Book iv.

Weakened and wasted to skin and bone.[7] *Ibid.*

I take the world to be but as a stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their personage.[8]
Dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus

Made no more bones. *The Maiden Blush.*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547–1616.

Don Quixote. (*Motteux's Translation.*)

I was so free with him as not to mince the matter.
Don Quixote. The Author's Preface.

They can expect nothing but their labour for their pains.[9] *Ibid.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 151.
[2] See Shakespeare, page 99. Also Milton, page 227.
[3] See Sheridan, page 443.
[4] My fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world.
SHAKESPEARE: *King John, act iii. sc. 4.*
[5] The book of Nature is that which the physician must read; and to do so he must walk over the leaves. — PARACELSUS, 1490–1541. (From the Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, vol. xviii. p. 234.)
[6] See Spenser, page 28.
[7] See Byrom, page 351.
[8] See Shakespeare, page 69.
[9] See Shakespeare, page 101.

As ill-luck would have it.[1] *Part i. Book i. Chap. ii.*

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works.[2] *Chap. iv.*

Which I have earned with the sweat of my brows. *Ibid.*

Can we ever have too much of a good thing?[3] *Chap. vi.*

The charging of his enemy was but the work of a moment. *Chap. viii.*

And had a face like a blessing.[4] *Book ii. Chap. iv.*

It is a true saying that a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend before he knows him. *Book iii. Chap. i.*

Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy. *Ibid.*

Fair and softly goes far. *Chap. ii.*

Plain as the nose on a man's face.[5] *Chap. iv.*

Let me leap out of the frying-pan into the fire;[6] or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun.[7] *Ibid.*

You are taking the wrong sow by the ear.[8] *Ibid.*

Bell, book, and candle. *Ibid.*

Let the worst come to the worst.[9] *Chap. v.*

You are come off now with a whole skin. *Ibid.*

Fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground, and much more in the skies. *Chap. vi.*

Ill-luck, you know, seldom comes alone.[10] *Ibid.*

1 See Shakespeare, page 46.
2 See Bacon, page 167.
3 See Shakespeare, page 71.
4 He had a face like a benediction. — *Jarvis's translation.*
5 See Shakespeare, page 44.
6 See Heywood, page 18.
7 See Heywood, page 17.
8 See Heywood, page 19.
9 See Middleton, page 172.
10 See Shakespeare, page 143.

Why do you lead me a wild-goose chase ?
Part i. Book iii. Chap. vi

I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt.[1]
Ibid.

The more thou stir it, the worse it will be. *Ibid.*

Now had Aurora displayed her mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil. *Ibid*

I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet. *Chap. vii.*

Give me but that, and let the world rub; there I 'll stick. *Ibid.*

Sure as a gun.[2] *Ibid*

Sing away sorrow, cast away care. *Chap. viii.*

Thank you for nothing. *Ibid.*

After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it. *Ibid.*

Of good natural parts and of a liberal education.
Ibid.

Would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity. *Ibid.*

Let every man mind his own business. *Ibid.*

Murder will out.[3] *Ibid.*

Thou art a cat, and a rat, and a coward. *Ibid.*

It is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all his eggs in one basket.
Chap. ix.

I know what 's what, and have always taken care of the main chance.[4] *Ibid.*

The ease of my burdens, he staff of my life. *Ibid*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 45.
[2] See Butler, page 211.
[3] See Chaucer, page 5.
[4] See Lyly, page 33.

I am almost frighted out of my seven senses.[1]
Part i. Book iii. Chap. ix.

Within a stone's throw of it. *Ibid.*

Let us make hay while the sun shines.[2] *Chap. xi.*

I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine; every man for himself, and God for us all.[3] *Ibid.*

Little said is soonest mended.[4] *Ibid.*

A close mouth catches no flies. *Ibid.*

She may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry. *Ibid.*

You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to. *Ibid.*

It will grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out. *Ibid.*

Delay always breeds danger.[5] *Book iv. Chap. ii.*

They must needs go whom the Devil drives.[6] *Chap. iv.*

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.[7] *Ibid.*

More knave than fool.[8] *Ibid.*

I can tell where my own shoe pinches me; and you must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff.
Chap. v.

I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born days.
Chap. viii.

Here is the devil-and-all to pay. *Chap. x.*

I begin to smell a rat.[9] *Ibid.*

1 See Scott, page 493.
2 See Heywood, page 10.
3 See Heywood, page 20.
4 See Wither, page 200.
5 See Shakespeare, page 93.
6 See Heywood, page 18.
7 See Heywood, page 15. Also Plutarch, page 926.
8 See Marlowe, page 41.
9 See Middleton, page 172.

I will take my corporal oath on it.

Part i. Book iv. Chap. x

It is past all controversy that what costs dearest is, and ought to be, most valued. *Chap. xi.*

I would have nobody to control me; I would be absolute: and who but I? Now, he that is absolute can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure can be content; and he that can be content has no more to desire. So the matter 's over; and come what will come, I am satisfied.[1] *Chap. xxiii.*

When the head aches, all the members partake of the pain.[2] *Part ii. Chap. iv.*

He has done like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, "As it may hit;" and when he had scrawled out a misshapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, "This is a cock."[3] *Chap. iii.*

There are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters. *Ibid.*

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it."[4] *Ibid.*

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. *Chap. iv.*

[1] I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. — *Jarvis's translation.*

[2] For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. — *Othello, act iii. sc. 4.*

[3] The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, "This is a cock," lest the people should take it for a fox. — *Jarvis's translation.*

[4] See Pliny the Younger, page 934.

Spare your breath to cool your porridge.[1]

Part ii. Chap. v.

A little in one's own pocket is better than much in another man's purse. *Chap. vii.*

Remember the old saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady." [2] *Chap. x.*

There is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us out flat some time or other. *Ibid.*

Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone? *Ibid.*

Let every man look before he leaps.[3] *Chap. xiv.*

The pen is the tongue of the mind. *Chap. xvi.*

There were but two families in the world, Have-much and Have-little. *Chap. xx.*

He has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pie. *Chap. xxii.*

Patience, and shuffle the cards. *Chap. xxiii.*

Comparisons are odious.[4] *Ibid.*

Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art. *Chap. xxiii.*

The proof of the pudding is the eating. *Chap. xxiv.*

He is as like one, as one egg is like another.[5]

Chap. xxvii.

You can see farther into a millstone than he.[6]

Chap. xxviii.

[1] See Rabelais, page 959.

[2] Spenser: *Britain's Ida, canto v. stanza 1.* Ellerton: *George a Greene* (a Ballad). Whetstone: *Rocke of Regard.* Burns: *To Dr Blacklock.* Colman: *Love Laughs at Locksmiths, act i.*

[3] See Heywood, page 9.

[4] See Fortescue, page 7.

[5] See Rabelais, page 959. Also Shakespeare, page 77.

[6] See Heywood, page 13.

Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not changed in my cradle. *Part ii. Chap. xxx.*

"Sit there, clod-pate!" cried he; "for let me sit wherever I will, that will still be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee." [1] *Chap. xxxi.*

Building castles in the air,[2] and making yourself a laughing-stock. *Ibid.*

It is good to live and learn. *Chap. xxxii.*

He is as mad as a March hare.[3] *Chap. xxxiii.*

I must follow him through thick and thin.[4] *Ibid.*

There is no love lost between us.[5] *Ibid.*

In the night all cats are gray.[6] *Ibid.*

All is not gold that glisters.[7] *Ibid.*

I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. *Ibid.*

Honesty is the best policy. *Ibid.*

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise. *Ibid.*

A good name is better than riches.[8] *Ibid.*

I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. *Ibid.*

An honest man's word is as good as his bond. *Ibid.*

Heaven's help is better than early rising. *Chap. xxxiv.*

I have other fish to fry.[9] *Chap. xxxv.*

[1] Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl! for let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee. — *Jarvis's translation.*

This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor: "Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Emerson quotes it, in his "American Scholar," as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

[2] See Burton, page 187.
[3] See Heywood, page 18.
[4] See Spenser, page 28.
[5] See Middleton, page 173.
[6] See Heywood, page 11.
[7] See Chaucer, page 5.
[8] See Publius Syrus, page 894.
[9] See Rabelais, page 959.

There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.[1] *Part ii. Chap. xxxv.*

But all in good time. *Chap. xxxvi.*

Matters will go swimmingly. *Ibid.*

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves. *Chap. xxxvii.*

They had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot. *Ibid.*

Good wits jump;[2] a word to the wise is enough. *Ibid.*

You may as well expect pears from an elm.[3] *Chap. xl.*

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.[4] *Chap. xlii.*

You cannot eat your cake and have your cake;[5] and store 's no sore.[6] *Chap. xliii.*

Diligence is the mother of good fortune. *Ibid.*

What a man has, so much he is sure of. *Ibid.*

When a man says, "Get out of my house! what would you have with my wife?" there is no answer to be made. *Ibid.*

The pot calls the kettle black. *Ibid.*

This peck of troubles. *Chap. liii.*

When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome.[7] *Chap. liv.*

Many count their chickens before they are hatched; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones. *Chap. lv.*

1 To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose. — *Ecclesiastes iii. 1.*

2 See Sterne, page 378.

3 See Publius Syrus, page 898.

4 See Chaucer, page 4.

5 See Heywood, page 20.

6 See Heywood, page 11.

7 See Burton, page 193.

My thoughts ran a wool-gathering; and I did like the countryman who looked for his ass while he was mounted on his back. *Part ii. Chap. lvii.*

Liberty . . . is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. *Chap. lviii*

As they use to say, spick and span new.[1] *Ibid.*

I think it a very happy accident.[2] *Ibid.*

I shall be as secret as the grave. *Chap. lxii.*

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.[3] *Chap. lxviii.*

Rome was not built in a day.[4] *Chap. lxxi.*

The ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death. *Ibid.*

Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last.[5] *Chap. lxxiv.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted. *The Little Gypsy (La Gitanilla).*

My heart is wax moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.[6] *Ibid.*

[1] See Middleton, page 172.

[2] See Middleton, page 174.

[3] Blessing on him who invented sleep, — the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. — *Jarvis's translation.*

[4] See Heywood, page 10.

[5] See Longfellow, page 640.

[6] See Byron, page 554.

BARTHOLOMEW SCHIDONI. 1560–1616.

I, too, was born in Arcadia.[1]

JOHN SIRMOND. 1589 (?) –1649.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink, —
Good wine, a friend, because I 'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.[2] *Causæ Bibendi.*

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604–1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;[3]
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all. *Retribution.* (*Sinngedichte.*)

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave. *Sin.* (*Ibid.*)

[1] Goethe adopted this motto for his "Travels in Italy."

[2] These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Henry Aldrich in the "Biographia Britannica," second edition, vol. i. p. 131), which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond:

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.
Menagiana, vol. i. p. 172

[3] See Herbert, page 206.

'Οψὲ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον. — *Oracula Sibyllina, liber viii. line 14.*

'Οψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN: *Corpus Paræmiographorum Græcorum, vol. i. p. 444.*

Sextus Empiricus is the first writer who has presented the whole of the adage cited by Plutarch in his treatise "Concerning such whom God is slow to punish."

ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612–1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And, born in bed, in bed we die.
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.[1]

FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. 1613–1680.

(*Reflections, or Sentences and Moral Maxims.*)

Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised.[2]

We have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others. *Maxim 19.*

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils; but present evils triumph over it.[3] *Maxim 22.*

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune. *Maxim 25.*

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at with a steady eye. *Maxim 26.*

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues, and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness. *Maxim 39.*

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. *Maxim 49.*

There are few people who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer. *Maxim 71.*

[1] Translated by Samuel Johnson.

[2] This epigraph, which is the key to the system of La Rochefoucauld, is found in another form as No. 179 of the Maxims of the first edition, 1665; it is omitted from the second and third, and reappears for the first time in the fourth edition at the head of the Reflections. — AIME MARTIN.

[3] See Goldsmith, page 401.

True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen. *Maxim 76.*

The love of justice is simply, in the majority of men, the fear of suffering injustice. *Maxim 78.*

Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself. *Maxim 79.*

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, and an exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always expects to gain something. *Maxim 83.*

A man who is ungrateful is often less to blame than his benefactor. *Maxim 96.*

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart. *Maxim 102.*

Nothing is given so profusely as advice. *Maxim 110.*

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others. *Maxim 127.*

Usually we praise only to be praised. *Maxim 146.*

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done as fear of the ill that may happen to us in consequence. *Maxim 180.*

Most people judge men only by success or by fortune. *Maxim 212.*

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. *Maxim 218.*

Too great haste to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude. *Maxim 226.*

There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability. *Maxim 245.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.[1] *Maxim 259*

[1] See Shelley, page 566.

We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim 294.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.[1] *Maxim 298.*

Lovers are never tired of each other, though they always speak of themselves. *Maxim 312.*

We pardon in the degree that we love. *Maxim 330.*

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.[2] *Maxim 347*

The greatest fault of a penetrating wit is to go beyond the mark. *Maxim 377*

We may give advice, but we cannot inspire the conduct. *Maxim 378.*

The veracity which increases with old age is not far from folly. *Maxim 416*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.[3] *Maxim 471.*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side. *Maxim 496*

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.[4]

[1] See Walpole, page 304.

[2] "That was excellently observed," say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken. — SWIFT: *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

[3] See Byron, page 557.

[4] This reflection, No. 99 in the edition of 1665, the author suppressed in the third edition.

> In all distresses of our friends
> We first consult our private ends;
> While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
> Points out some circumstance to please us.
>
> DEAN SWIFT: *A Paraphrase of Rochefoucauld's Maxim.*

J. DE LA FONTAINE. 1621–1695.

The opinion of the strongest is always the best.
The Wolf and the Lamb. Book i. Fable 10.

By the work one knows the workman.
The Hornets and the Bees. Fable 21.

It is a double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.
The Cock and the Fox. Book ii. Fable 15.

It is impossible to please all the world and one's father. *Book iii. Fable 1.*

In everything one must consider the end.[1]
The Fox and the Gnat. Fable 5.

"They are too green," he said, "and only good for fools."[2] *The Fox and the Grapes. Fable 11.*

Help thyself, and God will help thee.[3]
Book vi. Fable 18.

The fly of the coach. *Book vii. Fable 9.*

The sign brings customers. *The Fortune-Tellers. Fable 15*

Let ignorance talk as it will, learning has its value.
The Use of Knowledge. Book viii. Fable 19.

No path of flowers leads to glory. *Book x. Fable 14*

JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE. 1622–1673.

The world, dear Agnes, is a strange affair.
L'École des Femmes. Act ii. Sc. 6.

There are fagots and fagots.
Le Médecin malgré lui. Act i. Sc. 6.

We have changed all that. *Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man.
Le Tartuffe. Act iii. Sc. 3.

1 Remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss. — *Ecclesiasticus iii. 36.*

2 Sour grapes.

3 See Herbert, page 906

The real Amphitryon is the Amphitryon who gives dinners.[1] *Amphitryon. Act iii. Sc. 5.*

Ah that I — You would have it so, you would have it so; George Dandin, you would have it so! This suits you very nicely, and you are served right; you have precisely what you deserve. *George Dandin. Act i. Sc. 19.*

Tell me to whom you are addressing yourself when you say that.

I am addressing myself — I am addressing myself to my cap. *L'Avare. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The beautiful eyes of my cash-box. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

You are speaking before a man to whom all Naples is known. *Sc. 5.*

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship.[2]
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Act iv. Sc. 1.

I will maintain it before the whole world. *Sc. 5.*

What the devil did he want in that galley?[3]
Les Fourberies de Scapin. Act ii. Sc. 11.

Grammar, which knows how to control even kings.[4]
Les Femmes savantes. Act ii. Sc. 6.

Ah, there are no longer any children!
Le Malade Imaginaire. Act ii. Sc. 11.

BLAISE PASCAL. 1623–1662.

(*Translated by O. W. Wight.*)

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. *Thoughts. Chap. ii. 10.*

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause. *Chap. iv. 1.*

[1] See Dryden, page 277. [2] See Frere, page 462.

[3] Borrowed from Cyrano de Bergerac's "Pédant joué," act ii. sc. 4.

[4] Sigismund I. at the Council of Constance, 1414, said to a prelate who had objected to his Majesty's grammar, "Ego sum rex Romanus, et supra grammaticam" (I am the Roman emperor, and am above grammar).

Montaigne [1] is wrong in declaring that custom ought to be followed simply because it is custom, and not because it is reasonable or just. *Thoughts. Chap. iv. 6.*

Thus we never live, but we hope to live; and always disposing ourselves to be happy, it is inevitable that we never become so.[2] *Chap. v. 2.*

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed. *Chap. viii. 29.*

The last thing that we find in making a book is to know what we must put first. *Chap. ix. 30.*

Rivers are highways that move on, and bear us whither we wish to go. *38.*

What a chimera, then, is man! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depositary of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe! [3] *Chap. x. 1.*

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart. *Ibid.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? [4]

Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPREAUX. 1636-1711.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.[5]

The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75

[1] Book i. chap. xxii.
[2] See Pope, page 315.
[3] See Pope, page 317.
[4] See Bacon, page 169
[5] See Dryden, page 273.

Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways. *The Art of Poetry. Canto iii. Line 374.*

He [Molière] pleases all the world, but cannot please himself. *Satire 2.*

"There, take," says Justice, "take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.
'T was a fat oyster! live in peace, — adieu." [1] *Epître ii.*

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.[2] *Gil Blas. Book iii. Chap. xi.*

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Book vii. Chap. iv.*

Isocrates was in the right to insinuate, in his elegant Greek expression, that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly.[3] *Book viii. Chap. ix.*

Facts are stubborn things.[4] *Book x. Chap. i.*

Plain as a pike-staff.[5] *Book xii. Chap. viii.*

FRANCIS M. VOLTAIRE. 1694–1778.

If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him.[6] *Epître à l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs. cxi.*

The king [Frederic] has sent me some of his dirty linen to wash; I will wash yours another time.[7] *Reply to General Manstein.*

Men use thought only as authority for their injustice, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts.[8] *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde* (1763).

[1] See Pope, page 334.
[2] See Sheridan, page 443.
[3] See Rabelais, page 959.
[4] See Smollett, page 392.
[5] See Middleton, page 172.
[6] See Tillotson, page 266.
[7] Voltaire writes to his niece Dennis, July 24, 1752, "Voilà le roi qui m'envoie son linge à blanchir."
[8] See Young, page 310.

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.[1] *L'Ingénu. Chap. x.* (1767.)

The first who was king was a fortunate soldier:
Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.[2]
Merope. Act i. Sc. 3.

In the best of possible worlds the château of monseigneur the baron was the most beautiful of châteaux, and madame the best of possible baronesses.
Candide. Chap. i.

In this country [England] it is well to kill from time to time an admiral to encourage the others. *Chap. xxiii.*

The superfluous, a very necessary thing.
Le Mondain. Line 21.

Crush the infamous thing. *Letter to d'Alembert, June 23, 1760.*

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times. *Letter to Cardinal de Bernis, April 23, 1761.*

The proper mean.[3] *Letter to Count d'Argental, Nov. 28, 1765.*

It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions.[4] *Letter to M. le Riche, Feb. 6, 1770.*

Love truth, but pardon error.
Discours sur l'Homme. Discours 3.

MADAME DU DEFFAND. 1697-1784.

He [Voltaire] has invented history.[5]

It is only the first step which costs.[6]
In reply to the Cardinal de Polignac.

[1] See Gibbon, page 430.
[2] See Scott, page 494.
Borrowed from Lefranc de Pompignan's "Didon."
[3] See Cowper, page 424.
[4] See Gibbon, page 430.
Bussy Rabutin: *Lettres, iv. 91.* Sévigne: *Lettre à sa Fille, p. 202.* Tacitus: *Historia, iv. 17.* Terence: *Phormio, i. 4. 26.*
[5] Fournier: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire, p. 191.*
[6] Voltaire writes to Madame du Deffand, January, 1764, that one of her bon-mots is quoted in the notes of "La Pucelle," canto 1: "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1712–1778.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array, —
Days of absence, I am weary:
She I love is far away. *Days of Absence.*

GESTA ROMANORUM.[1]

We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation, the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed, "I have expended; I have given; I have kept; I have possessed; I do possess; I have lost; I am punished. What I formerly expended, I have; what I gave away, I have."[2] *Tale xvi.*

See how the world rewards its votaries.[3] *Tale xxxvi.*

If the end be well, all is well.[4] *Tale lxvii.*

Whatever you do, do wisely, and think of the consequences. *Tale ciii.*

[1] The "Gesta Romanorum" is a collection of one hundred and eighty-one stories, first printed about 1473. The first English version appeared in 1824, translated by the Rev. C. Swan. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

[2] Richard Gough, in the "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain," gives this epitaph of Robert Byrkes, which is to be found in Doncaster Church, "new cut" upon his tomb in Roman capitals: —

Howe: Howe: who is heare:
I, Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost.
A. D. 1579.

The following is the epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, according to Cleaveland's "Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay," p. 142: —

What we gave, we have;
What we spent, we had;
What we left, we lost.

[3] Ecce quomodo mundus suis servitoribus reddit mercedem (See how the world its veterans rewards. — Pope: *Moral Essays, epistle 1, line 243.*

[4] Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit. — Probably the origin of the proverb. "All's well that ends well."

VAUVENARGUES (Marquis of). 1715–1747.

Great thoughts come from the heart.[1] *Maxim cxxvii.*

MICHEL JEAN SEDAINE. 1717–1797.

O Richard! O my king!
The universe forsakes thee!

Sung at the Dinner given to the French Soldiers in the Opera Salon at Versailles, Oct. 1, 1789.

PRINCE DE LIGNE. 1735–1814.

The congress of Vienna does not walk, but it dances.[2]

GOETHE. 1749–1832.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping, and watching for the morrow, —
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

Wilhelm Meister. Book ii. Chap. xiii

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?[3]

Book iii. Chap. i.

Art is long, life short;[4] judgment difficult, opportunity transient. *Book vii. Chap. ix.*

The sagacious reader who is capable of reading between these lines what does not stand written in them, but is nevertheless implied, will be able to form some conception. *Autobiography. Book xviii. Truth and Beauty.*

[1] See Sidney, page 34.

[2] One of the Prince de Ligne's speeches that will last forever. — *Edinburgh Review, July, 1890, p. 244.*

[3] See Byron, page 549.

[4] See Chaucer, page 6.

MADAME ROLAND. 1754–1793.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name![1]

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755–1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants. *Speech in the Convention Nationale, 1792.*

It is only the dead who do not return. *Speech, 1794.*

SCHILLER. 1759–1805.

Against stupidity the very gods
Themselves contend in vain.
The Maid of Orleans. Act iii. Sc. 6.

The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my own dominions never sets.[2]
Don Carlos. Act i. Sc. 6.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. 1760–——.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
The Marseilles Hymn.

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death! *Ibid.*

[1] MACAULAY: *Essay on Mirabeau.* [2] See Scott, page 495.

A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. 1761-1819.

There is another and a better world.[1]

The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1.

J. G. VON SALIS. 1762–1834.

Into the silent land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?

The Silent Land

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land! *Ibid.*

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763–1820.

"It is more than a crime; it is a political fault,"[2] — words which I record, because they have been repeated and attributed to others. *Memoirs of Fouché.*

Death is an eternal sleep.

Inscription placed by his orders on the Gates of the Cemeteries in 1794.

J. M. USTERI. 1763–1827.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?

Life let us cherish

[1] Translated by N. Schink, London, 1799.

[2] Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, — it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

H. B. CONSTANT. 1767–1830.

I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose.[1]

JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTES. 1771–1813.

I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor.[2]

(When asked as to his ancestry.)

JOHANN L. UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

The Passage. *Edinburgh Review, October, 1832.*

VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. 1806–1871.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.[3]

Ingomar the Barbarian.[4] *Act ii.*

[1] This saying, "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle," is assigned to Constant by A. Hayward in his Introduction to the "Autobiography and Letters" of Mrs. Piozzi.

[2] See Plutarch, page 919.

Curtius Rufus seems to me to be descended from himself. (A saying of Tiberius). — TACITUS: *Annals, book xi. c. xxi. 13.*

[3] See Pope, page 340.

Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

[4] Translated by Maria Lovell.

ALFRED DE MUSSET. 1810–1857.

As all the perfumes of the vanished day
Rise from the earth still moistened with the dew
So from my chastened soul beneath thy ray
Old love is born anew.

Remembrance, translated by George Murray.

GUSTAVE NADAUD. 1820–1893.

I 'm growing old, I 'm sixty years;
I 've labored all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I 've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none
My prayer would else fulfilment know —
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

Carcassonne. Translated by John Reuben Thompson. Stanza 1.

Yet could I these two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Ibid. Stanza 2.

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
What joy to be in Carcassonne!
Ah! might I but see Carcassonne!

Ibid. Stanza 3.

The vicar 's right; he says that we
  Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
  Ambition ruins all mankind;

Carcassone. Stanza 4.

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
  In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
  Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
  And I — have not seen Carcassonne.

Ibid. Stanza 5.

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL. 1821–1881.

There is no repose for the mind except in the absolute; for feeling, except in the infinite; for the soul, except in the divine. *Journal.*

Only one thing is necessary: to possess God — All the senses, all the forces of the soul and of the spirit, all the exterior resources are so many open outlets to the Divinity; so many ways of tasting and of adoring God. We should be able to detach ourselves from all that is perishable and cling absolutely to the eternal and the absolute and enjoy the all else as a loan, as a usufruct. . . . To worship, to comprehend, to receive, to feel, to give, to act: this our law, our duty, our happiness, our heaven. *Ibid.*

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage. *Ibid.*

Truth is the secret of eloquence and of virtue, the basis of moral authority; it is the highest summit of art and of life. *Ibid.*

Life is the apprenticeship to progressive renunciation, to the steady diminution of our claims, of our hopes, of our powers, of our liberty. *Ibid.*

Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius. *Ibid.*

A man without passion is only a latent force, only a possibility, like a stone waiting for the blow from the iron to give forth sparks. *Ibid.*

The efficacy of religion lies precisely in what is not rational, philosophic or eternal; its efficacy lies in the unforeseen, the miraculous, the extraordinary. Thus religion attracts more devotion according as it demands more faith, — that is to say, as it becomes more incredible to the profane mind. The philosopher aspires to explain away all mysteries, to dissolve them into light. Mystery on the other hand is demanded and pursued by the religious instinct; mystery constitutes the essence of worship, the power of proselytism. When the "cross" became the "foolishness" of the cross, it took possession of the masses. *Ibid.*

If ignorance and passion are the foes of popular morality, it must be confessed that moral indifference is the malady of the cultivated classes. The modern separation of enlightenment and virtue, of thought and conscience, of the intellectual aristocracy from the honest and common crowd is the greatest danger that can threaten liberty. *Ibid.*

HENRYK IBSEN. 1828–1906.

Only the spirit of rebellion craves for happiness in this life. What right have we human beings to happiness? *Ghosts.*

What we have inherited from our fathers and mothers is not all that 'walks in us.' There are all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs. They have no tangibility, but they haunt us all the same and we can not get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see Ghosts gliding between the lines. Ghosts must be all over the country, as thick as the sands of the sea. *Ibid.*

One should never put on one's best trousers to go out in to fight for freedom. *The Enemy of the People.*

COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOI.
1828–1910.

All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Anna Karénina. Part i. Chap. i.

There is one evident, indubitable manifestation of the Divinity, and that is the laws of right which are made known to the world through Revelation.

Ibid. Part viii. Chap. xix.

Error is the force that welds men together; truth is communicated to men only by deeds of truth.

My Religion. Chap. xii.

The happiness of men consists in life. And life is in labor. *What is to be done? Chap. xxxviii.*

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people. *Ibid. Chap. xl. Note.*

The only significance of life consists in helping to establish the kingdom of God; and this can be done only by means of the acknowledgment and profession of the truth by each one of us. *The Kingdom of God. Chap. xii.*

Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen. *What is Art? Chap. viii.*

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE. 1844–1900.

I teach you the Overman. Man is something which shall be surpassed. *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

The good generally displeases us when it is beyond our ken.

Everyone who enjoys thinks that the principal thing to the tree is the fruit, but in point of fact the principal thing to it is the seed. — Herein lies the difference between them that create and them that enjoy.

He that prefers the beautiful to the useful in life will, undoubtedly, like children who prefer sweetmeats to bread, destroy his digestion and acquire a very fretful outlook on the world.

On the heights it is warmer than people in the valleys suppose, especially in winter. The thinker recognizes the full import of this simile.

In the mountains of truth, you never climb in vain. Either you already reach a higher point today, or you exercise your strength in order to be able to climb higher tomorrow.

The value of many men and books rests solely on their faculty for compelling all to speak out the most hidden and intimate things.

Merchant and pirate were for a long period one and the same person. Even today mercantile morality is really nothing but a refinement of piratical morality.

Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good. *Maxims.*

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. 1864–.

The future is a world limited by ourselves; in it we discover only what concerns us and, sometimes, by chance, what interests those whom we love the most.

Jouzelle. Act i.

Men's weaknesses are often necessary to the purposes of life. *Joyzelle. Act ii.*

All our knowledge merely helps us to die a more painful death than the animals that know nothing. A day will come when science will turn upon its error and no longer hesitate to shorten our woes. A day will come when it will dare and act with certainty; when life, grown wiser, will depart silently at its hour, knowing that it has reached its term. *Our Eternity.*

EDMOND ROSTAND. 1868——.

Malebranche would have it that not a soul is left;
We humbly think that there still are hearts.[1]
Chantecler. Prélude.

Without doubt
I can teach crowing: for I gobble.[2]
Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2

I fall back dazzled at beholding myself all rosy red,
At having, I myself, caused the sun to rise.[3]
Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 3.

And sounding in advance its victory,
My song jets forth so clear, so proud, so peremptory,
That the horizon, seized with a rosy trembling,
Obeys me.[4] *Ibid.*

[1] Malebranche dirait qu'il n'y a plus une âme:
Nous pensons humblement qu'il reste encor des cœurs.

[2] Sans doute
Je peux apprendre à coqueriquer: je glougloute.

[3] Je recule
Ébloui de me voir moi même tout vermeil
Et d'avoir, moi, le coq, fait élever le soleil.

[4] Et sonnant d'avance sa victoire,
Mon chant jaillit si net, si fier, si peremptoire,
Que l'horizon, saisi d'un rose tremblement,
M'obéit.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

Absolutism tempered by assassination.[1]

A Cadmean victory.[2]

After us the deluge.[3]

All is lost save honour.[4]

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.[5]

Architecture is frozen music.[6]

[1] Count Münster, Hanoverian envoy at St. Petersburg, discovered that Russian civilization is "merely artificial," and first published to Europe the short description of the Russian Constitution, — that it is "absolutism tempered by assassination."

[2] A Greek proverb. A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

Συμμισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο. — HERODOTUS: *i. 166.*

Where two discourse, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.

EURIPIDES: *Fragment 656. Protesilaus.*

[3] On the authority of Madame de Hausset ("Mémoires," p. 19), this phrase is ascribed to Madame de Pompadour. Larousse ("Fleurs Historiques") attributes it to Louis XV.

[4] It was from the imperial camp near Pavia that Francis I., before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." — MARTIN: *Histoire de France, tome viii.*

The correction of this expression was first made by Sismondi, vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242. The letter itself is printed entire in Dulaure's "Histoire de Paris": "Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie, — qui est sauvé."

[5] Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis: quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium. — VALERIUS MAXIMUS: *Lib. vi. c. 2.*

[6] Since it [architecture] is music in space, as it were a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — SCHELLING: *Philosophie der Kunst, pp. 576, 593.*

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — MADAME DE STAËL: *Corinne, livre iv. chap. 3.*

Beginning of the end.[1]

Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness.[2]

Dead on the field of honour.[3]

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.[4]

Extremes meet.[5]

Hell is full of good intentions.[6]

History repeats itself.[7]

I am here: I shall remain here.[8]

I am the state.[9]

It is magnificent, but it is not war.[10]

[1] Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "L'Improvisateur Français," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

See Shakespeare, page 59.

[2] De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace — DANTON: *Speech in the Legislative Assembly, 1792.*

See Spenser, page 28.

[3] This was the answer given in the roll-call of La Tour d'Auvergne's regiment after his death.

[4] See Canning, page 464.

[5] Les extrêmes se touchent. — MERCIER: *Tableaux de Paris* (1782), *vol. iv. title of chap. 348.*

[6] See Johnson, page 372.

[7] See Plutarch, page 912.

[8] The reply of Marshal MacMahon, in the trenches before the Malakoff, in the siege of Sebastopol, September, 1855, to the commander-in-chief, who had sent him word to beware of an explosion which might follow the retreat of the Russians.

[9] Dulaure (History of Paris, 1863, p. 387) asserts that Louis XIV. interrupted a judge who used the expression, "The king and the state," by saying, "I am the state."

[10] Said by General Pierre Bosquet of the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava.

Leave no stone unturned.[1]

Let it be. Let it pass.[2]

Medicine for the soul.[3]

Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more.[4]

Order reigns in Warsaw.[5]

Ossa on Pelion.[6]

[1] EURIPIDES: *Heracleidæ, 1002.*

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, "Turn every stone." — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN: *Corpus Paræmiographorum Græcorum, vol. i. p. 146.*

[2] This phrase, "Laissez faire, laissez passer!" is attributed to Gournay, Minister of Commerce at Paris, 1751; also to Quesnay, the writer on political economy. It is quoted by Adam Smith in the "Wealth of Nations."

[3] Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. — DIODORUS SICULUS: *i. 49, 3.*

[4] According to the "Contemporary Review," February, 1854, this phrase formed the opening of an address composed in the name of Comte d'Artois by Count Beugnot, and published in the "Moniteur," April 12, 1814.

[5] General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie." — DUMAS: *Mémoires, Second Series, vol. iv. chap. iii.*

[6] See Ovid, page 893.

They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius.
CHAPMAN: *Homer's Odyssey, book xi. 426.*

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood.
POPE: *Odyssey, book xi. 387.*

Ossa on Olympus heave, on Ossa roll
Pelion with all his woods; so scale the starry pole.
SOTHEBY: *Odyssey, book xi. 315.*

To the Olympian summit they essay'd
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown
Branch-waving Pelion.
COWPER: *Odyssey, book xi. 379*

They on Olympus Ossa fain would roll;
On Ossa Pelion's leaf-quivering hill.
WORSLEY: *Odyssey, book xi 414*

To fling
Ossa upon Olympus, and to pile

Scylla and Charybdis.[1]

Sinews of war.[2]

Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.[3]

The empire is peace.[4]

The guard dies, but never surrenders.[5]

The king reigns, but does not govern.[6]

> Pelion with all its growth of leafy woods
> On Ossa.
>
> BRYANT: *Odyssey, book xi. 390.*
>
> Ossa they pressed down with Pelion's weight,
> And on them both impos'd Olympus' hill.
>
> FITZ-GEFFREY: *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake, stanza 99* (1596).

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam. — VIRGIL: *Georgics, i. 281.*

[1] See Shakespeare, page 64.

[2] See Rabelais, page 957.

Æschines (Adv. Ctesiphon, c. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ὑποτέτμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "The sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (lib. iv. c. 7, sect. 3), represents that philosopher as saying, τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, — "Riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring perhaps to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, Orat. xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the scholiast on Pindar, Olymp. i. 4 (compare Photius, Lex. *s. v.* Μεγάνορος πλούτου). So Cicero, Philipp. v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

[3] A placard of Aldus on the door of his printing-office. — DIBDIN: *Introduction, vol. i. p. 436.*

[4] This saying occurs in Louis Napoleon's speech to the Chamber of Commerce in Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852.

[5] Words engraved upon the monument erected to Cambronne at Nantes.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the "Indépendant." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

[6] A motto adopted by Thiers for the "Nationale," July 1, 1803. In the beginning of the seventeenth century Jan Zamoyski in the Polish parliament said, "The king reigns, but does not govern."

The style is the man himself.[1]

"There is no other royal path which leads to geometry," said Euclid to Ptolemy I.[2]

There is nothing new except what is forgotten.[3]

They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.[4]

We are dancing on a volcano.[5]

Who does not love wine, women, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.[6]

God is on the side of the strongest battalions.[7]

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none
But the notches on the blade.

The Death Feud. An Arab War-song.[8]

[1] BUFFON: *Discours de Reception* (Recueil de l'Académie, 1753). See Burton, page 186.

[2] PROCLUS: *Commentary on Euclid's Elements, book ii. chap. iv.*

[3] Attributed to Mademoiselle Bertin, milliner to Marie Antoinette. "There is nothing new except that which has become antiquated," — motto of the "Revue Rétrospective."

[4] This saying is attributed to Talleyrand. In a letter of the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pan, January, 1796, it occurs almost literally, — "No one is right; no one could forget anything, nor learn anything."

[5] Words uttered by Comte de Salvandy (1796-1856) at a fete given by the Duke of Orleans to the King of Naples, 1830.

[6] Attributed to Luther, but more probably a saying of J. H. Voss (1751-1826), according to Redlich, "Die poetischen Beiträge zum Waudsbecker Bothen," Hamburg, 1871, p. 67. — KING: *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (1887).

[7] See Gibbon, page 430, and Voltaire, page 801. Napoleon said, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

[8] Anonymous translation from "Tait's Magazine," July, 1850. The poem is of an age earlier than that of Mahomet.

THE BIBLE.

OLD TESTAMENT.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. *Genesis i. 3.*

It is not good that the man should be alone. *ii. 18.*

Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh. *23.*

They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons. *iii. 7.*

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. *19*

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. *Ibid.*

The mother of all living. *20.*

Am I my brother's keeper? *iv. 9.*

My punishment is greater than I can bear. *13.*

There were giants in the earth in those days. *vi. 4.*

And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. *vii. 12.*

The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *viii. 9.*

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. *ix. 6.*

Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. *xiii. 8*

In a good old age. *xv. 15.*

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *xvi. 12.*

Old and well stricken in age. *Genesis xviii. 11.*

His wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. *xix. 26.*

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. *xxvii. 22.*

They stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours. *xxxvii. 23*

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *xlii. 38.*

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *xlix. 4.*

I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus ii. 22.*

A land flowing with milk and honey. *iii. 8*; *Jeremiah xxxii. 22.*

Darkness which may be felt. *x. 21.*

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. *xiii. 21.*

When we sat by the fleshpots. *xvi. 3.*

Love thy neighbour as thyself. *Leviticus xix. 18.*

The Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? *Numbers xxii. 28.*

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! *xxiii. 10.*

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! *xxiv. 5*

Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy viii. 3.*

The wife of thy bosom. *xiii. 6.*

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *xix. 21*

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. *Deuteronomy xxviii. 5*

The secret things belong unto the Lord. *xxix. 29*

He kept him as the apple of his eye. *xxxii. 10.*

Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. *15.*

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *xxxiii. 25.*

His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. *xxxiv. 7.*

I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua xxiii. 14.*

I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges v. 7.*

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. *20*

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *25.*

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead. *27.*

Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? *viii. 2*

He smote them hip and thigh. *xv. 8.*

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *xvi. 9.*

From Dan even to Beer-sheba. *xx. 1.*

The people arose as one man. *xx. 8.*

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth i. 16.*

Quit yourselves like men. *1 Samuel iv. 9.*

Is Saul also among the prophets? *x. 11*

A man after his own heart. *xiii. 14.*

David therefore departed thence and escaped to the cave Adullam. *xxii. 1.*

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. *2 Samuel i. 20*

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.
2 Samuel i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen! *25.*

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. *26.*

Abner . . . smote him under the fifth rib. *ii. 23.*

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. *x. 5.*

Thou art the man. *xii. 7.*

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. *xiv. 14.*

They were wont to speak in old time, saying, They shall surely ask counsel at Abel: and so they ended the matter. *xx. 18.*

The sweet psalmist of Israel. *xxiii. 1.*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.[1]
1 Kings vi. 7.

A proverb and a byword. *ix. 7.*

I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. *xvii. 9.*

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. *12.*

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. *16.*

How long halt ye between two opinions? *xviii. 21.*

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. *44.*

A still, small voice. *xix. 12.*

[1] See Cowper, page 421.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. *1 Kings xx. 11.*

Death in the pot. *2 Kings iv. 40.*

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *viii. 13.*

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. *ix. 20.*

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job i. 1*

Satan came also. *6.*

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *21.*

All that a man hath will he give for his life. *ii. 4.*

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. *iii. 17.*

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.*

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *v. 7.*

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *13.*

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *26.*

How forcible are right words! *vi. 25.*

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *vii. 6.*

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.[1] *vii. 10; cf. xvi. 22.*

I would not live alway. *16.*

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. *x. 21.*

Clearer than the noonday. *xi. 17.*

Wisdom shall die with you. *xii. 2*

[1] The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm ciii. 16.*
Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee. *Job xii. 8.*

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *xiv. 1.*

Miserable comforters are ye all. *xvi. 2.*

The king of terrors. *xviii. 14.*

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *xix. 20.*

Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! *23.*

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *28.*

Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue. *xx. 12.*

The land of the living. *xxviii. 13.*

The price of wisdom is above rubies. *18.*

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *xxix. 11.*

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *13.*

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *15.*

The house appointed for all living. *xxx. 23.*

My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book. *xxxi. 35.*

Great men are not always wise. *xxxii. 9.*

He multiplieth words without knowledge. *xxxv. 16.*

Fair weather cometh out of the north. *xxxvii. 22.*

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *xxxviii. 2.*

The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *xxxviii. 7.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *11.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Job xxxviii. 31.*

Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *32.*

He smelleth the battle afar off. *xxxix. 25.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *xli. 1.*

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *24.*

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *31.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. *xlii. 5.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalm i 3.*

Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. *iv. 6.*

Out of the mouth of babes[1] and sucklings. *viii. 2.*

Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.[2] *5.*

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *xiv. 1; liii. 1.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *xv. 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;[3] yea, I have a goodly heritage. *xvi. 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye,[4] hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *xvii. 8.*

The sorrows of death compassed me. *xviii. 4.*

He rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.[5] *10.*

[1] Of very babes. — *Book of Common Prayer.*
[2] Thou madest him lower than. — *Ibid.*
[3] The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground. — *Ibid.*
[4] Apple of an eye. — *Ibid.*
[5] He rode upon the cherubim, and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind. — *Ibid.*

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *Psalm xix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.[1] *2.*

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. *6.*

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. *10.*

I may tell all my bones. *xxii. 17.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.[2] *xxiii. 2.*

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.[3] *4.*

My cup runneth over.[4] *5.*

From the strife of tongues. *xxxi. 20.*

He fashioneth their hearts alike.[5] *xxxiii. 15.*

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. *xxxiv. 13.*

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen[6] the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *xxxvii. 25.*

Spreading[7] himself like a green bay-tree. *35.*

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. *37.*

While I was musing the fire burned.[8] *xxxix. 3.*

[1] One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. — *Ibid.*

[3] Thy rod and thy staff comfort me. — *Ibid.*

[4] My cup shall be full. — *Ibid.*

[5] He fashioneth all the hearts of them. — *Ibid.*

[6] And yet saw I never . . . begging their bread. — *Ibid.*

[7] Flourishing. — *Ibid.*

[8] While I was thus musing the fire kindled. — *Ibid.*

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.[1] *Psalm xxxix. 4.*

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity.[2] *5.*

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not[3] who shall gather them. *6*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *xli. 1.*

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks.[4] *xlii. 1.*

Deep calleth unto deep.[5] *7.*

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *xlv. 1.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.[6] *xlvi. 1.*

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,[7] . . . the city of the great King. *xlviii. 2.*

Man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish.[8] *xlix. 12, 20.*

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *l. 10*

Oh that I had wings like a dove! *lv. 6.*

We took sweet counsel together. *14.*

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.[9] *15.*

[1] Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] Every man living is altogether vanity. — *Ibid.*

[3] And cannot tell. — *Ibid.*

[4] As the hart desireth the water-brooks. — *Ibid.*

[5] One deep calleth another. — *Ibid.*

[6] God is our hope and strength. — *Ibid.*

[7] The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth. — *Ibid.*

[8] Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour, seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish. — *Ibid.*

[9] But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. — *Ibid.*

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.[1] *Psalm lv. 21.*

My heart is fixed. *lvii. 7.*

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.[2] *lviii. 4, 5.*

Vain is the help of man. *lx. 11; cviii. 12.*

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance they are altogether lighter than vanity.[3] *lxii. 9*

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.[4] *lxxii. 6.*

His enemies shall lick the dust. *9*

As a dream when one awaketh. *lxxiii. 20.*

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from[5] the south. *lxxv. 6*

He putteth down one and setteth up another. *7.*

They go from strength to strength. *lxxxiv. 7.*

A day[6] in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.[7] *lxxxiv. 10*

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other. *lxxxv. 10.*

[1] The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his heart. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] Like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. — *Ibid.*

[3] As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights; they are altogether lighter than vanity itself. — *Ibid.*

[4] He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool. — *Ibid.*

[5] Nor yet. — *Ibid.*

[6] One day in thy courts. — *Ibid.*

[7] Ungodliness. — *Ibid.*

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,[1] and as a watch in the night.
Psalm xc. 4.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.[2] *9.*

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.[3] *10.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *12.*

Establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.[4] *17.*

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.[5] *xci. 2.*

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for . . . the destruction that wasteth at noonday.[6] *6.*

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.[7] *xcii. 12.*

The noise of many waters. *xciii. 4.*

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.[8] *xcvii. 1.*

[1] Seeing that is past. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. — *Ibid.*

[3] The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. — *Ibid.*

[4] Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us; oh prosper thou our handiwork. — *Ibid.*

[5] I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God, in him will I trust. — *Ibid.*

[6] For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. — *Ibid.*

[7] Like a palm-tree, and shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus. — *Ibid.*

[8] The Lord is king; the earth may be glad thereof. — *Ibid.*

As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.[1] *Psalm ciii. 15.*

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone;[2] and the place thereof shall know it no more. *16.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *civ. 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work[3] and to his labour until the evening. *23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.[4] *cvii. 23.*

At their wits' end. *27.*

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.[5] *cx. 3.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *cxvi. 11.*

Precious[6] in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.[7] *cxviii. 22.*

I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditations.[8] *cxix. 99.*

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.[9] *105.*

[1] The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone. — *Ibid.*

[3] To his work. — *Ibid.*

[4] And occupy their business. — *Ibid.*

[5] In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will-offerings with an holy worship: the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Ibid.*

[6] Right dear. — *Ibid.*

[7] The same stone which the builders refused is become the head stone in the corner. — *Ibid.*

[8] I have more understanding than my teachers: for thy testimonies are my study. — *Ibid.*

[9] A lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths. — *Ibid.*

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.[1] *Psalm cxxi. 6.*

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity[2] within thy palaces. *cxxii. 7.*

He giveth his beloved sleep. *cxxvii. 2.*

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *5.*

Thy children like olive plants[3] round about thy table. *cxxviii. 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids.[4] *cxxxii. 4; Proverbs vi. 4*

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *cxxxiii. 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows.[6] *cxxxvii. 2.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *5.*

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell[7] in the uttermost parts of the sea. *cxxxix. 9.*

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.[8] *14.*

Put not your trust in princes. *cxlvi. 3.*

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. *Proverbs i. 10.*

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *20.*

[1] The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

[2] Plenteousness. — *Ibid.*

[3] Like the olive branches. — *Ibid.*

[4] I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyes to slumber. — *Ibid.*

[5] How good and joyful a thing it is, brethren. — *Ibid.*

[6] As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees. — *Ibid.*

[7] And remain. — *Ibid.*

[8] Though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth. — *Ibid.*

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour. *Proverbs iii. 16.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. *iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *vi. 10; xxiv. 33.*

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *vi. 11.*

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? *27.*

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *vii. 22; Jeremiah xi. 19.*

Wisdom is better than rubies. *viii. 11.*

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *ix. 17.*

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *18.*

A wise son maketh a glad father. *x. 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed. *7.*

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *15.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *xi. 14; xxiv. 6.*

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *15.*

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. *Proverbs xi. 22.*

The liberal soul shall be made fat. *25.*

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *xii. 10.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *xiii. 12.*

The way of transgressors is hard. *15.*

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *24.*

Fools make a mock at sin. *xiv. 9.*

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *10.*

The prudent man looketh well to his going. *15.*

The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. *23.*

The righteous hath hope in his death. *32.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *xv. 1.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *13.*

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast. *15.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *17.*

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *23.*

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *xvi. 9*

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *18.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory. *31.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. *Proverbs xvi. 32.*

The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. *33.*

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *xvii. 8.*

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *9.*

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. *22.*

The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. *24.*

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *27.*

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *28.*

A wounded spirit, who can bear? *xviii. 14.*

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. *22.*

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *24.*

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *xix. 17.*

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *xx. 1.*

Every fool will be meddling. *3.*

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. *12.*

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth. *14.*

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house. *xxi. 9.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *xxii. 1.*

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it. *6.*

The borrower is servant to the lender. *Proverbs xxii. 7.*

Remove not the ancient landmark. *28; xxiii. 10.*

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *29.*

Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. *xxiii. 2.*

Riches certainly make themselves wings. *5.*

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *7.*

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *21.*

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *31, 32.*

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. *xxiv. 5.*

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small. *10.*

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *xxv. 11.*

Heap coals of fire upon his head. *22.*

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *25.*

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come. *xxvi. 2.*

Answer a fool according to his folly. *5.*

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him. *12.*

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *13.*

Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *16.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Proverbs xxvi. 27.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *xxvii. 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *5.*

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *6.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *15.*

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *17.*

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *22.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion. *xxviii. 1.*

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *20.*

Where there is no vision, the people perish. *xxix. 18.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches. *xxx. 8.*

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *15.*

In her tongue is the law of kindness. *xxxi. 26.*

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. *27.*

Her children arise up and call her blessed. *28.*

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. *29.*

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain. *30.*

Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity.
Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8.

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ecclesiastes i. 4.*

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *8.*

There is no new thing under the sun. *9.*

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us.[1] *10.*

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *14.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *18.*

One event happeneth to them all. *ii. 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *iii. 1.*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *iv. 12.*

Let thy words be few. *v. 2.*

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *5.*

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *12*

A good name is better than precious ointment. *vii. 1.*

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting. *2.*

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *6.*

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *14.*

Be not righteous overmuch. *16.*

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found. *28.*

[1] See Terence, page 888.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

There is no discharge in that war. *viii. 8.*

To eat, and to drink, and to be merry. *viii. 15; Luke xii. 19.*

A living dog is better than a dead lion. *ix. 4.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. *10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. *11.*

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *x. 20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. *xi. 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *3.*

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *4.*

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *6.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *9.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *xii. 1.*

The grinders cease because they are few. *3.*

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *6*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Ecclesiastes xii. 7.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. *11.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *12.*

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. *13.*

For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon ii. 11, 12.*

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *15.*

Terrible as an army with banners. *vi. 4, 10.*

Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.
vii. 9.

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave.
viii. 6.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. *7.*

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah i. 3.*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. *5.*

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. *8.*

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. *ii. 4; Micah iv. 3.*

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats. *20*

When I was born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do.[1]

Wisdom of Solomon vii. 3.

Observe the opportunity. *Ecclesiasticus iv. 20.*

Be not ignorant of anything in a great matter or a small. *v. 15.*

Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss. *vii. 36.*

Miss not the discourse of the elders. *viii. 9.*

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him. A new friend is as new wine: when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. *ix. 10.*

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *xiii. 1.*

He will laugh thee to scorn. *7.*

Gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days. *xxx. 22.*

Consider that I laboured not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning. *xxxiii. 17.*

For of the most High cometh healing. *xxxviii. 2.*

Whose talk is of bullocks. *25.*

These were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of the times. *xliv. 7.*

There be of them that have left a name behind them. *8.*

Nicanor lay dead in his harness. *2 Maccabees xv. 28.*

If I have done well, and as is fitting, . . . it is that which I desired; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto. *38*

[1] See Pliny, page 903.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.
Matthew ii. 18; Jeremiah xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone.
iv. 4; Deuteronomy viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matthew v. 13.*

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *14.*

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. *43.*

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them. *vi. 1.*

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. *3.*

They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. *7.*

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. *20.*

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *21.*

The light of the body is the eye. *22.*

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. *24.*

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink. *25.*

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. *28.*

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *34.*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *vii. 6*

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *Matthew vii. 7.*

Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth. *8.*

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? *9.*

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. *12.*

Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction. *13.*

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way. *14.*

By their fruits ye shall know them. *20.*

It was founded upon a rock. *25.*

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. *viii. 20.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *ix. 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *x. 16.*

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. *30.*

Wisdom is justified of her children. *xi. 19; Luke vii. 35.*

The tree is known by his fruit. *xii. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *34.*

Pearl of great price. *xiii. 46.*

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. *57.*

Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. *Matthew xiv. 27.*

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *xv. 14.*

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *27.*

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather: for the sky is red. *xvi. 2.*

The signs of the times. *3.*

Get thee behind me, Satan. *23.*

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *26.*

It is good for us to be here. *xvii. 4.*

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *xix. 6.*

Love thy neighbour as thyself. *19.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *24.*

Borne the burden and heat of the day. *xx. 12.*

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *15.*

For many are called, but few are chosen. *xxii. 14*

They made light of it. *5.*

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. *21.*

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin. *xxiii. 23*

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. *24*

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Matthew xxiii. 27*

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. *37.*

Wars and rumours of wars. *xxiv. 6.*

The end is not yet. *Ibid.*

Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *28.*

Abomination of desolation. *15; Mark xiii. 14.*

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *xxv. 29.*

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *xxvi. 41.*

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. *Mark ii. 27.*

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *iii. 25.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *iv. 9.*

My name is Legion. *v. 9.*

My little daughter lieth at the point of death. *23.*

Clothed, and in his right mind. *15; Luke viii. 35.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *ix. 44.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke ii. 14.*

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *iii. 9*

Physician, heal thyself. *iv. 23.*

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! *vi. 26*

Nothing is secret which shall not be made manifest. *Luke viii. 17.*

Peace be to this house. *x. 5.*

The labourer is worthy of his hire. *7; 1 Timothy v. 18.*

Go, and do thou likewise. *37.*

But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her. *42.*

He that is not with me is against me. *xi. 23.*

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *xii. 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *35.*

Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it. *xiv. 28.*

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *xvi. 8.*

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. *xvii. 2.*

Remember Lot's wife. *32.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *xix. 22.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *xxiii. 31.*

He was a good man, and a just. *50.*

Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us? *xxiv. 32.*

The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. *John i. 9.*

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *46.*

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *iii. 8.*

He was a burning and a shining light. *John v. 35.*

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *vi. 12.*

Judge not according to the appearance. *vii. 24.*

The truth shall make you free. *viii. 32.*

There is no truth in him. *44.*

The night cometh when no man can work. *ix. 4.*

The poor always ye have with you. *xii. 8.*

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *35.*

Let not your heart be troubled. *xiv. 1.*

In my Father's house are many mansions. *2.*

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *xv. 13.*

Thy money perish with thee. *Acts viii. 20.*

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *ix. 5.*

Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. *36.*

Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *xvii. 5.*

Great is Diana of the Ephesians. *xix. 28.*

The law is open. *38.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive. *xx. 35.*

Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. *xxii. 3.*

When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. *xxiv. 25.*

I appeal unto Cæsar. *xxv. 11*

Words of truth and soberness. *xxvi. 25*

For this thing was not done in a corner. *Acts xxvi. 26.*

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian *28.*

There is no respect of persons with God. *Romans ii. 11*

Fear of God before their eyes. *18.*

God forbid. *31.*

Who against hope believed in hope. *iv. 18.*

Speak after the manner of men. *vi. 19.*

The wages of sin is death. *23.*

For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. *viii. 19.*

All things work together for good to them that love God. *28.*

Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? *ix. 21.*

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *x. 2.*

Given to hospitality. *xii. 13.*

Be not wise in your own conceits. *16.*

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. *17.*

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. *18.*

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *20.*

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *21*

The powers that be are ordained of God. *xiii. 1.*

Render therefore to all their dues. *7.*

Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *8.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Romans xiii. 10.*

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *xiv. 5.*

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty. *1 Corinthians i. 27.*

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. *iii. 6.*

Every man's work shall be made manifest. *13.*

Not to think of men above that which is written.[1] *iv. 6.*

Absent in body, but present in spirit. *v. 3.*

The fashion of this world passeth away. *vii. 31.*

I am made all things to all men. *ix. 22.*

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. *x. 12.*

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. *xiii. 1.*

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. *2.*

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. *4.*

We know in part, and we prophesy in part. *9.*

When I was a child, I spake as a child. . . . When I became a man, I put away childish things. *11.*

Now we see through a glass, darkly. *12.*

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. *13.*

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound. *xiv. 8.*

[1] Usually quoted, "To be wise above that which is written."

Let all things be done decently and in order. *1 Corinthians xiv. 40*

Evil communications corrupt good manners.[1] *xv. 33.*

The first man is of the earth, earthy. *47.*

In the twinkling of an eye. *52.*

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? *55.*

Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. *2 Corinthians iii. 6.*

We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech. *12.*

We walk by faith, not by sight. *v. 7.*

Now is the accepted time. *vi. 2.*

By evil report and good report. *8.*

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things. *10.*

Though I be rude in speech. *xi. 6.*

Forty stripes save one. *24.*

A thorn in the flesh. *xii. 7.*

Strength is made perfect in weakness. *9.*

The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians ii. 9.*

Weak and beggarly elements. *iv. 9.*

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing. *18.*

Ye are fallen from grace. *v. 4.*

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *9.*

Every man shall bear his own burden. *vi. 5.*

[1] *Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.* — MENANDER (341 B. C.). (Dübner's edition of his "Fragments." appended to Aristophanes in Didot's Bibliotheca Græca, p. 102, line 101.)

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *Galatians vi. 7.*

Middle wall of partition. *Ephesians ii. 14.*

Carried about with every wind of doctrine. *iv. 14.*

Speak every man truth with his neighbour. *25.*

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *26.*

To live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians i. 21.*

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. *iii. 19.*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding. *iv. 7.*

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *8.*

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. *11.*

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians ii. 21.*

Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. *iii. 2.*

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt. *iv. 6.*

Labour of love. *1 Thessalonians i. 3.*

Study to be quiet. *iv. 11.*

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. *v. 21.*

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully. *1 Timothy i. 8.*

Not greedy of filthy lucre. *iii. 3.*

He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. *v. 8.*

Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. *1 Timothy v. 13.*

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. *23.*

The love of money is the root of all evil. *vi. 10.*

Fight the good fight. *12.*

Rich in good works. *18.*

Science falsely so called. *20.*

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed. *2 Timothy ii. 15.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. *iv. 7.*

Unto the pure all things are pure. *Titus i. 15.*

Such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. *Hebrews v. 12.*

Every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. *13.*

Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age. *14.*

If God be for us, who can be against us. *Romans viii. 31.*

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *Hebrews xi. 1.*

Of whom the world was not worthy. *38.*

A cloud of witnesses. *xii. 1.*

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *6.*

The spirits of just men made perfect. *23.*

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *xiii. 2.*

Yesterday, and to-day, and forever. *8.*

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James i. 12.*

Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. *James i. 19.*

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *iii. 5.*

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.[1] *8.*

Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. *iv. 7.*

Hope to the end. *1 Peter i. 13.*

Fear God. Honour the king. *ii. 17.*

Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. *iii. 4.*

Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. *7.*

Be ye all of one mind. *8.*

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. *iv. 8.*

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. *v. 8.*

And the day star arise in your hearts. *2 Peter i. 19.*

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *ii. 22.*

Bowels of compassion. *1 John iii. 17.*

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *iv. 18.*

Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation ii. 10.*

He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *27.*

All nations and kindreds and tongues. *vii. 9.*

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *xxii. 13.*

[1] Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. *Morning Prayer.*

The noble army of martyrs. *Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate. *Prayer for all Conditions of Men.*

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the devil. *Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. *Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.*

Renounce the Devil and all his works. *Baptism of Infants.*

Grant that the old Adam in these persons may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in them. *Baptism of those of Riper Years.*

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world. *Catechism.*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing. *Ibid.*

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ibid*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. *Solemnization of Matrimony.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ibid.*

To love, cherish, and to obey.

Solemnization of Matrimony.

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.[1]

Ibid.

In the midst of life we are in death.[2]

The Burial Service

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection. *Ibid.*

Whose service is perfect freedom. *Collect for Peace.*

Show thy servant the light of thy countenance.

The Psalter. Psalm xxxi. 18.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. *lv. 14.*

Men to be of one mind in an house. *lxviii. 6.*

The iron entered into his soul. *cv. 18.*

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. *cx. 3.*

TATE AND BRADY.[3]

Untimely grave. *Psalm vii.*

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good. *xv. 5.*

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. *cxii. 6.*

1 With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. — *Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.*

2 This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the ground work of Luther's antiphon "De Morte."

3 Nahum Tate, 1652–1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659–1726.

APPENDIX.

All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

From the inscription on the tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1787), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Antislavery Society of London.

Anything for a quiet life.

Title of a play by Middleton.

Art and part.

A Scotch law-phrase, — an accessory before and after the fact. A man is said to be *art and part* of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. — SCOTT: *Tales of a Grandfather, chap. xxii.* (*Execution of Morton.*)

Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem formerly occupied by Laurent Koster (or Coster), who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628: —

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIA
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

As gingerly.

CHAPMAN: *May Day.* SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

The motto of David Crockett in the war of 1812.

Before you could say Jack Robinson.

This current phrase is said to be derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe Lane, London. He was a professional song-writer and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

A warke it ys as easie to be done
As tys to saye *Jacke! róbys on.*

HALLIWELL: *Archæological Dictionary.*
(Cited from an old Play.)

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii;* and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's "Topica," viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c." (1584.)

Better to wear out than to rust out.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out." — HORNE: *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth.*
BOSWELL: *Tour to the Hebrides, p. 18, note.*

Beware of a man of one book.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "By reading one book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor, p. 164.*

Bitter end.

This phrase is nearly without meaning as it is used. The true phrase, "better end," is used properly to designate a crisis, or the moment of an extremity. When in a gale a vessel has paid out all her cable, her cable has run out to the "better end," — the end which is secured within the vessel and little used. Robinson Crusoe in describing the terrible storm in Yarmouth Roads says, "We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end."

Cockles of the heart.

Latham says the most probable explanation of this phrase lies (1) in the likeness of a heart to a cockleshell, — the base of the former being compared to the hinge of the latter; (2) in the zoölogical name for the cockle and its congeners being *Cardium*, from καρδια (heart).

Castles in the air.

This is a proverbial phrase found throughout English literature, the first instance noted being in Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy."

Consistency, thou art a jewel.

This is one of those popular sayings — like "Be good, and you will be happy," or "Virtue is its own reward" — that, like Topsy, "never *was* born, only jist growed." From the earliest times it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says, —

> "*Good name*, in man or woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls."

Shakespeare elsewhere calls *experience* a "jewel." Miranda says her *modesty* is the "jewel" in her dower; and in "All 's Well that ends Well," Diana terms her *chastity* the "jewel" of her house. — R. A. WIGHT.

O discretion, thou art a jewel! — *The Skylark, a Collection of well-chosen English Songs.* (London, 1772.)

The origin of this expression is unknown. Some wag of the day allayed public curiosity in regard to its source with the information that it is from the ballad of Robin Roughhead in Murtagh's "Collection of Ballads (1754)." It is needless to say that Murtagh is a verbal phantom, and the ballad of Robin Roughhead first appeared in an American newspaper in 1867.

Cotton is King; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy.

This is the title of a book by David Christy (1855).

The expression "Cotton is king" was used by James Henry Hammond in the United States Senate, March, 1858.

Dead as Chelsea.

To get Chelsea: to obtain the benefit of that hospital. "Dead as Chelsea, by God!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball. — *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1758 (quoted by Brady, "Varieties of Literature," 1826).

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the Prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin, — I will die in the last ditch." — HUME: *History of England.* (1622.)

Drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament.

Macaulay ("History of England," chap. xii.) gives a saying "often in the mouth of Stephen Rice [afterward Chief Baron of the Exchequer], 'I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement.'"

During good behaviour.

That after the said limitation shall take effect, . . . judge's commissions be made *quando se bene gesserit.* — *Statutes 12 and 13 William III. c. 2, sect. 3.*

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769. — *Annals of Sporting, vol. ii. p. 271.*

Emerald Isle.

Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820) says this expression was first used in a party song called "Erin, to her own Tune," written in 1795. The song appears to have been anonymous.

Era of good feeling.

The title of an article in the "Boston Centinel," July 12, 1817.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt. — JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN: *Speech upon the Right of Election, 1790.* (*Speeches. Dublin, 1808.*)

There is one safeguard known generally to the wise, which is an advantage and security to all, but especially to democracies as against despots. What is it? Distrust. — DEMOSTHENES: *Philippic 2, sect. 24.*

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.

WILLIAM WATSON: *Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions* (1602). PRYNNE: *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars* (second edition, London, 1646). WARD: *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America* (1647).

Fiat Justitia et ruat Mundus. — *Egerton Papers* (1552, p. 25). *Camden Society* (1840). AIKIN: *Court and Times of James I., vol. ii. p. 500* (1625).

January 31, 1642, the Duke of Richmond in a speech before the House of Lords used these words: *Regnet Justitia et ruat Cœlum.* (Old Parliamentary History, vol. x. p. 28.

Free soil, free men, free speech, Frémont.

The Republican Party rallying cry in 1856.

Gentle craft.

According to Brady ("Clavis Calendaria"), this designation arose from the fact that in an old romance a prince of the name of Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, Saint Crispin, the trade of shoemaking. There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play of "George a-Greene" (1599): —

> Marry, because you have drank with the King,
> And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
> You shall no more be called shoemakers ;
> But you and yours, to the world's end,
> Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Gentlemen of the French guard, fire first.

Lord C. Hay at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. To which the Comte d'Auteroches replied, "Sir, we never fire first ; please to fire yourselves." — FOURNIER : *L'Esprit dans l'histoire.*

Good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him ; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — MACAULAY : *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse. — HORACE : *Satires, ii. 8, 79.*

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. — HUTCHESON : *Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil, sect. 3.* (1720.)

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred trŭth, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — BENTHAM : *Works, vol. x. p. 142.*

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his "Essay on Crimes and Punishments." (1764.)

Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys (edition of 1805, p. 5).

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson (died 1630) was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, — from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." — *Spectator, No. 509.*

Where to elect there is but one,
T is Hobson's choice, — take that or none.

THOMAS WARD (1577-1639): *England's Reformation, chap. iv. p. 326.*

Intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle.

Lord Coleridge remarked that Maule told him what he said in the "black beetle" matter: "Creswell, who had been his pupil, was on the other side in a case where he was counsel, and was very lofty in his manner. Maule appealed to the court: 'My lords, we are vertebrate animals, we are mammalia! My learned friend's manner would be intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle.'" (Repeated to a member of the legal profession in the United States.)

It is a far cry to Lochow.

Lochow and the adjacent districts formed the original seat of the Campbells. The expression of "a far cry to Lochow" was proverbial. (Note to Scott's "Rob Roy," chap. xxix.)

Lucid interval.

BACON: *Henry VII.* SIDNEY: *On Government, vol. i. chap. ii. sect. 24.* FULLER: *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, book iv. chap. ii.* SOUTH: *Sermon, vol. viii. p. 403.* DRYDEN: *MacFlecknoe.* MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Psalm lxxxviii.* JOHNSON: *Life of Lyttelton.* BURKE: *On the French Revolution.*

Nisi suadeat intervallis.

BRACTON: *Folio 1243 and folio 420 b. Register Original, 267 a.*

Mince the matter.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, Author's Preface.* SHAKESPEARE: *Othello, act ii. sc. 3.* WILLIAM KING: *Ulysses and Teresias.*

Months without an R.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an *R* in their name to eat an oyster. — BUTLER: *Dyet's Dry Dinner.* (1599.)

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1776. (Philadelphia, printed; London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4 Ludgate Hill, 1776.) W. V. Wells, in his Life of Adams, says: "No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given."

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — ADAM SMITH: *Wealth of Nations, vol. ii. book iv. chap. vii. part 3.* (1775.)

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation. — TUCKER (Dean of Gloucester): *Tract.* (1766.)

Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers. — BERTRAND BARÈRE. (June 11, 1794.)

New departure.

This new page opened in the book of our public expenditures, and this new departure taken, which leads into the bottomless gulf of civil pensions and family gratuities. — T. H. BENTON: *Speech in the U. S. Senate against a grant to President Harrison's widow, April, 1841.*

Nothing succeeds like success.

(Rien ne réussit comme le succès. — DUMAS: *Ange Pitou, vol. i. p. 72, 1854.*) A French proverb.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy;' but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — PRIESTLEY: *Memoirs, vol. i. p. 572.*

Paradise of fools; Fool's paradise.

The earliest instance of this expression is found in William Bullein's "Dialogue," p. 28 (1573). It is used by Shakespeare, Middleton, Milton, Pope, Fielding, Crabbe, and others.

Paying through the nose.

Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose, or poll. — *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer.*

Public trusts.

It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any till they are first proved, and found fit for the business they are to be intrusted with. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Timothy iii.*

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king. However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust. — BURKE: *On the French Revolution.*

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property. — THOMAS JEFFERSON ("Winter in Washington, 1807"), in a conversation with Baron Humboldt. See Rayner's "Life of Jefferson," p. 356 (Boston, 1834).

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party. — JOHN C. CALHOUN: *Speech, July 13, 1835.*

The phrase, "public office is a public trust," has of late become common property. — CHARLES SUMNER (May 31, 1872).

The appointing power of the pope is treated as a public trust. — W. W. CRAPO (1881).

The public offices are a public trust. — DORMAN B. EATON (1881).

Public office is a public trust. — ABRAM S. HEWITT (1883).

He who regards office as a public trust. — DANIEL S. LAMONT (1884).

Rather your room as your company.

Marriage of Wit and Wisdom (circa 1570).

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica. — STILES: *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This suppositious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. — RANDALL: *Life of Jefferson, vol. iii. p. 585.*

Rest and be thankful.

An inscription on a stone seat on the top of one of the Highlands in Scotland. It is also the title of one of Wordsworth's poems.

Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. — THOMAS WARBURTON.

Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes and mountains, has from the earliest period to the present been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (Odyssey, xx. 302).— MAHON: *History of England, vol. i. p. 287.*

The explanation given by Mahon of the meaning of "sardonic smile" is to be sure the traditional one, and was believed in by the late classical writers. But in the Homeric passage referred to, the word is "sardanion" (*σαρδάνιον*), not "sardonion." There is no evidence that Sardinia was known to the composers of what we call Homer. It looks as though the word was to be connected with the verb *σαίρω*, "show the teeth;" "grin like a dog;" hence that the "sardonic smile" was a "grim laugh." —M. H. MORGAN.

Sister Anne, do you see any one coming ?

The anxious question of one of the wives of Bluebeard.

Stone-wall Jackson.

This saying took its rise from the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Said General Bernard E. Bee, "See, there is Jackson, standing like a stone-wall."

The King is dead ! Long live the King !

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body guard from a window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Le Roi est mort !" Then seizing another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Vive le Roi !" — PARDOE: *Life of Louis XIV., vol. iii. p. 457.*

The woods are full of them !

Alexander Wilson, in the Preface to his "American Ornithology" (1808), quotes these words, and relates the story of a boy who had been gathering flowers. On bringing them to his mother, he said: "Look, my dear ma! What beautiful flowers I have found growing in our place! Why, all the woods are full of them!"

Thin red line.

The Russians dashed on towards that thin red-line streak tipped with a line of steel. — RUSSELL: *The British Expedition to the Crimea* (revised edition), *p. 187.*

Soon the men of the column began to see that though the scarlet line was slender, it was very rigid and exact. — KINGLAKE: *Invasion of the Crimea, vol. iii. p. 455.*

The spruce beauty of the slender red line. — *Ibid.* (sixth edition), *vol. iii. p. 248.*

What you are pleased to call your mind.

A solicitor, after hearing Lord Westbury's opinion, ventured to say that he had turned the matter over in his mind, and thought that something might be said on the other side; to which he replied, "Then, sir, you will turn it over once more in what you are *pleased to call your mind.*" — NASH: *Life of Lord Westbury, vol. ii. 292.*

When in doubt, win the trick.

HOYLE: *Twenty-four Rules for Learners, Rule 12.*

Wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh, vol. i. p. 473.*

Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Wodden Walles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten* (London).

But me no buts.

FIELDING: *Rape upon Rape, act ii. sc. 2.* AARON HILL: *Snake in the Grass, sc. 1.*

Cause me no causes.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act i. sc. 3.*

Clerk me no clerks.

SCOTT: *Ivanhoe, chap. xx.*

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes!

TENNYSON: *Idylls of the King. Elaine.*

End me no ends.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act v. sc. 1.*

Fool me no fools.

BULWER: *Last Days of Pompeii, book iii. chap. vi.*

Front me no fronts.

FORD: *The Lady's Trial, act ii. sc. 1.*

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II., act ii. sc. 3.*

Madam me no madam.

DRYDEN: *The Wild Gallant, act ii. sc. 2.*

Map me no maps.

FIELDING: *Rape upon Rape, act i. sc. 5.*

Midas me no Midas.

DRYDEN: *The Wild Gallant, act ii. sc. 1.*

O me no O's.

BEN JONSON: *The Case is Altered, act v. sc. 1.*

Parish me no parishes.

PEELE: *The Old Wives' Tale.*

Petition me no petitions.

FIELDING: *Tom Thumb, act i. sc. 2.*

Play me no plays.

FOOTE: *The Knight, act ii.*

Plot me no plots.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, act ii. sc. 5.*

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 5.*

Virgin me no virgins.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iii. sc. 3.*

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money, act iv. sc. 4.*

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